

NATIONAL

FEBRUARY
No. 52

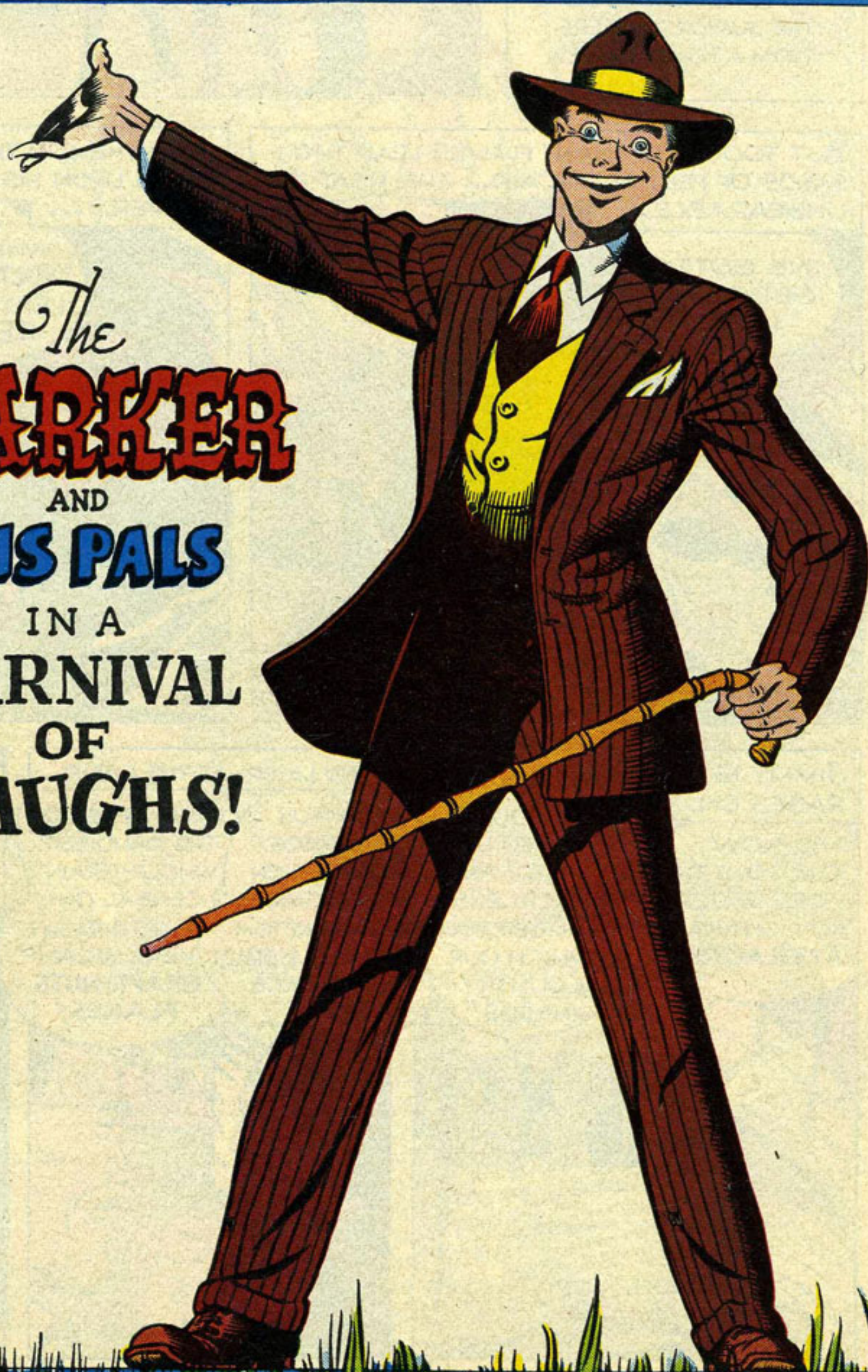
COMICS

10^c

SM
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



The
BARKER
AND
HIS PALS
IN A
CARNIVAL
OF
LAUGHS!



-AL BRYANT-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

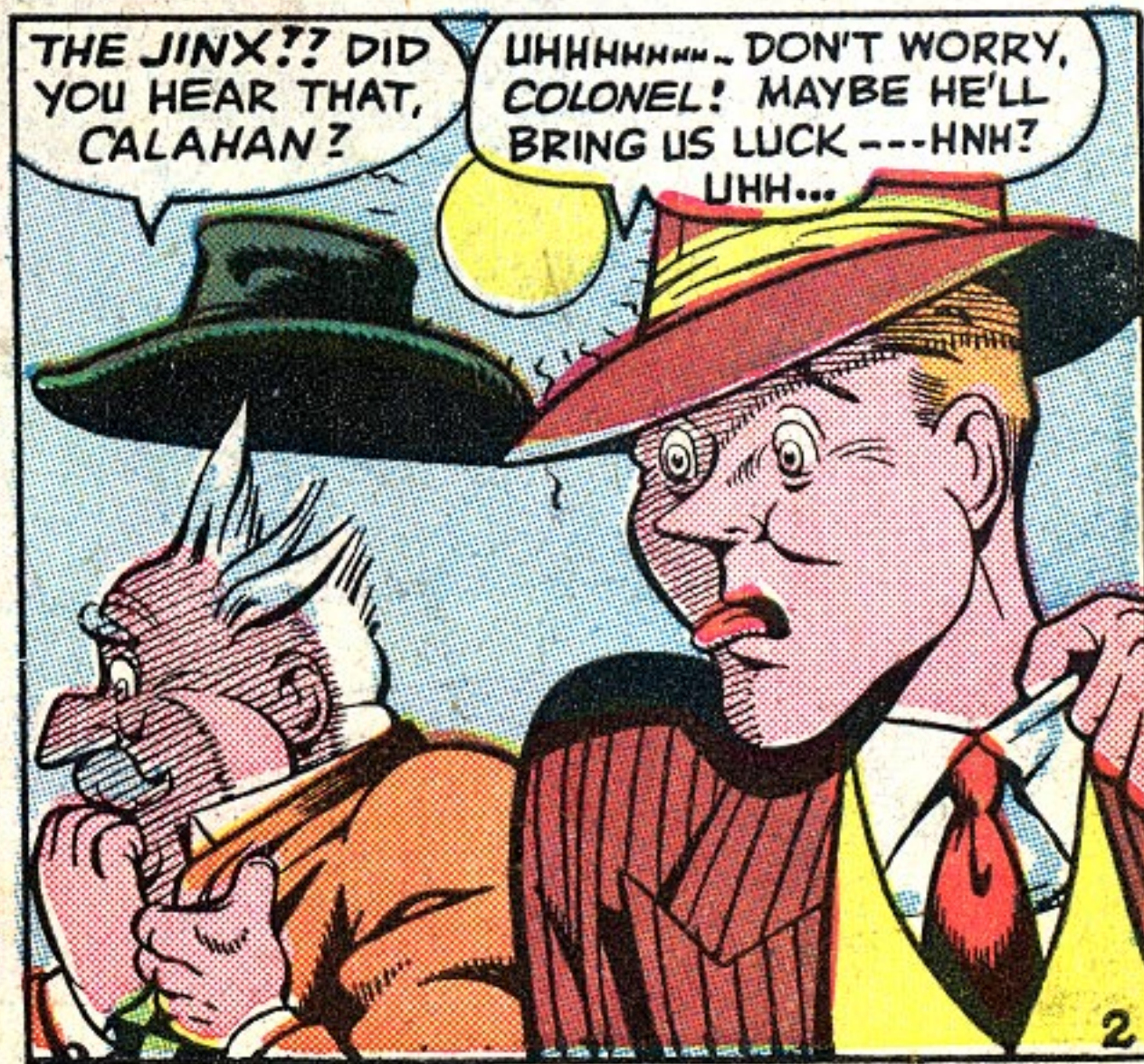
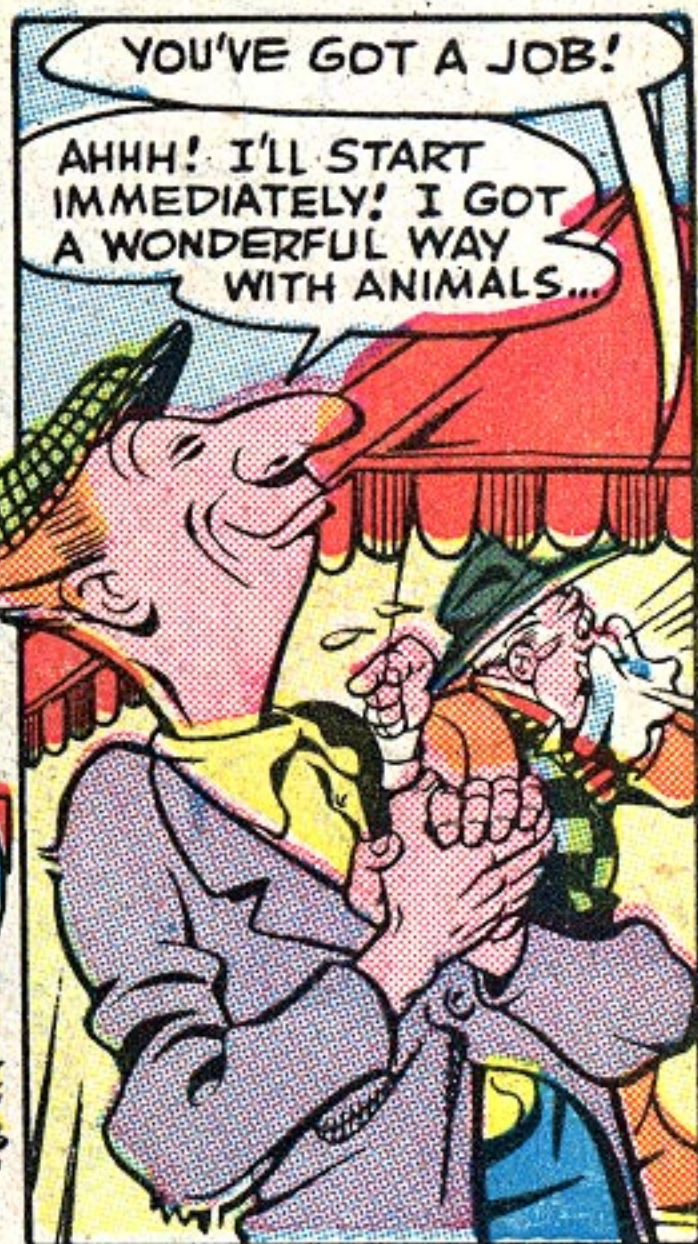
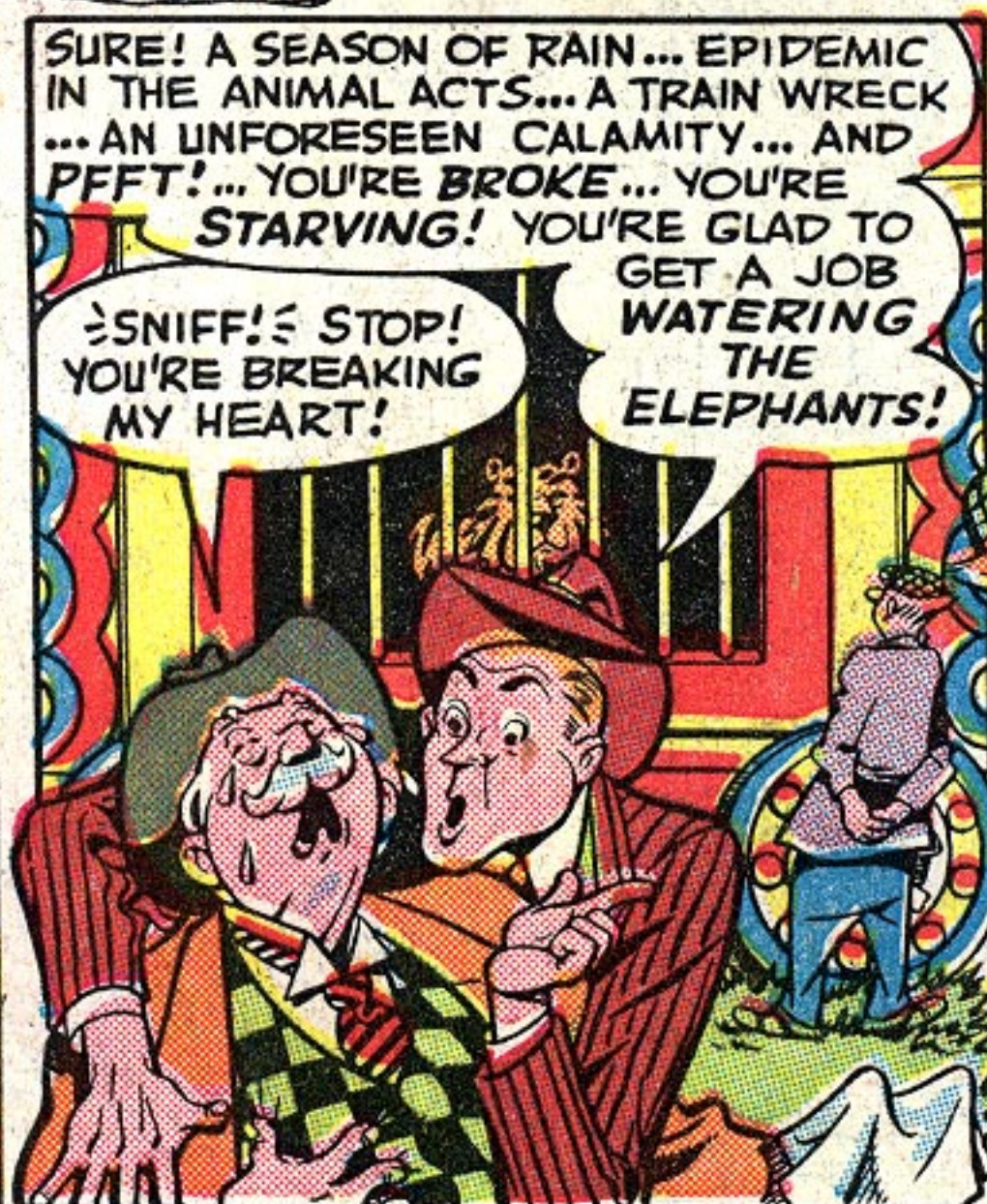
SAY! THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU- BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

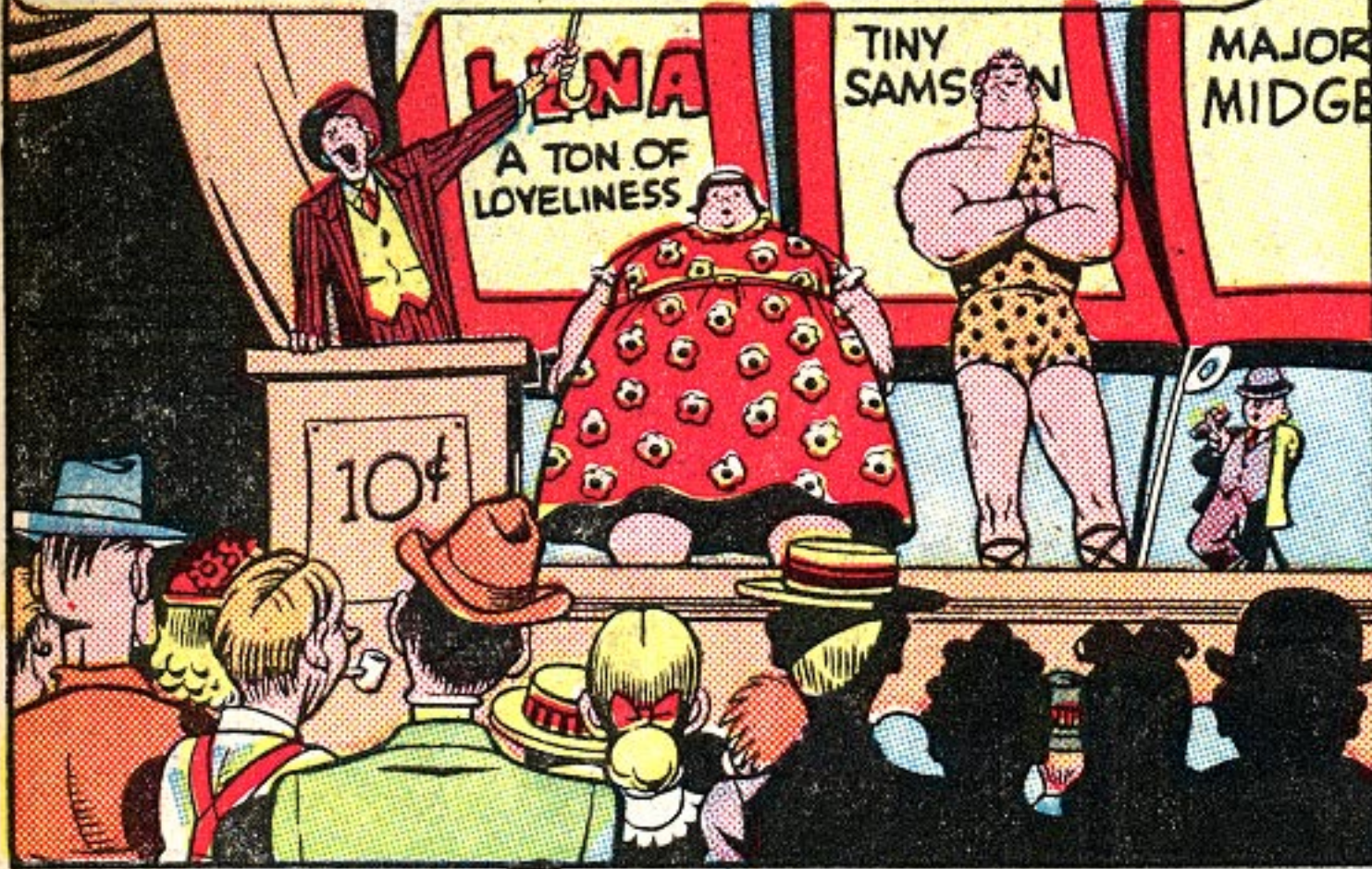


REX, THE FEROCIOUS LION, WAS ACTING LIKE A LOVEABLE LAMB... AND TERENCE, THE MAN-EATING TIGER, WAS BEHAVING LIKE A CUDDLY KITTEN... BUT EDGAR, THE GENTLE ELEPHANT, HAD BECOME A ROARING, SNARLING KILLER! WITH THE CIRCUS TURNED TOPSY-TURVY, HOW COULD CARNIE CALAHAN, THE BARKER, DELIVER HIS USUAL SPIEL AND STILL FEEL LIKE AN HONEST MAN?

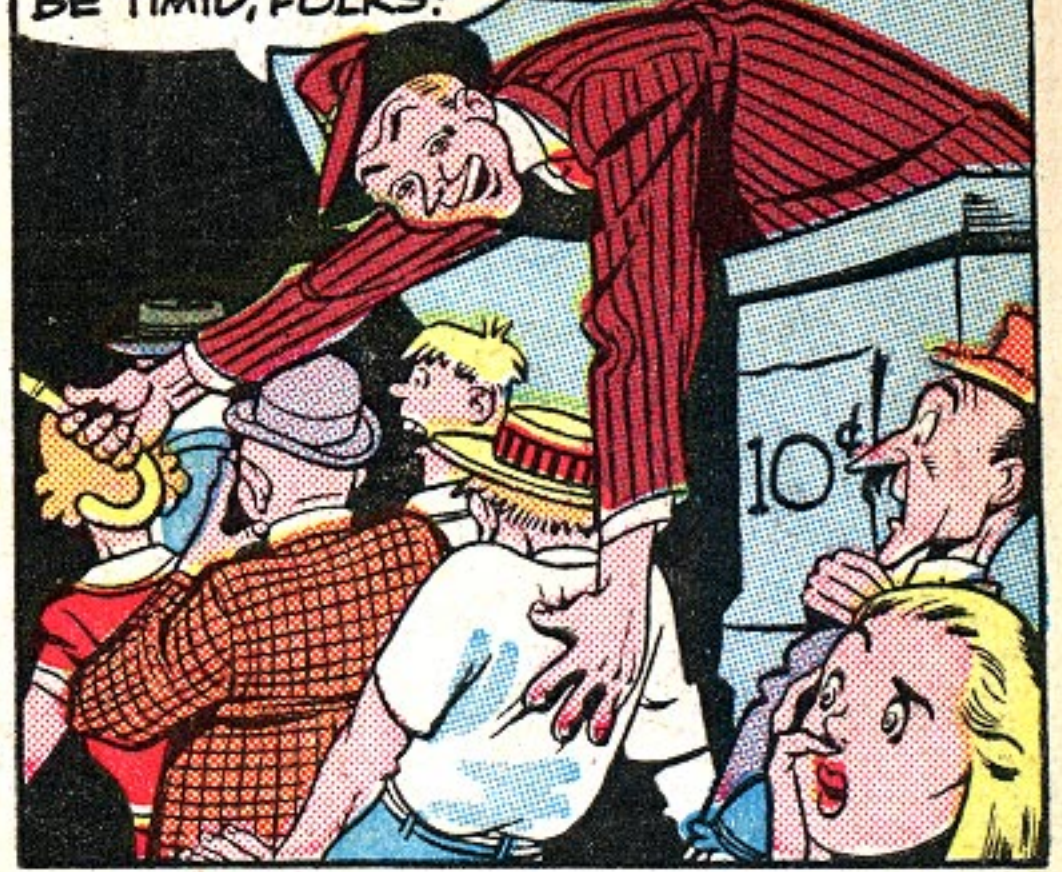
Klaus Nordling



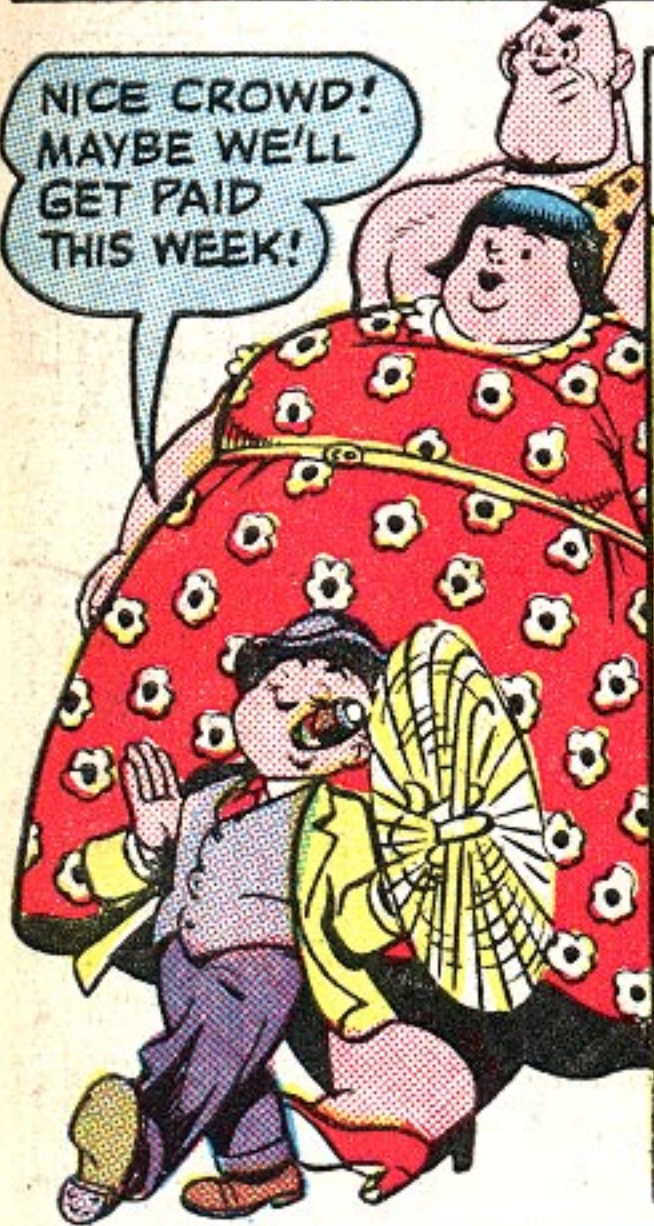
AND IN ADDITION, FOLKS -- THE **GREATEST COLLECTION** OF WILD ANIMALS ON EARTH! **TIGERS**, WHO'VE BREAKFASTED ON MUSCLEBOUND MEN... **FEROCIOUS LIONS**, WHO'VE LUNCED ON BIG GAME HUNTERS!



STEP INSIDE, FRIENDS, AND WATCH **TOMALO**, THE WORLD'S **GREATEST** ANIMAL TRAINER, RISK LIFE AND LIMB IN THE CAGES OF THESE **BLOOD-HUNGRY JUNGLE DENIZENS!** DON'T BE TIMID, FOLKS!



NICE CROWD! MAYBE WE'LL GET PAID THIS WEEK!



'LO, TERENCE, HOW YA FEELING?



SWEET TEMPERED AS USUAL! HE HATES THE SMELL OF YOUR CIGAR, MIDGE!



GRRR!

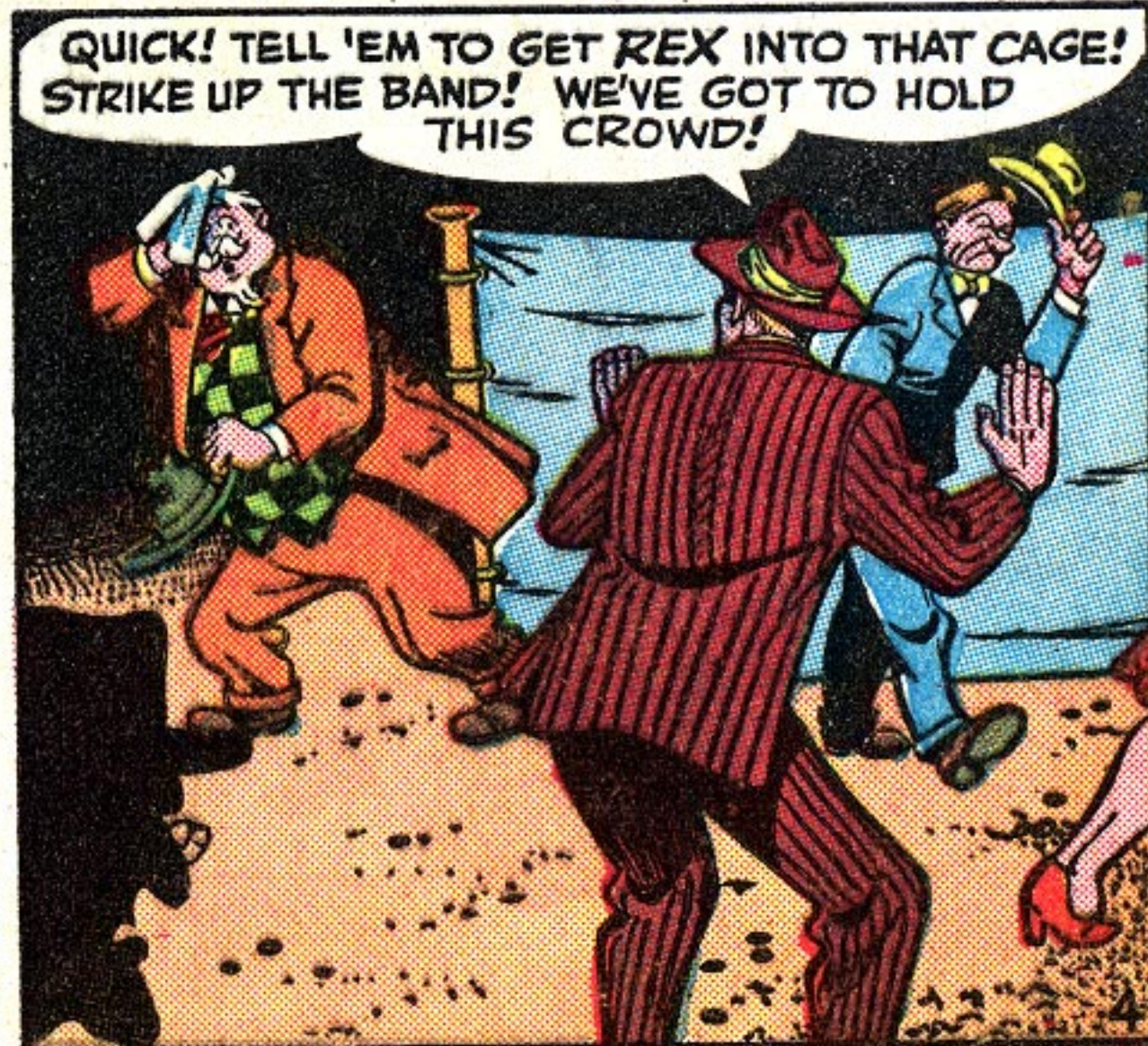
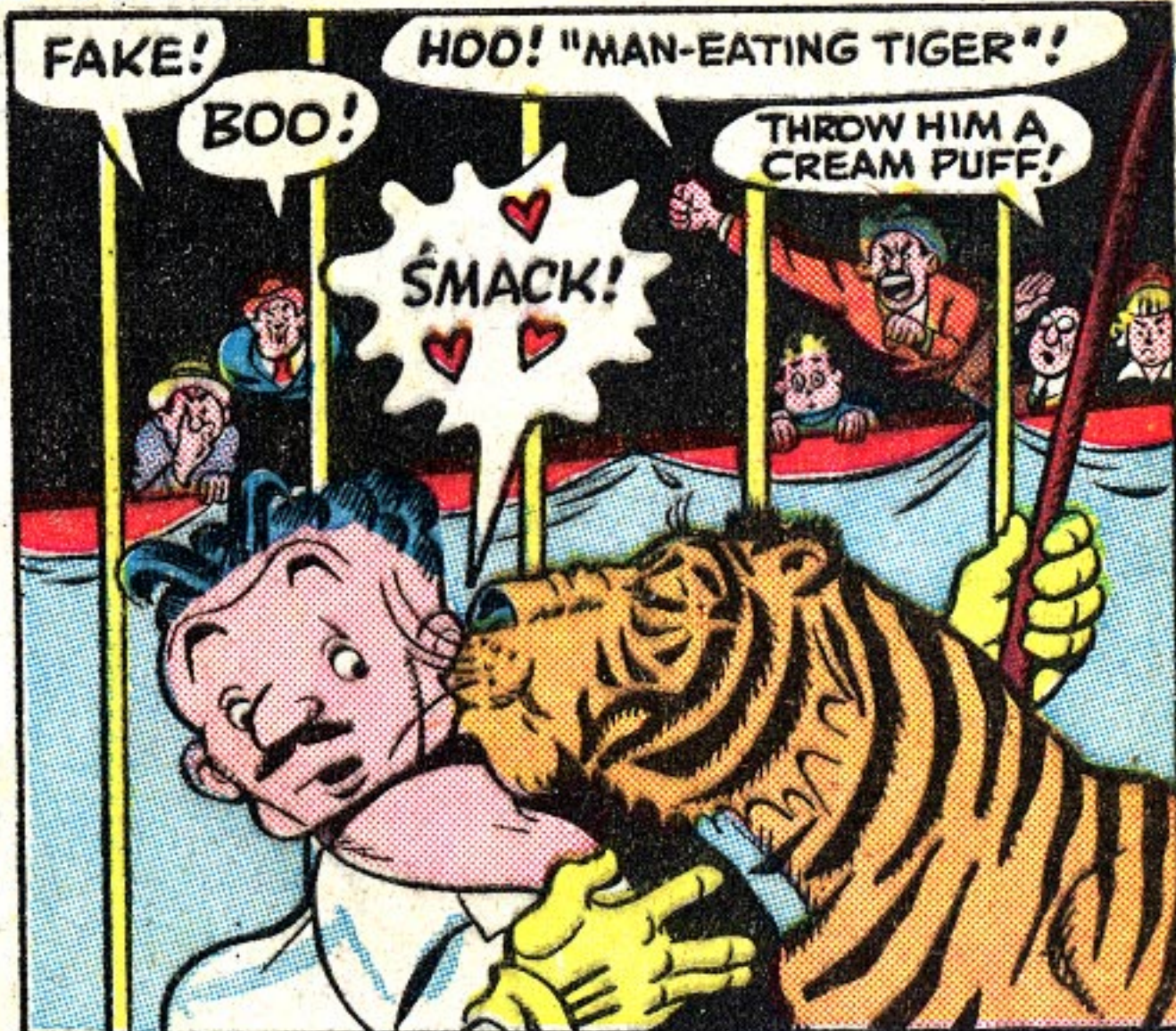
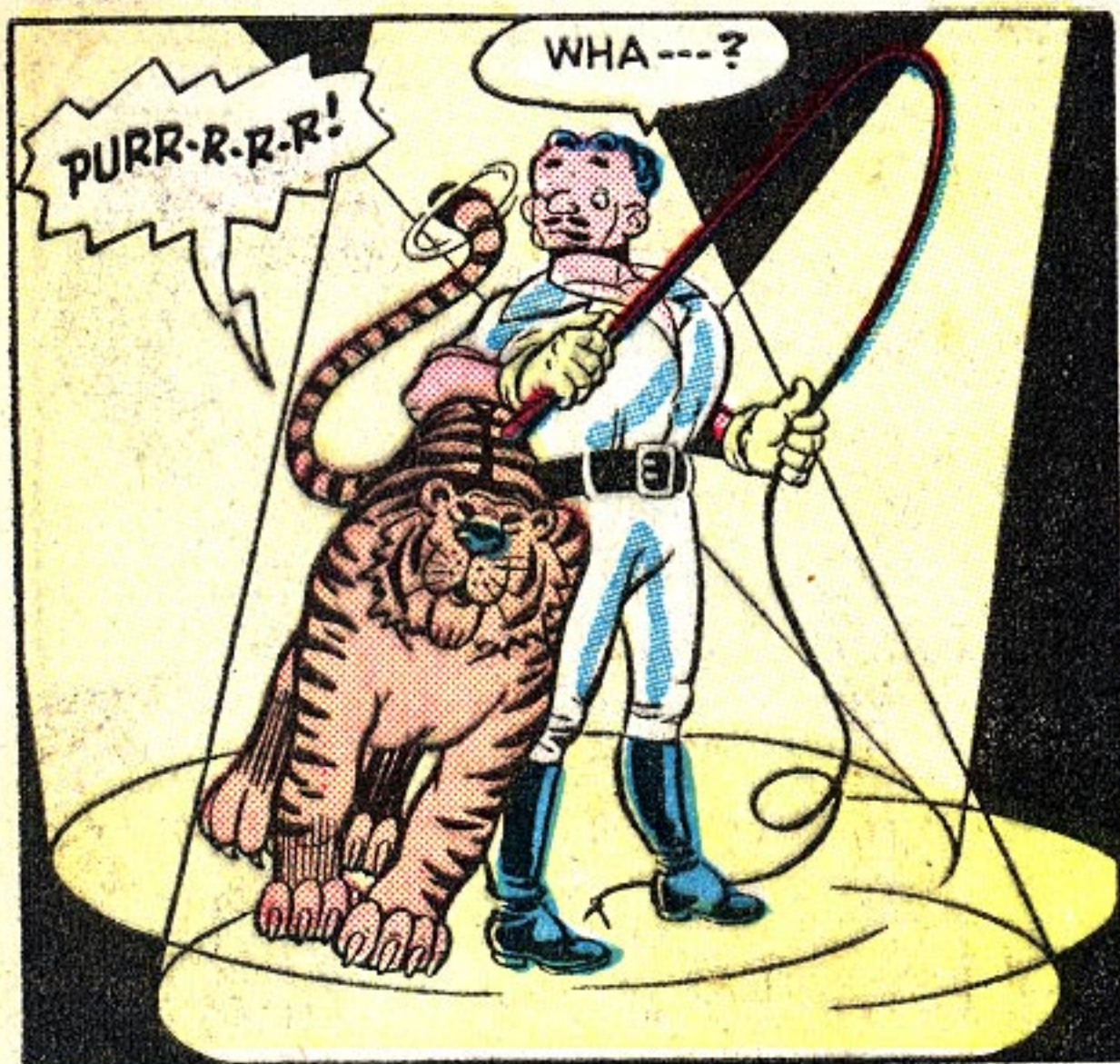
HE JUST NEEDS A DRINK OF WATER! DON'T YOU, LITTLE FELLER?

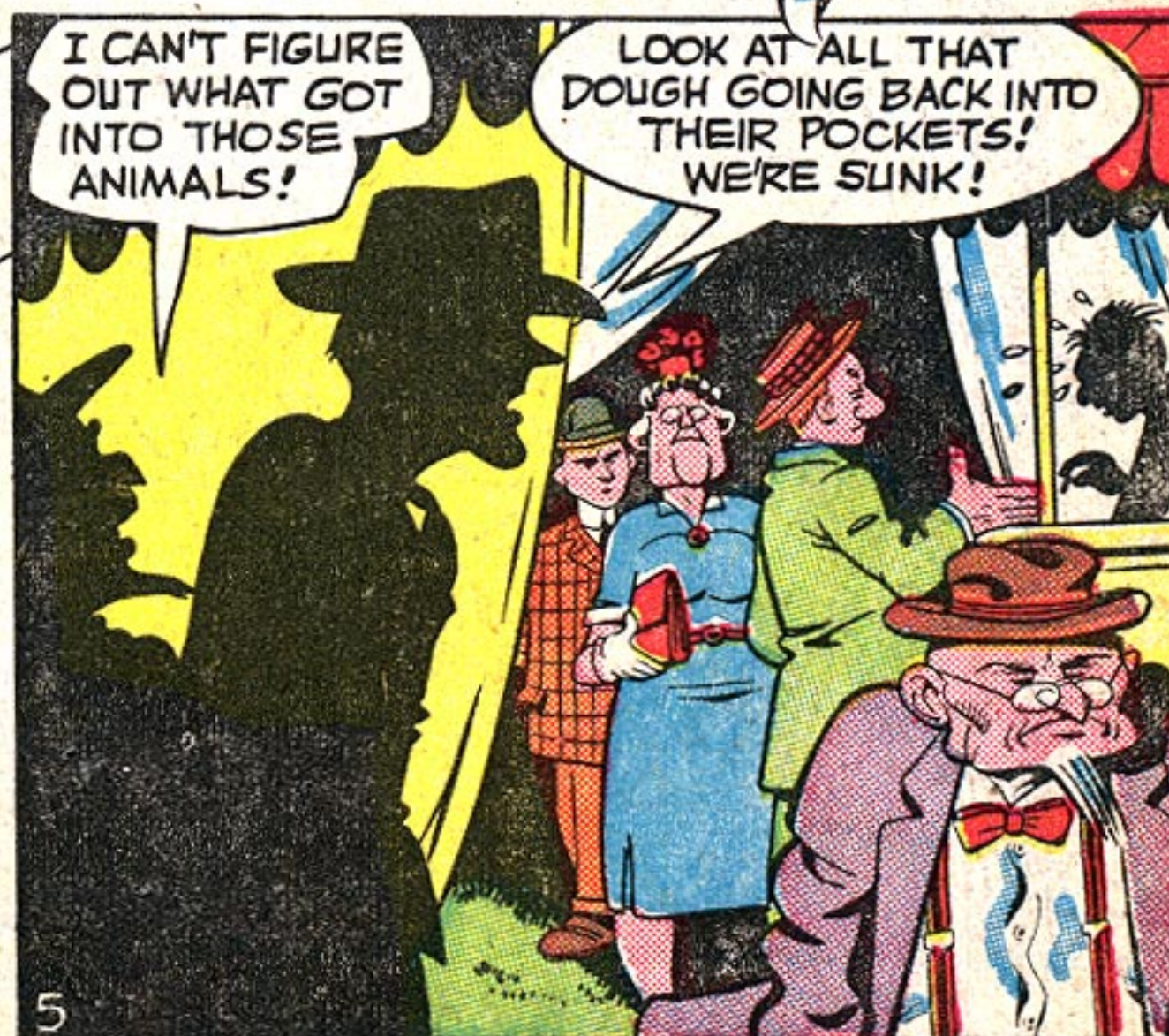
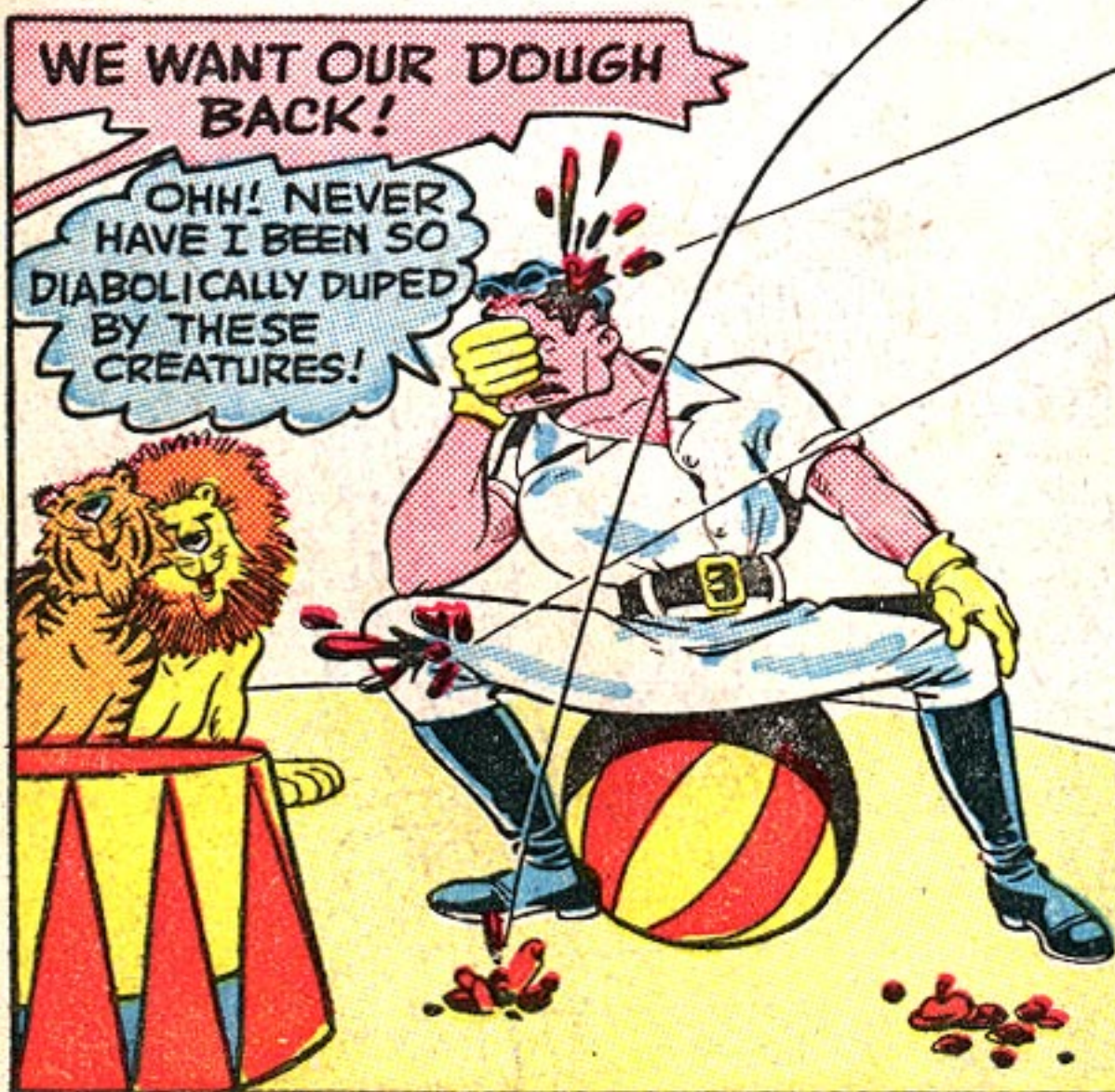
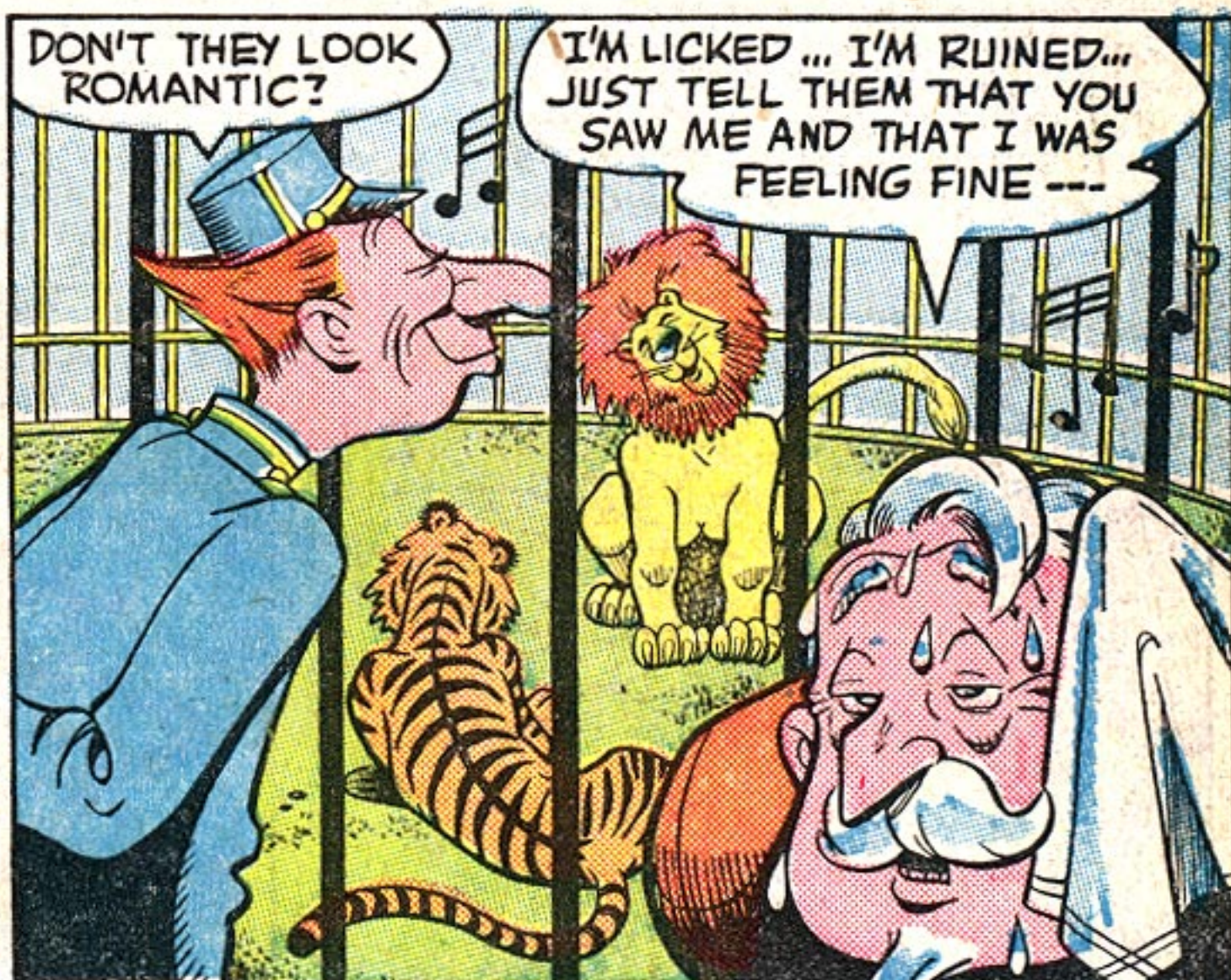
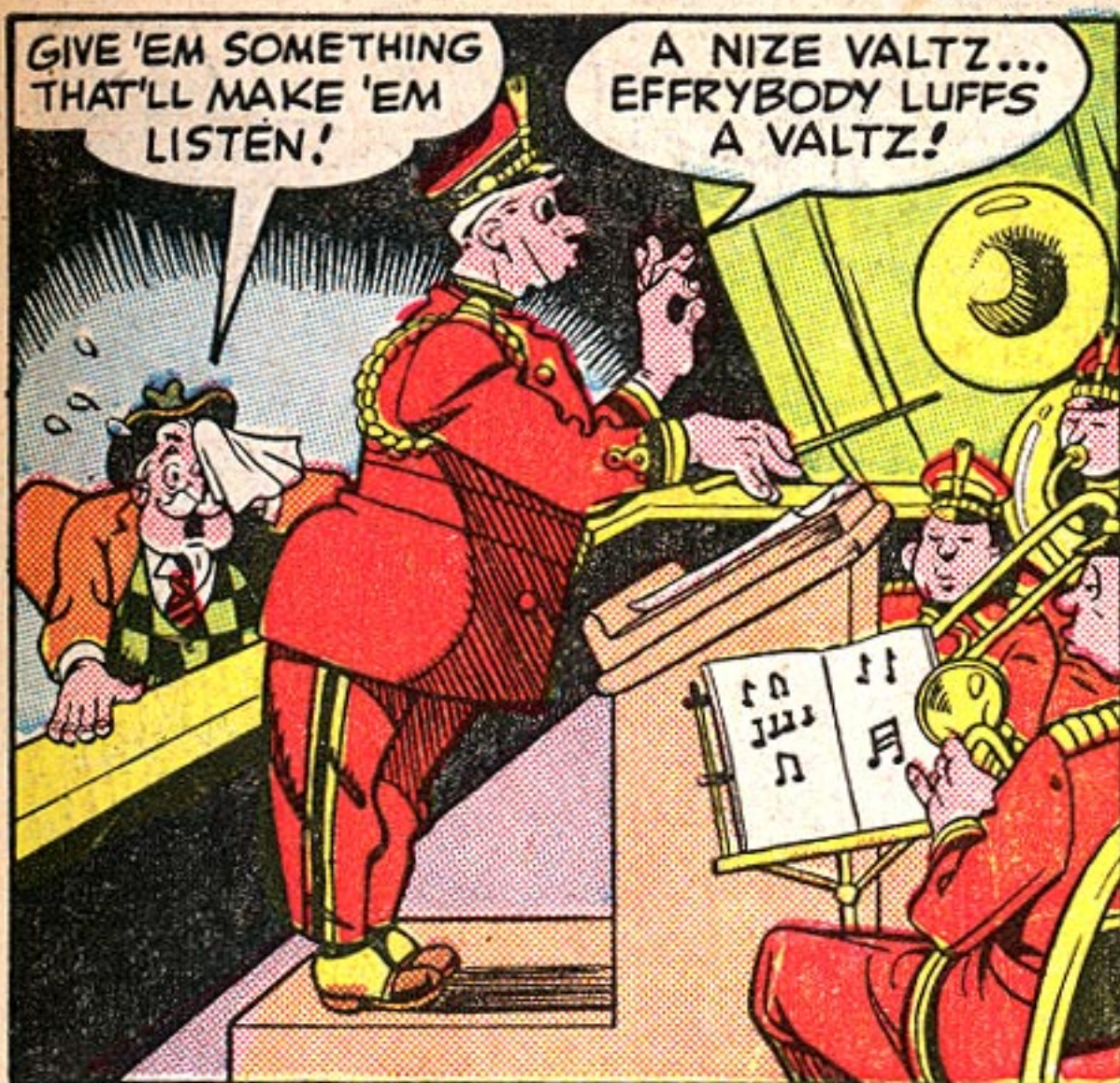


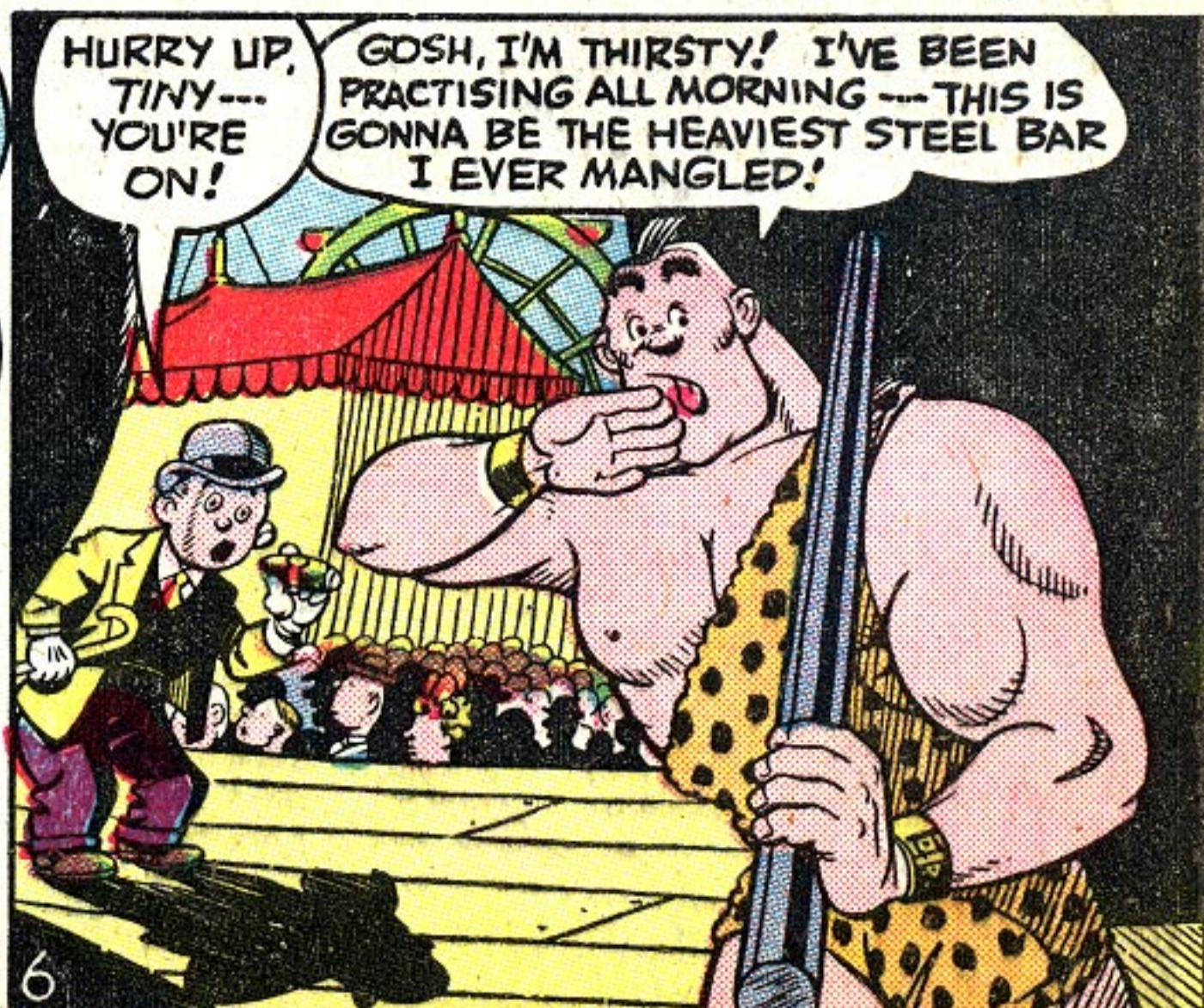
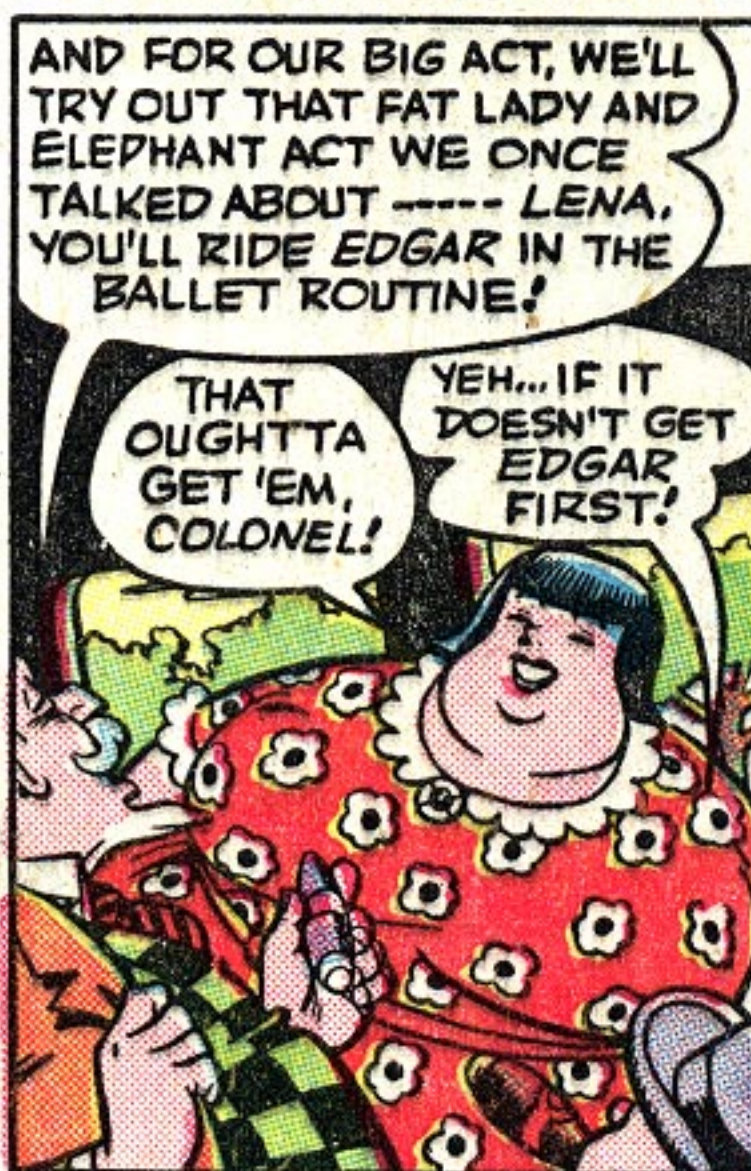
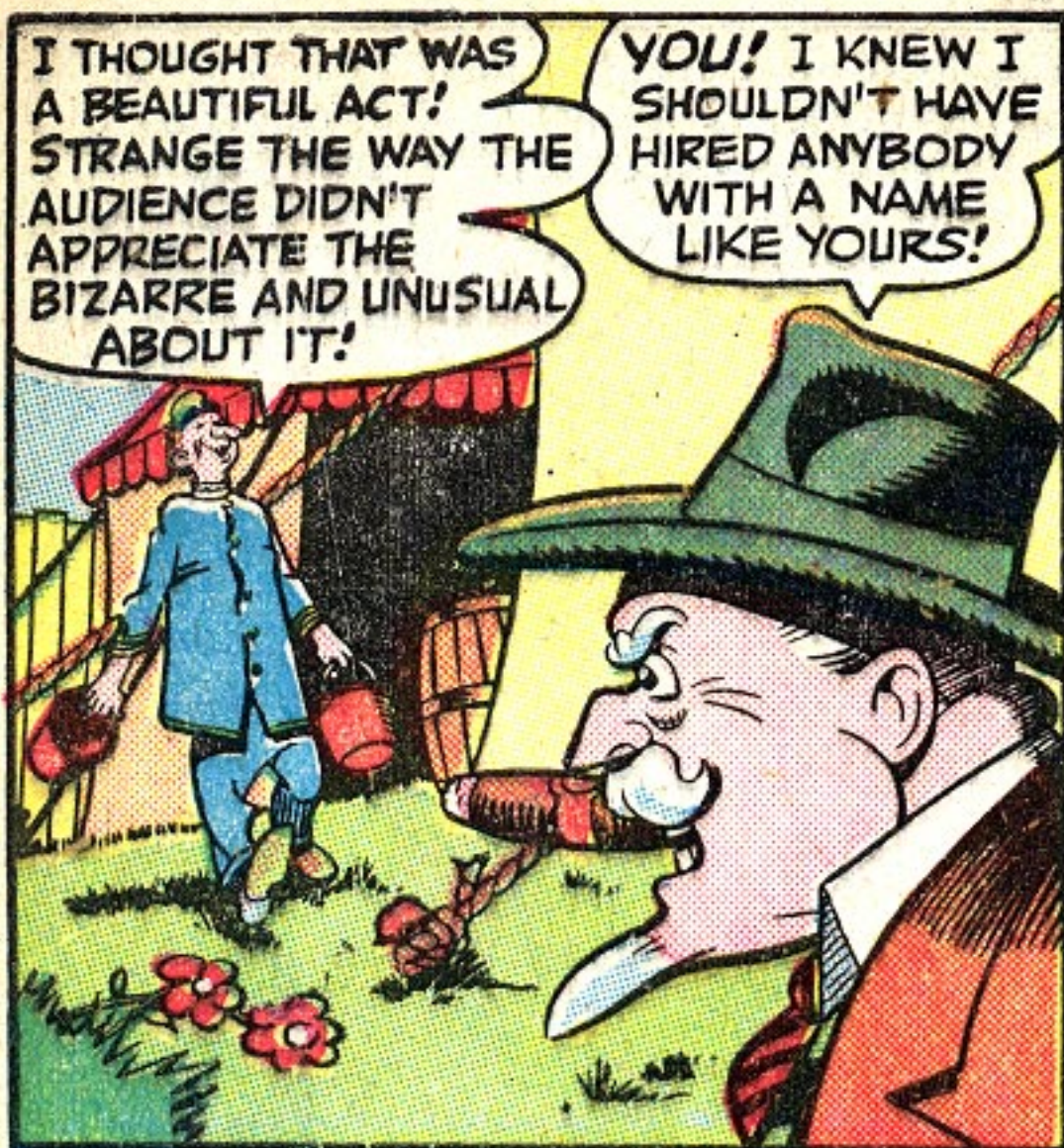
WHO'S HE?

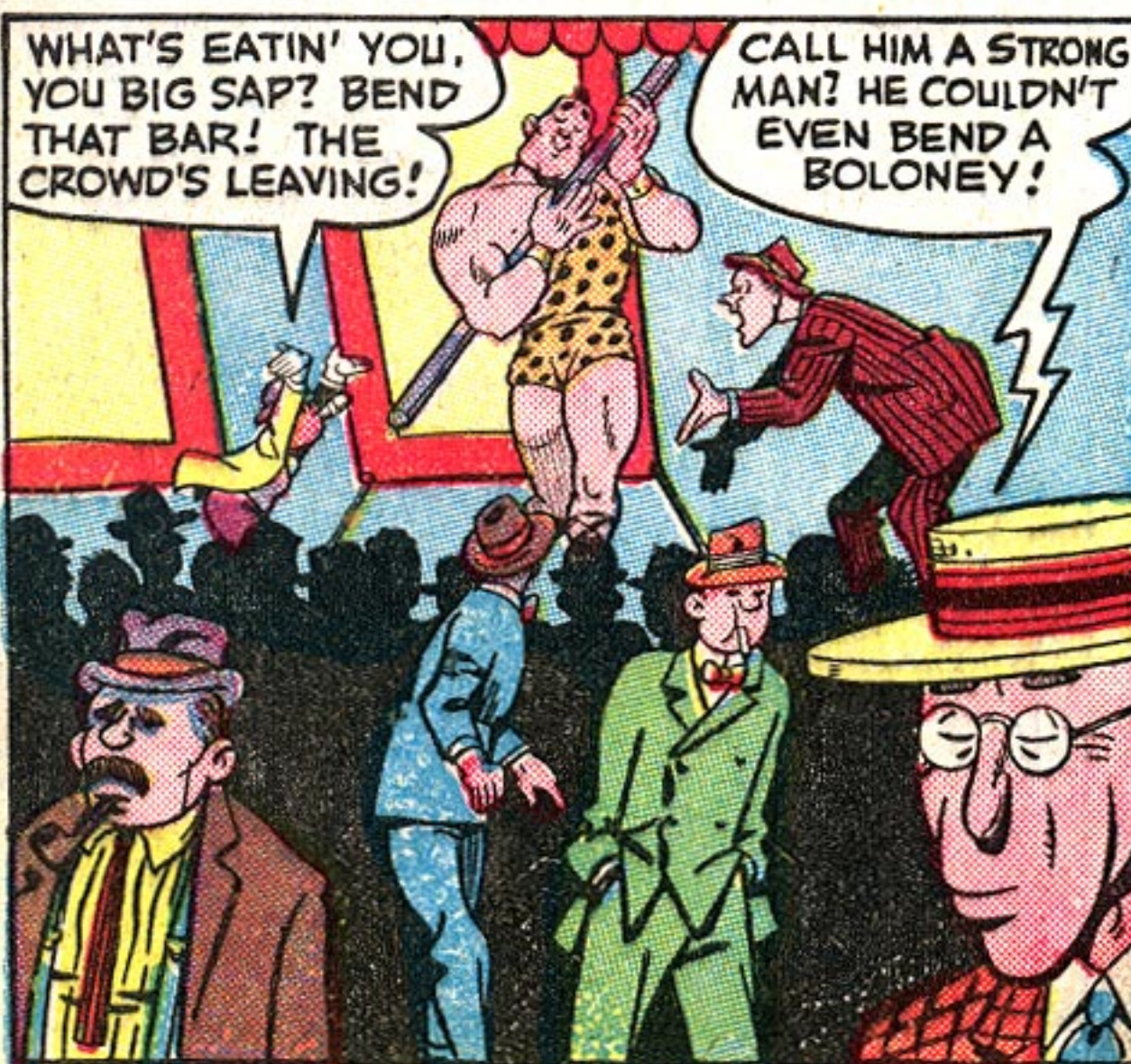
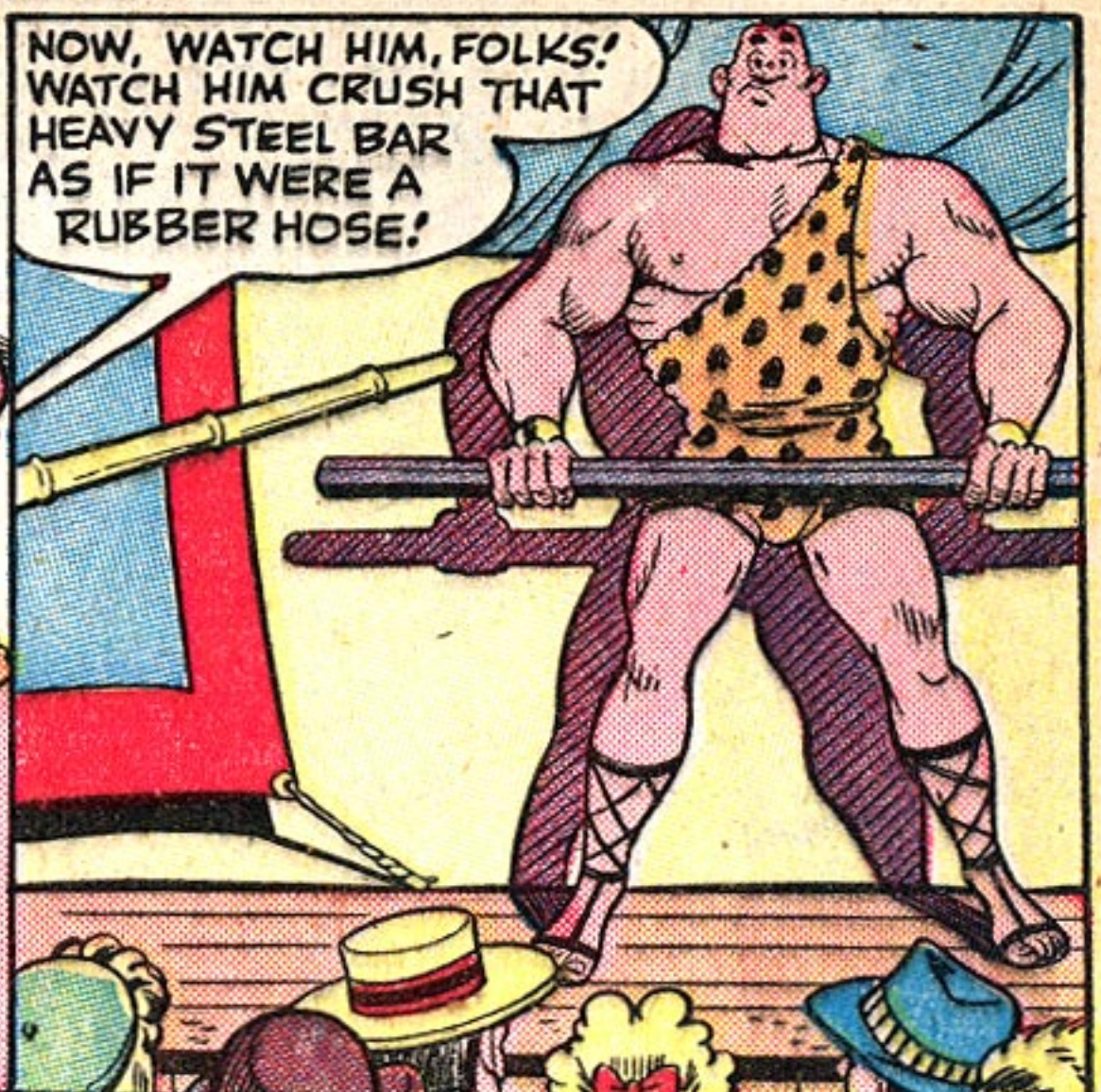
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... **TOMALO** AND **TERENCE**, THE WORLD'S **FIERCEST** TIGER!

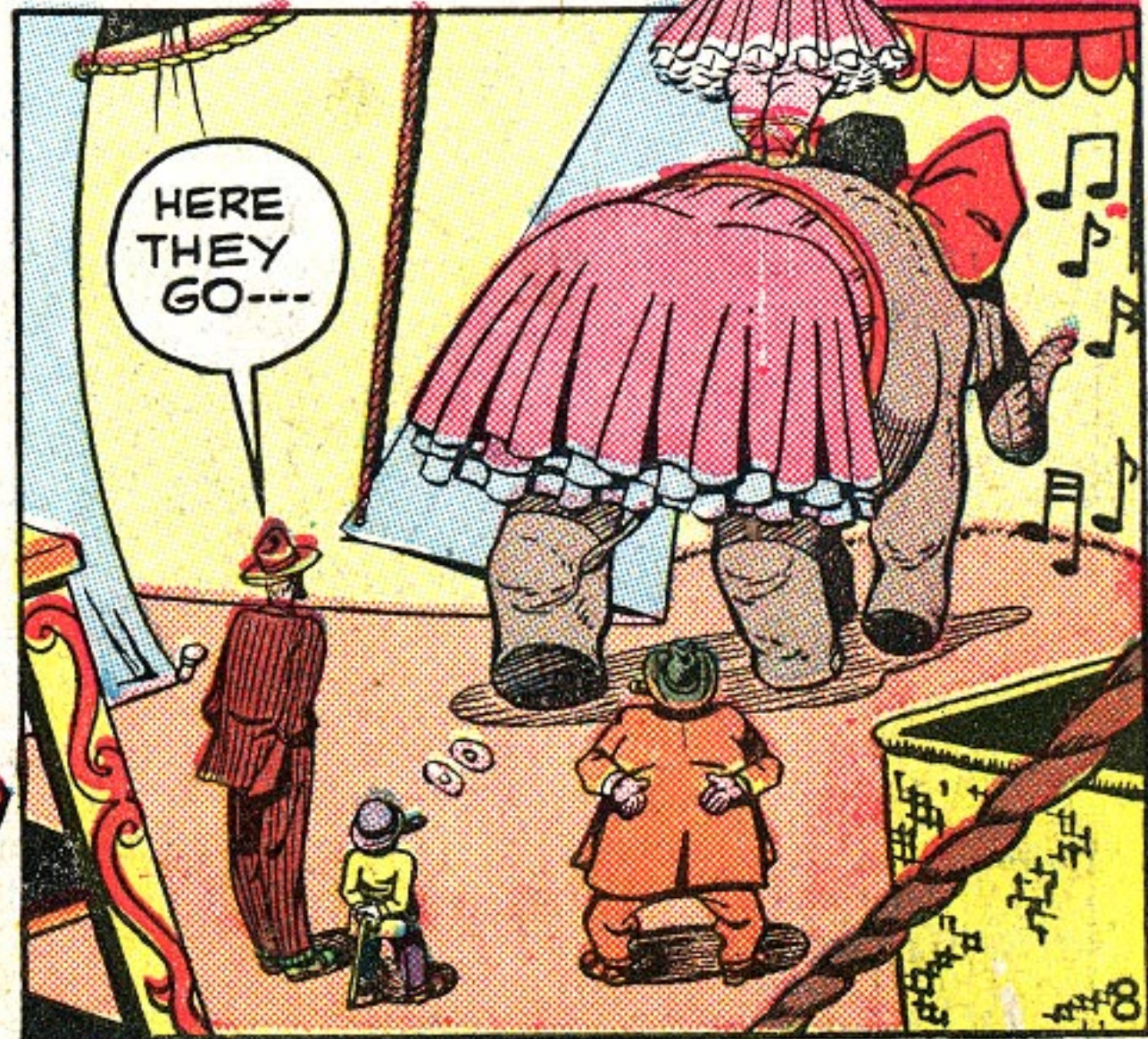
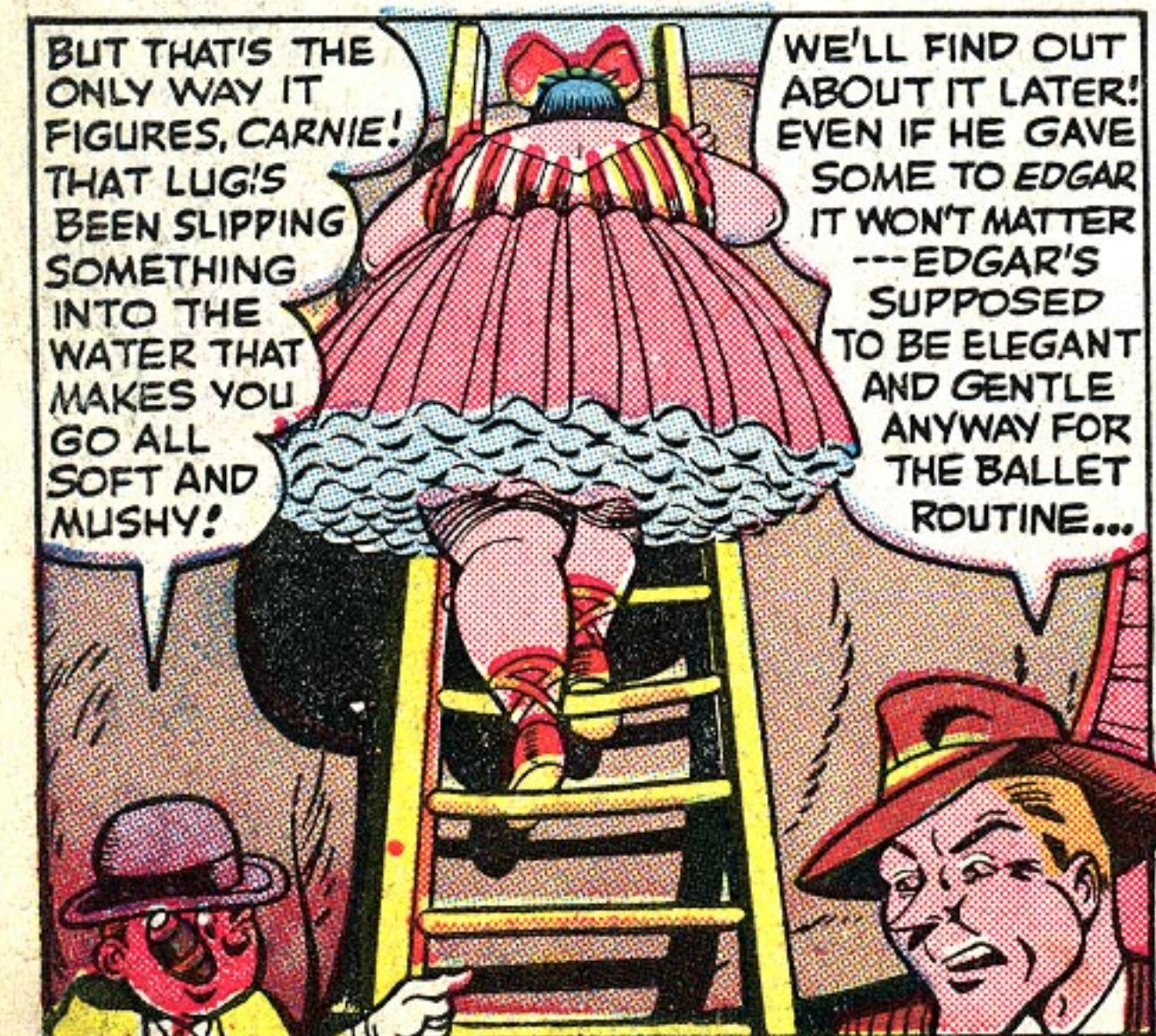
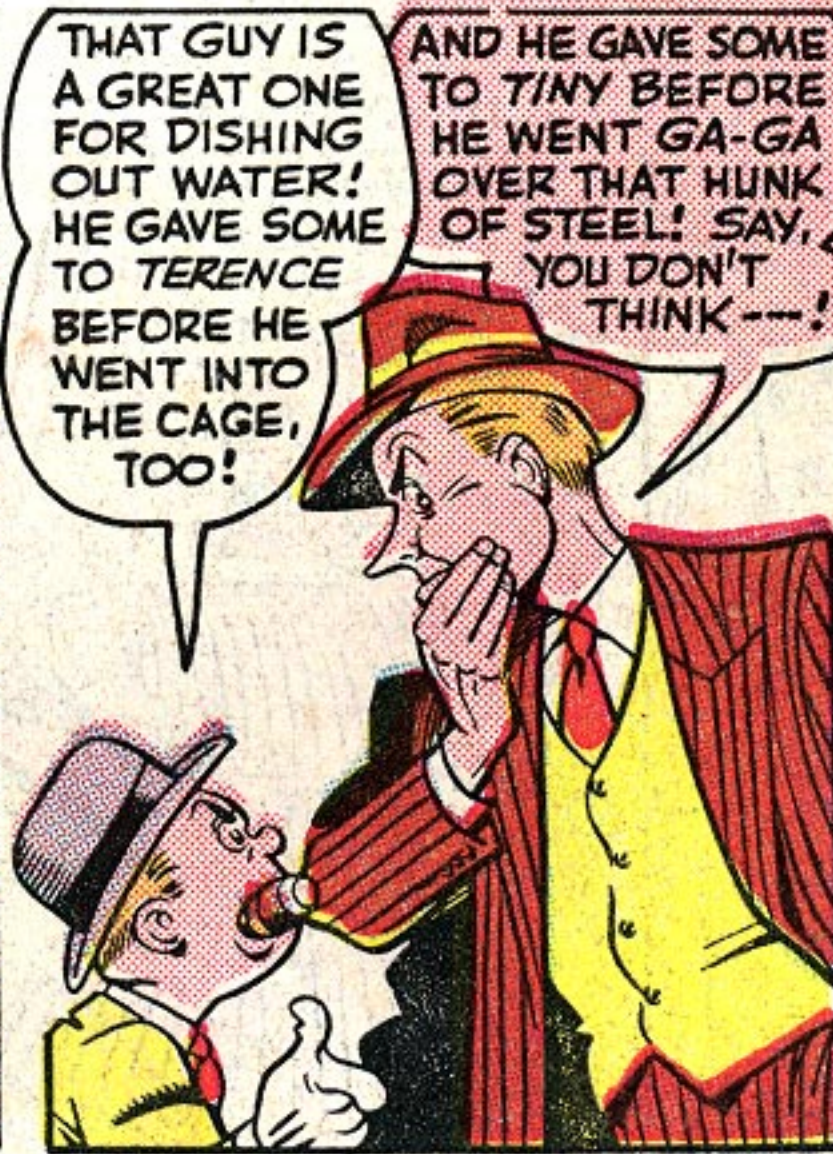
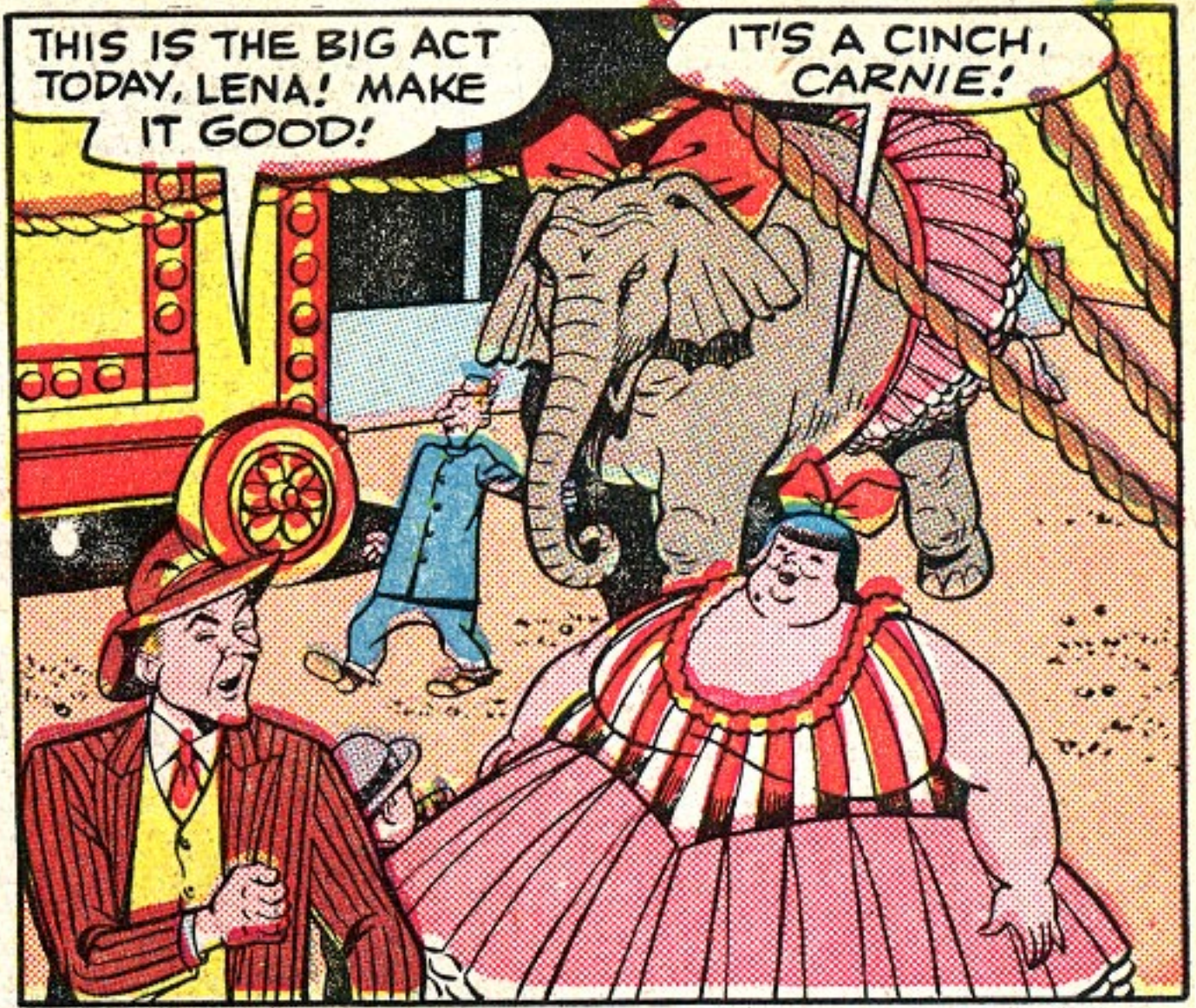


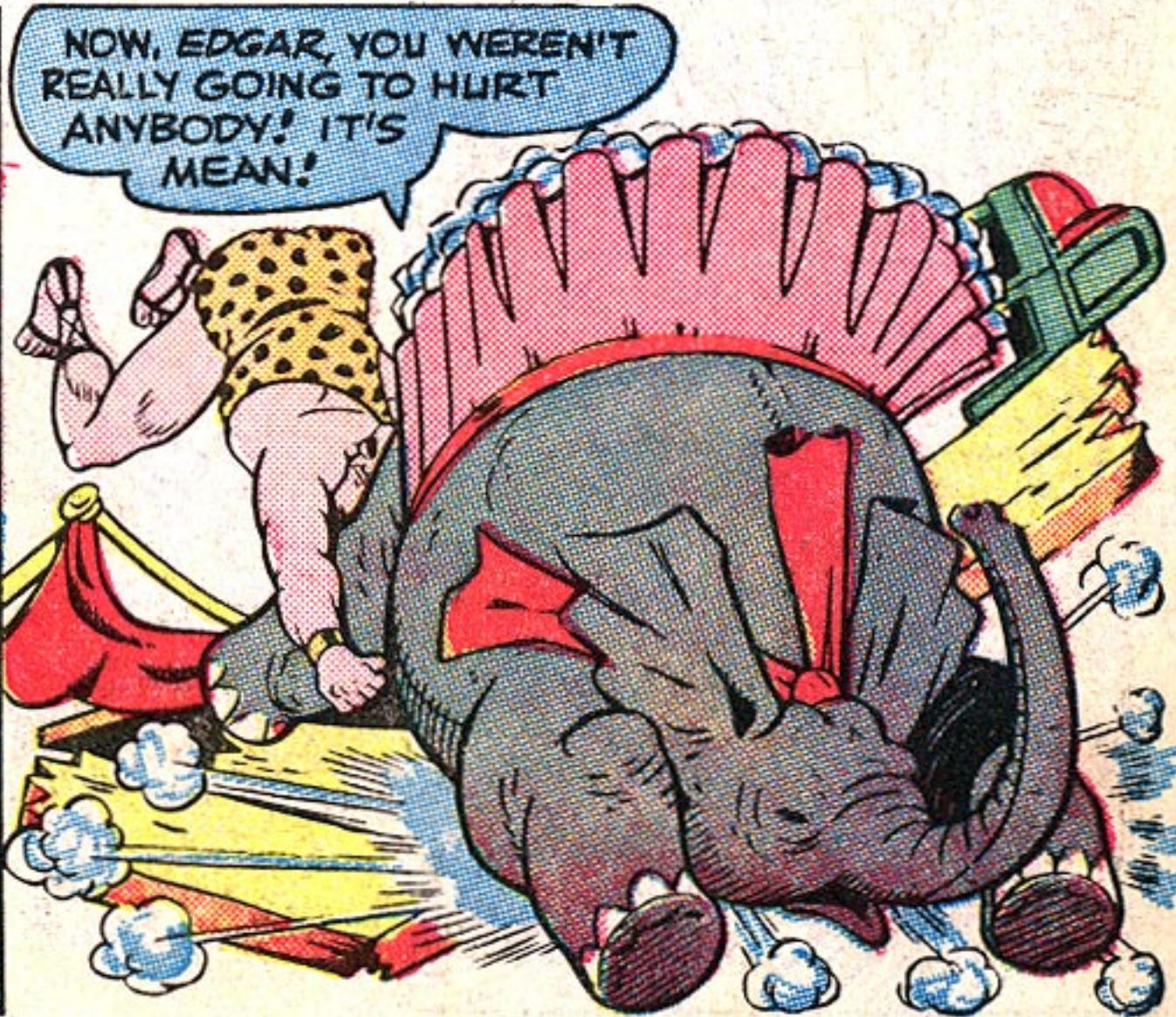
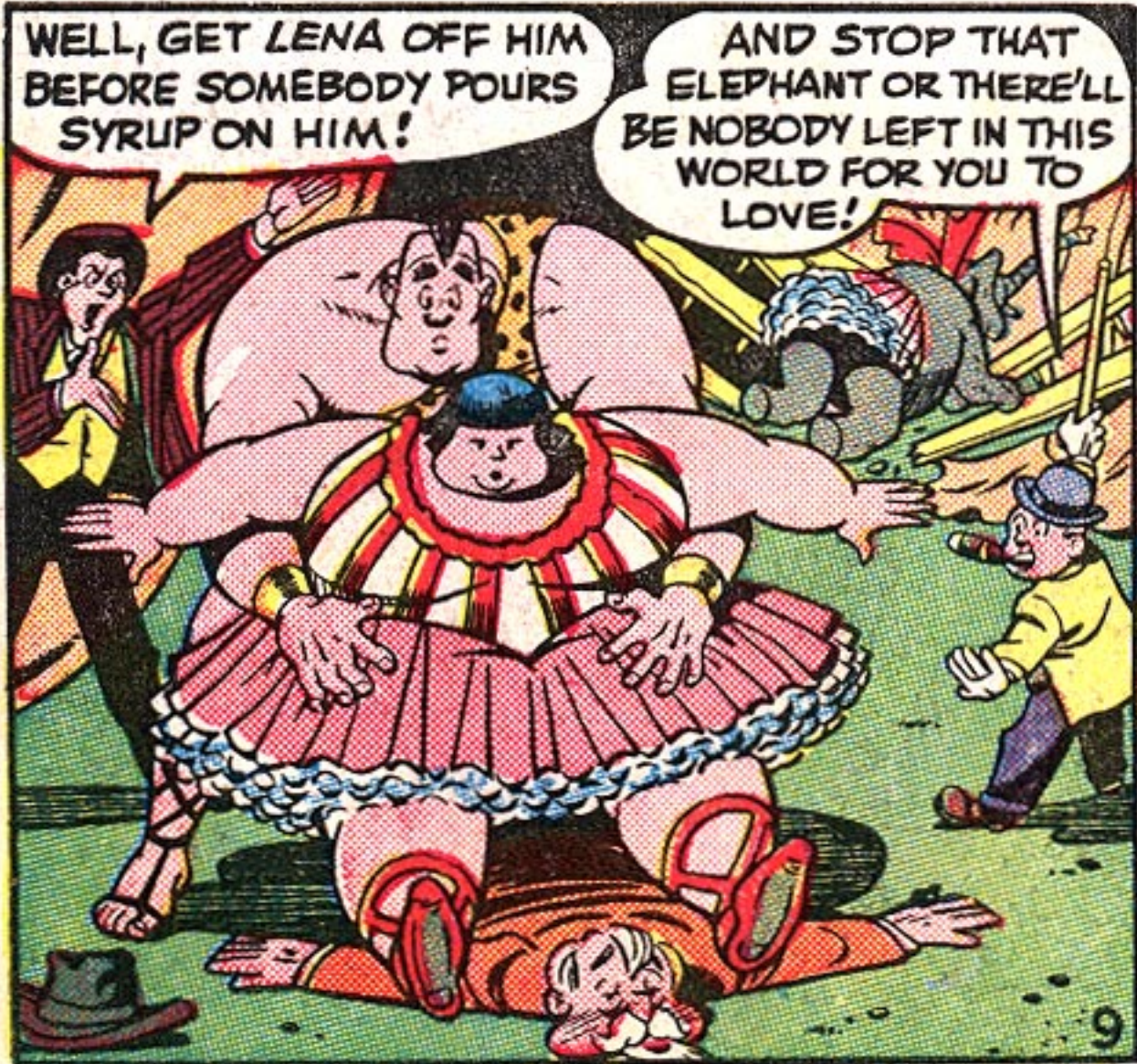
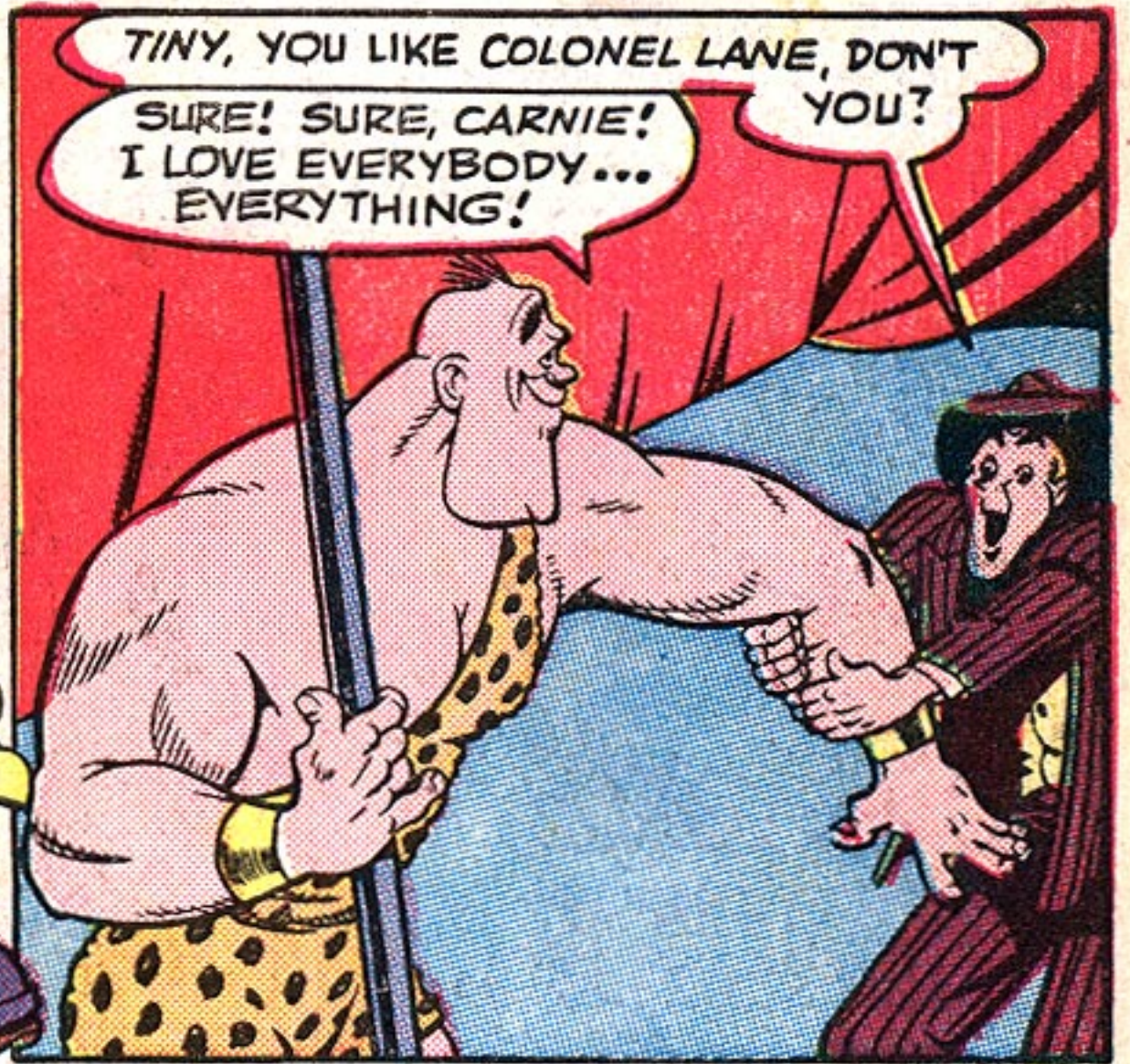
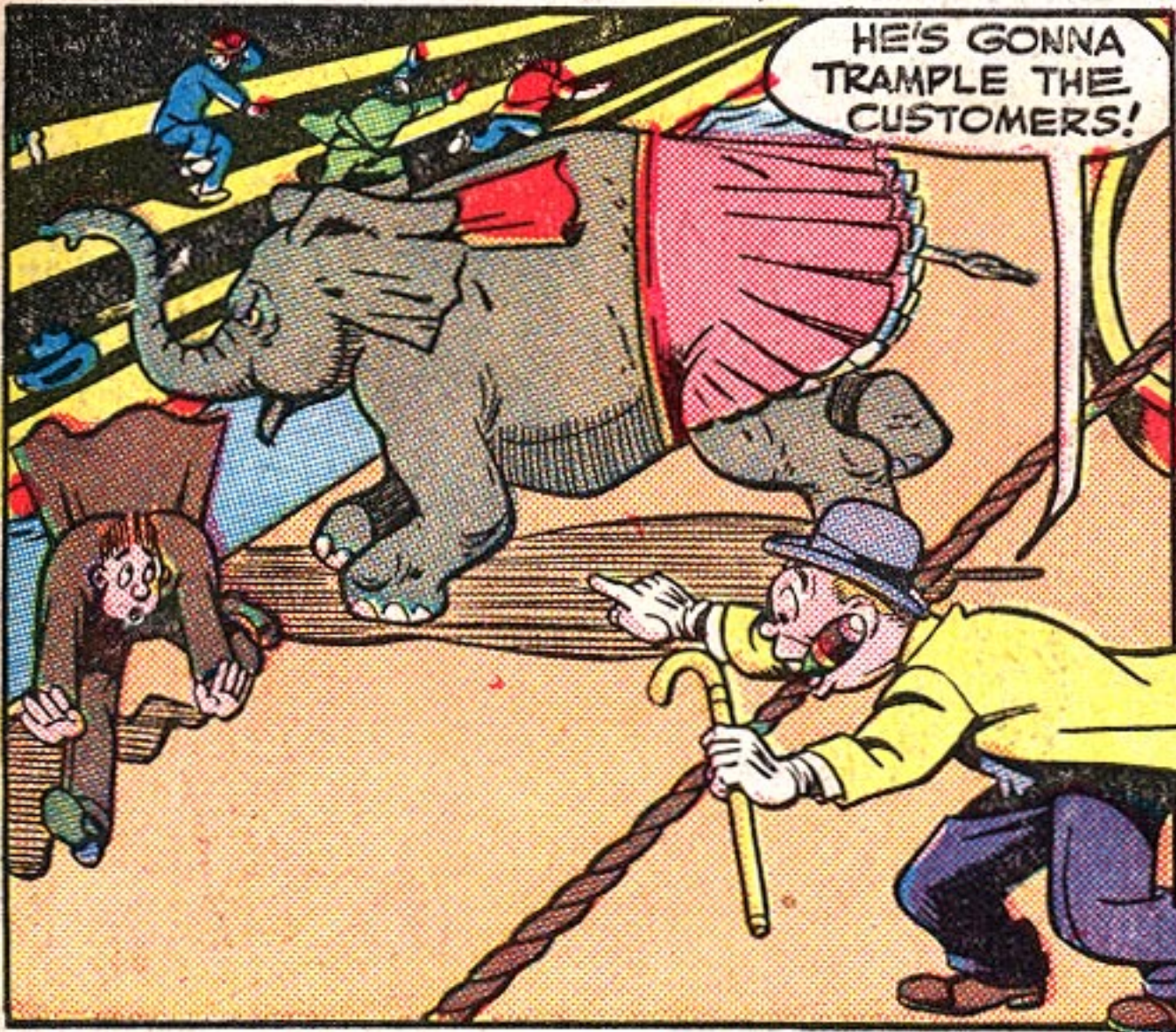
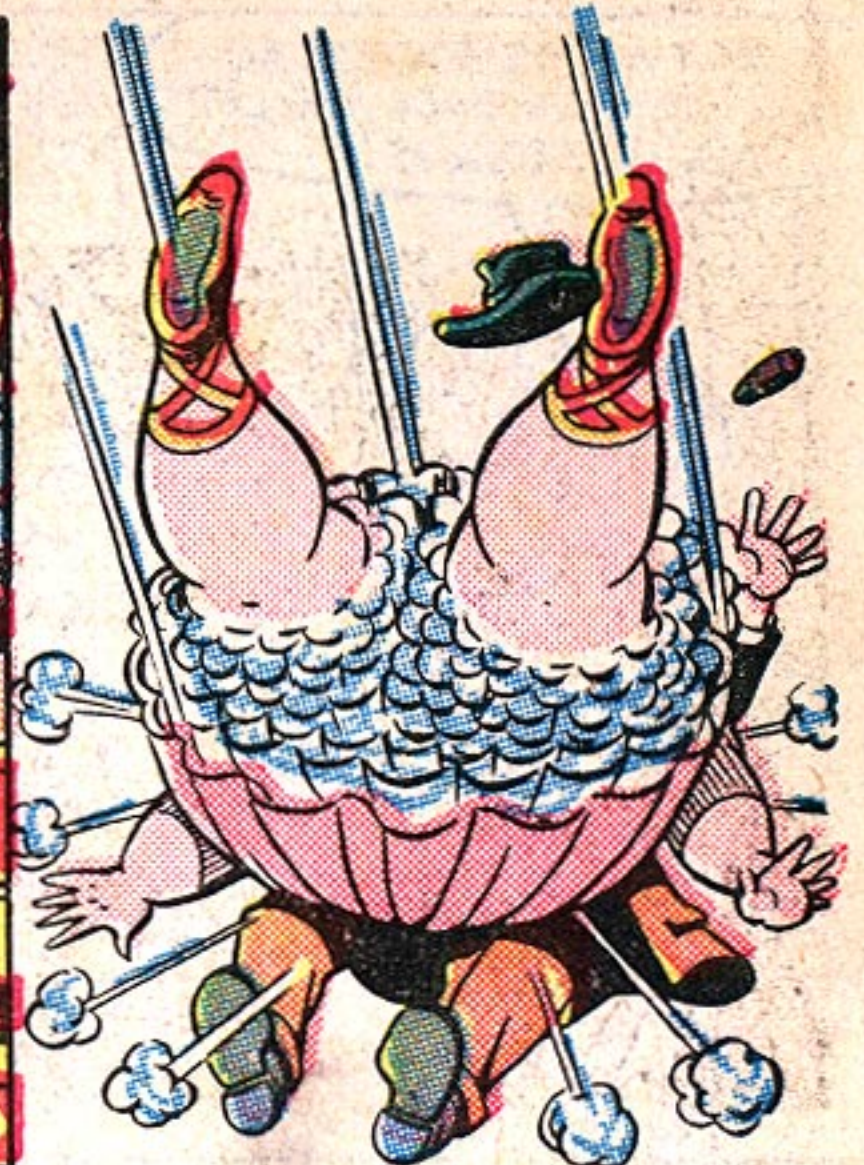
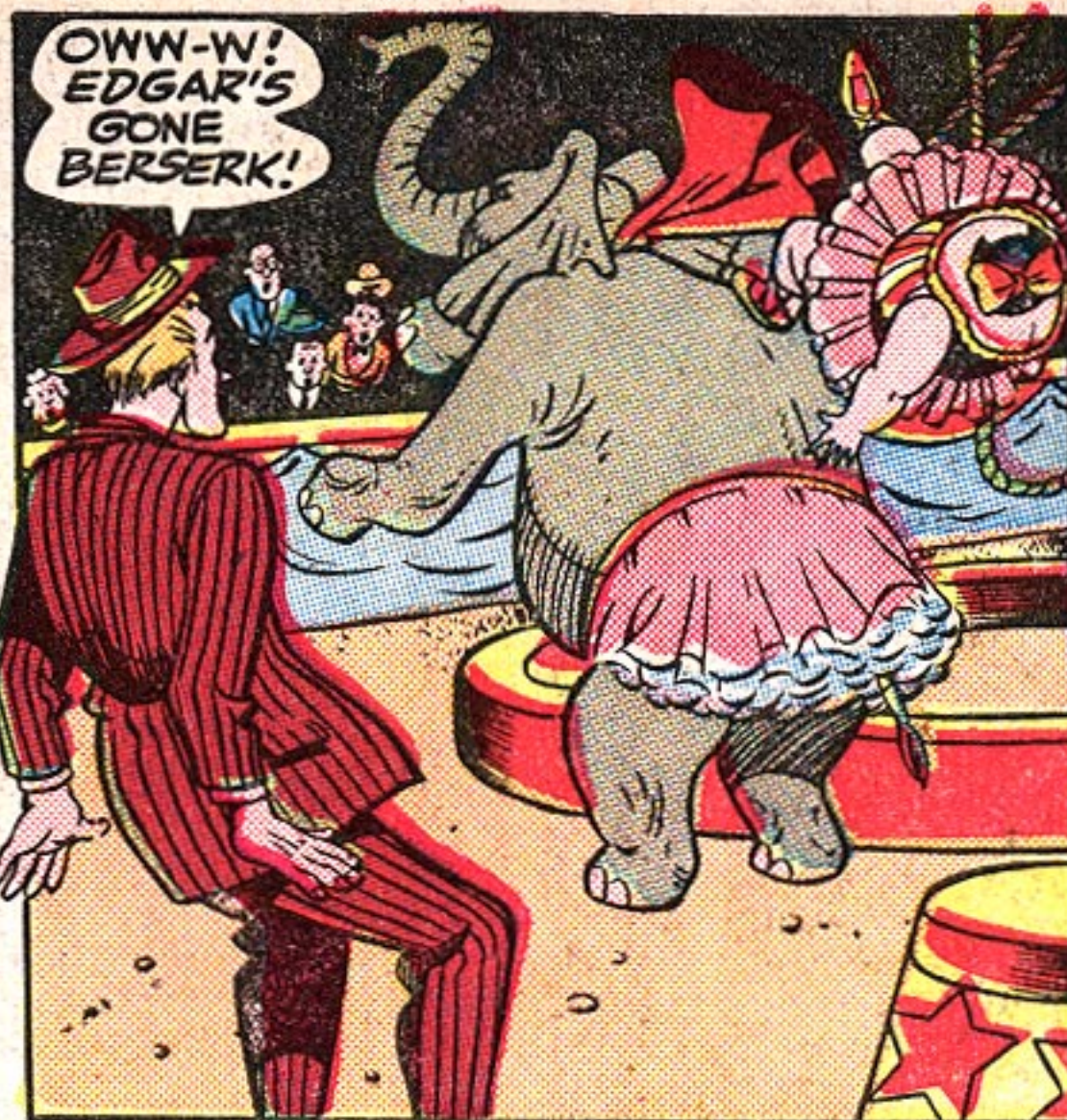
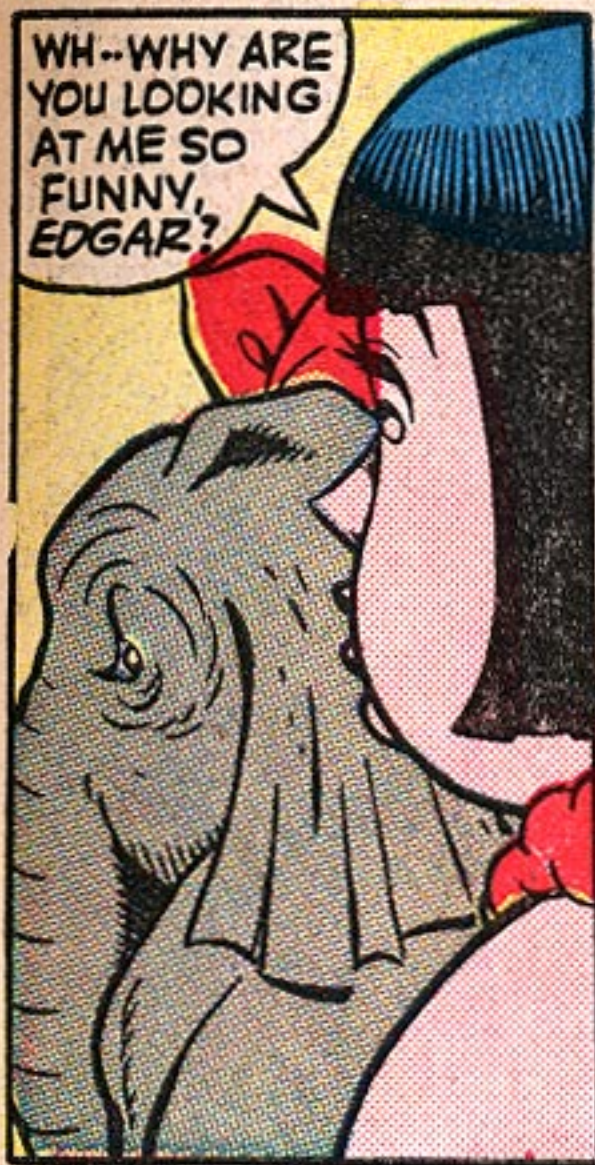


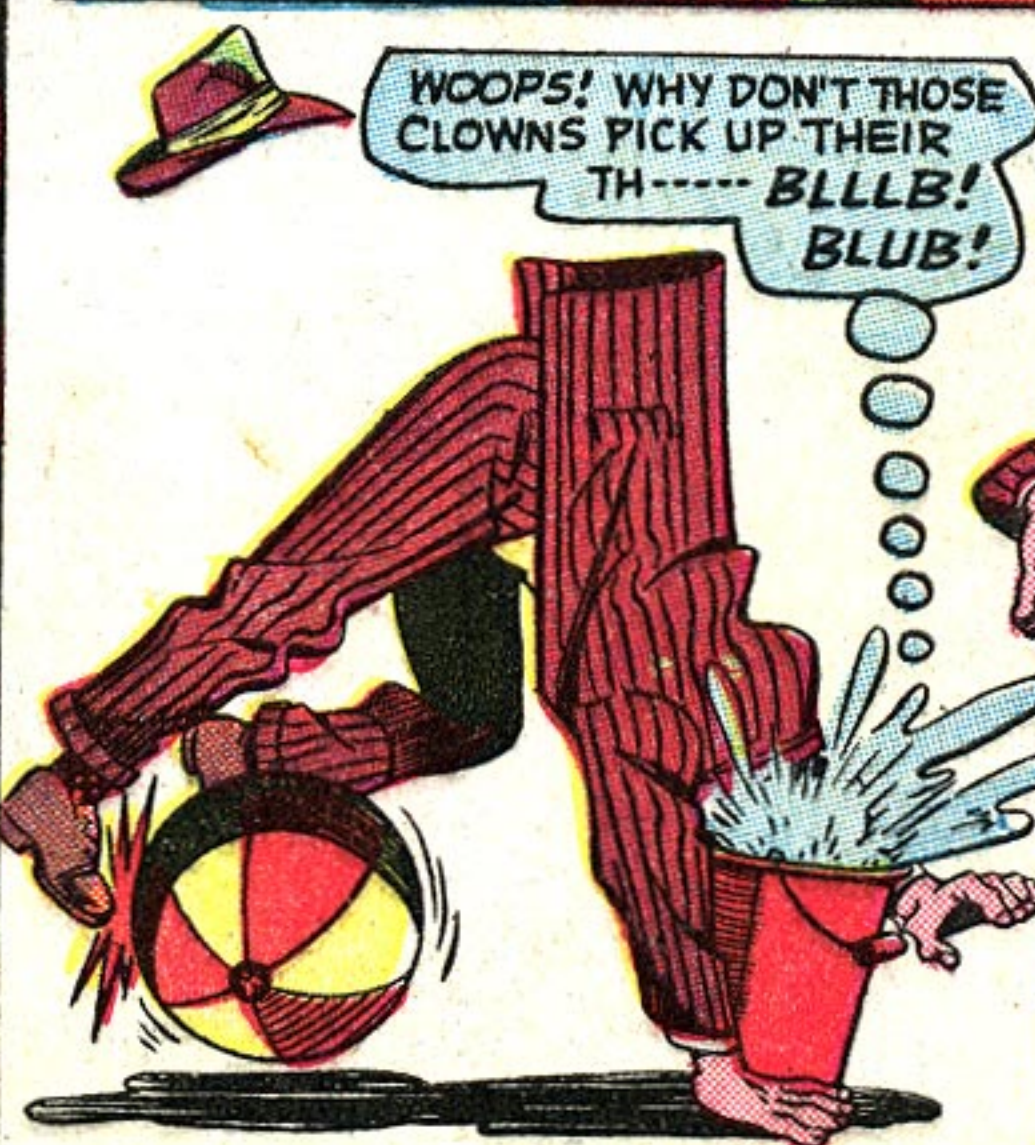
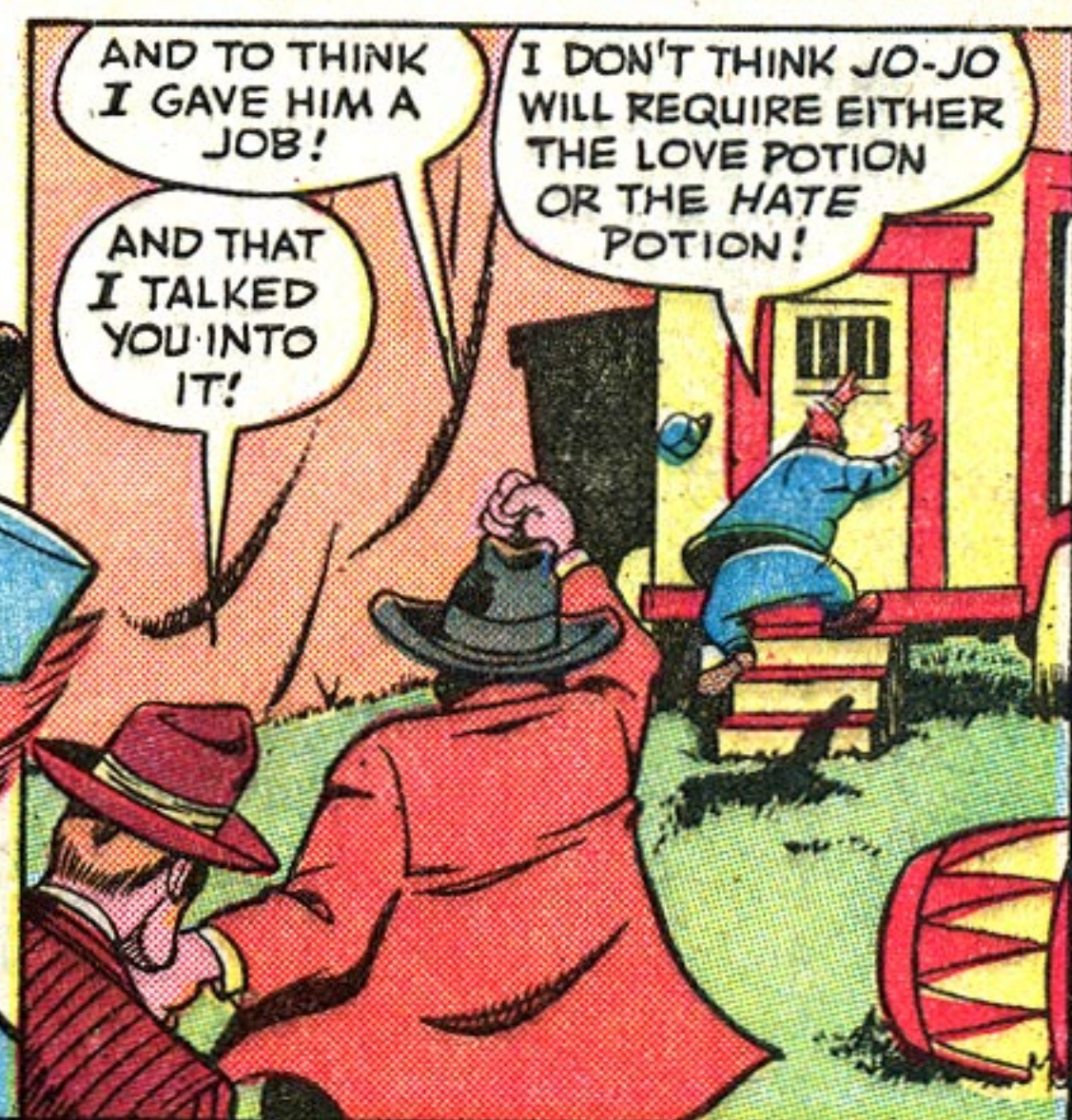
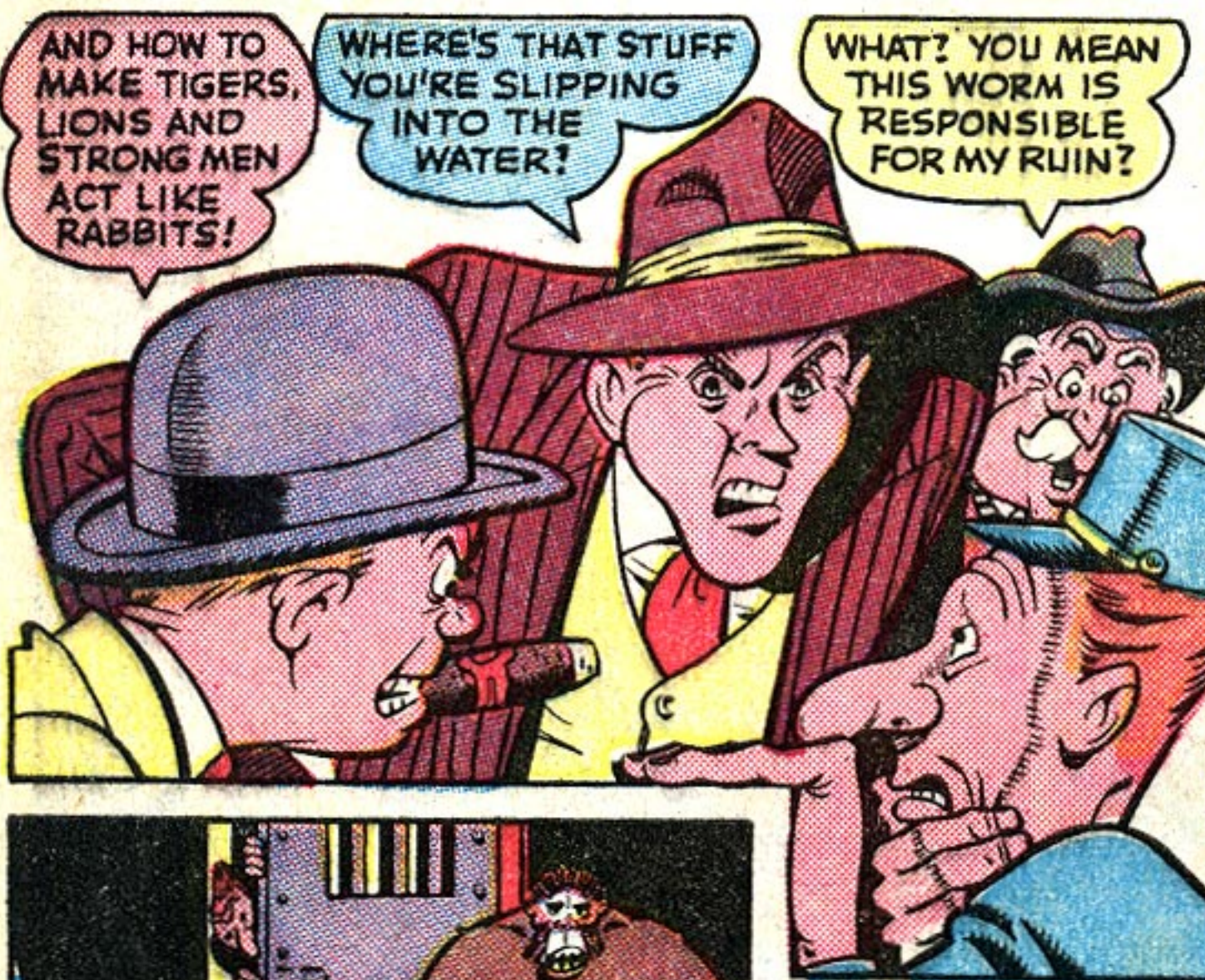
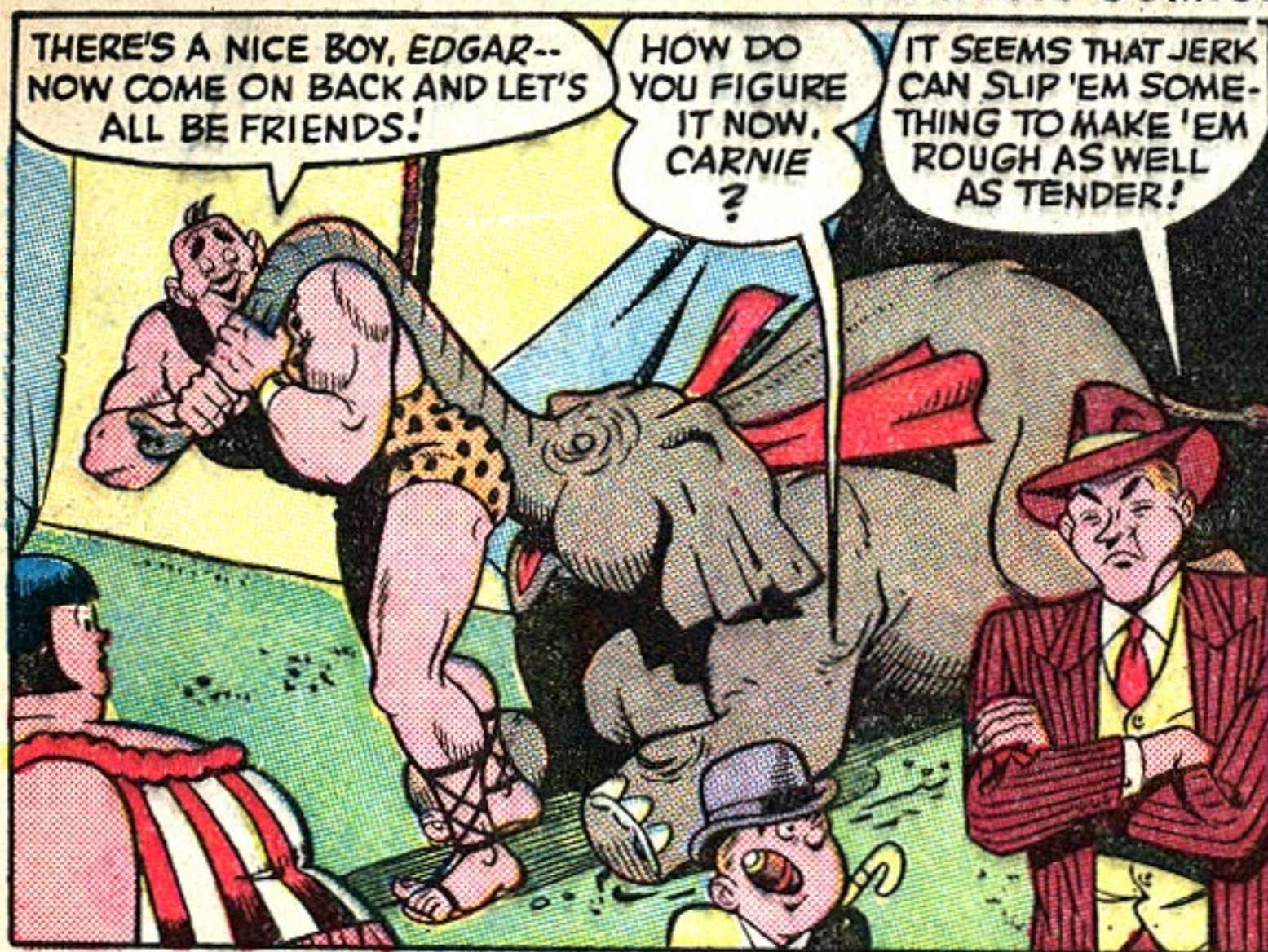


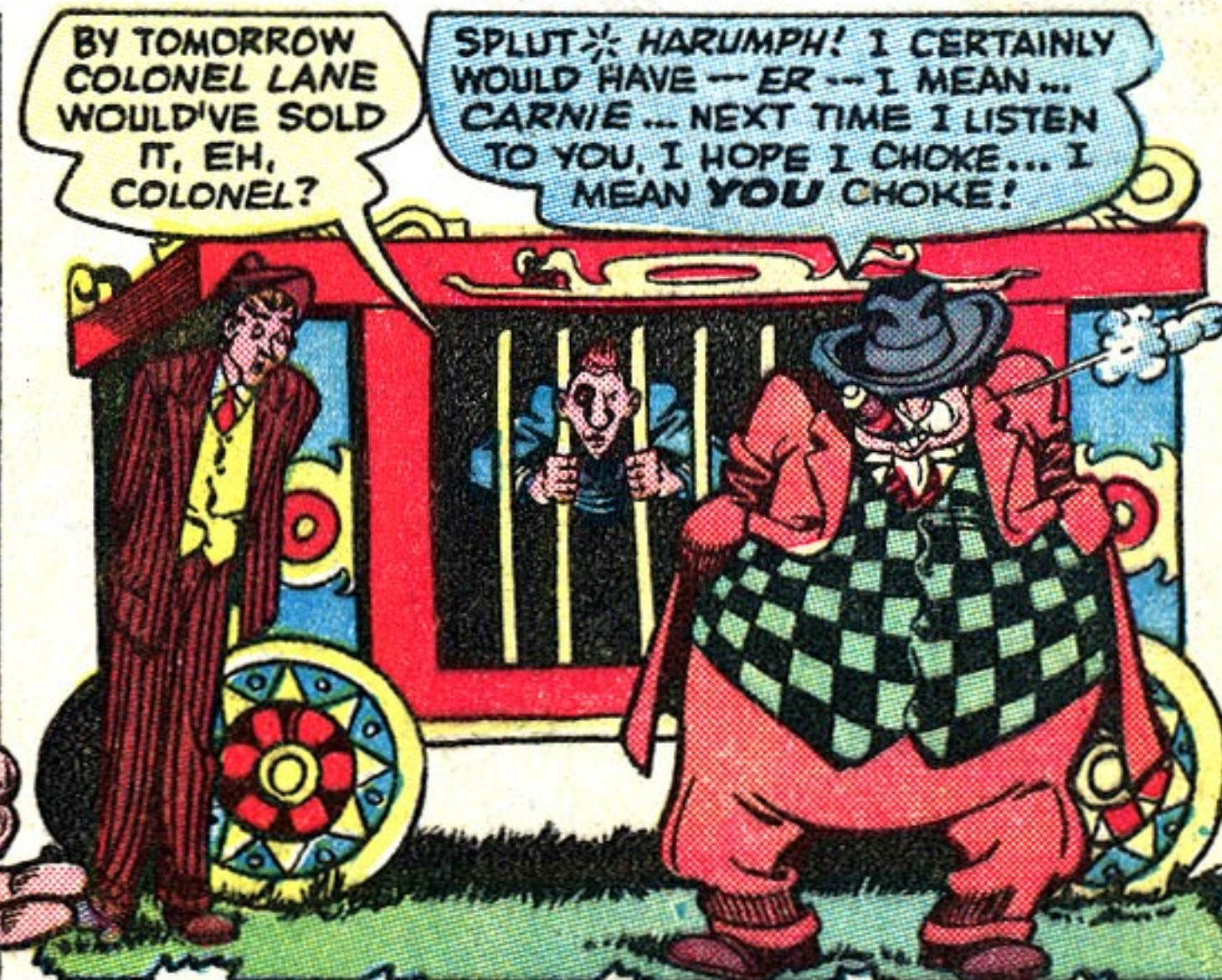
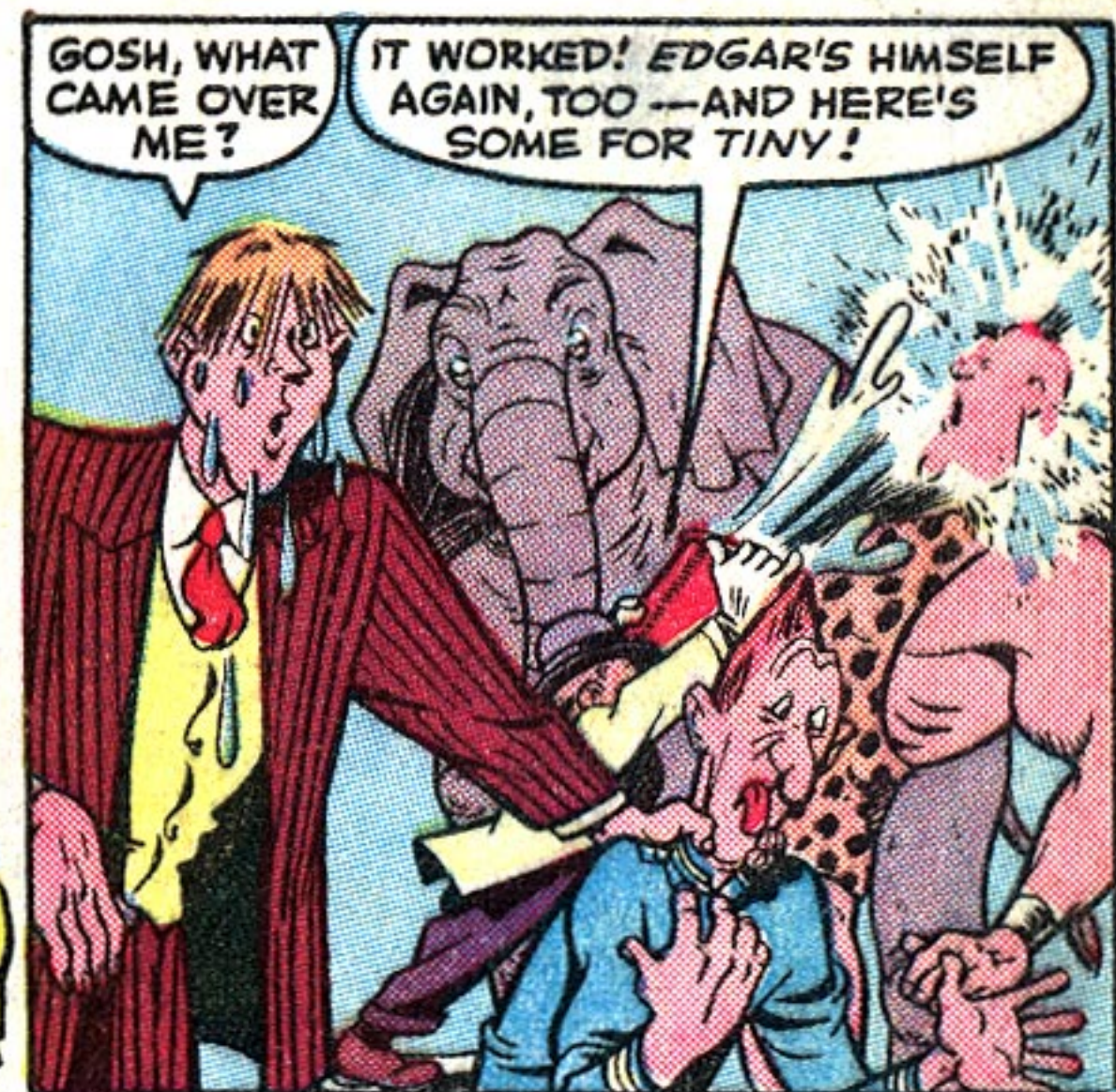
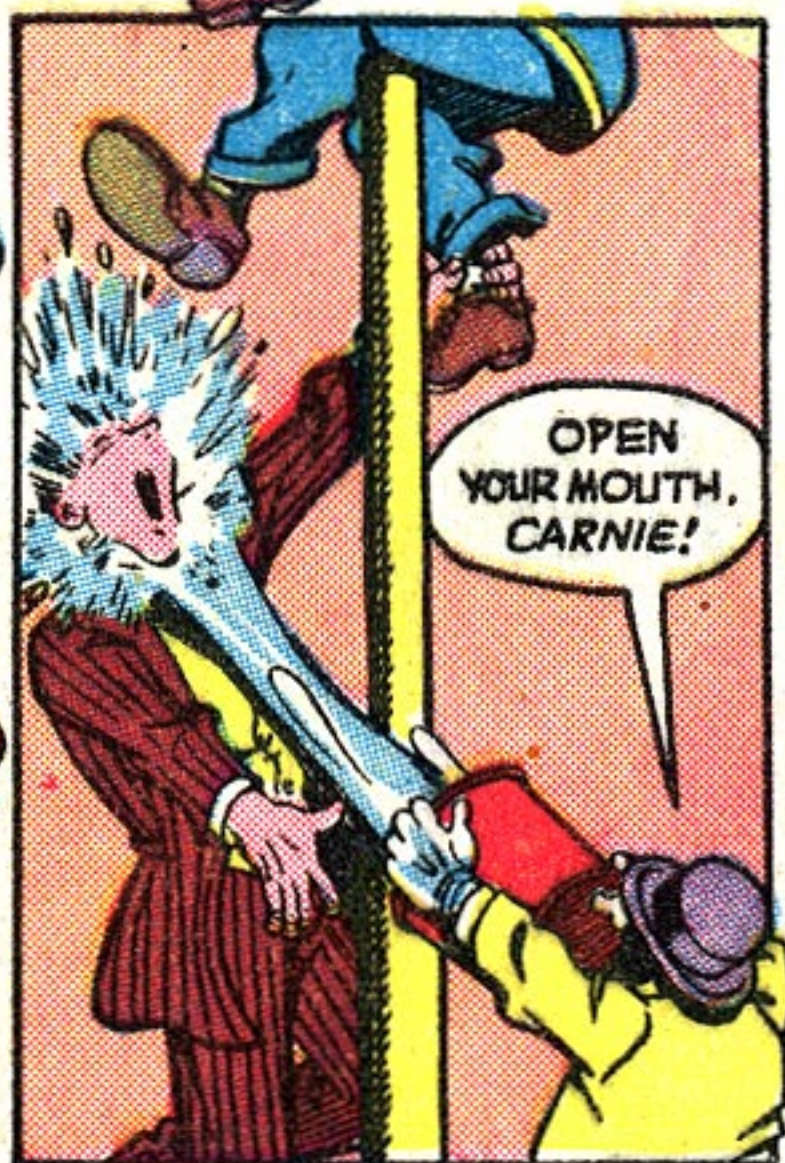
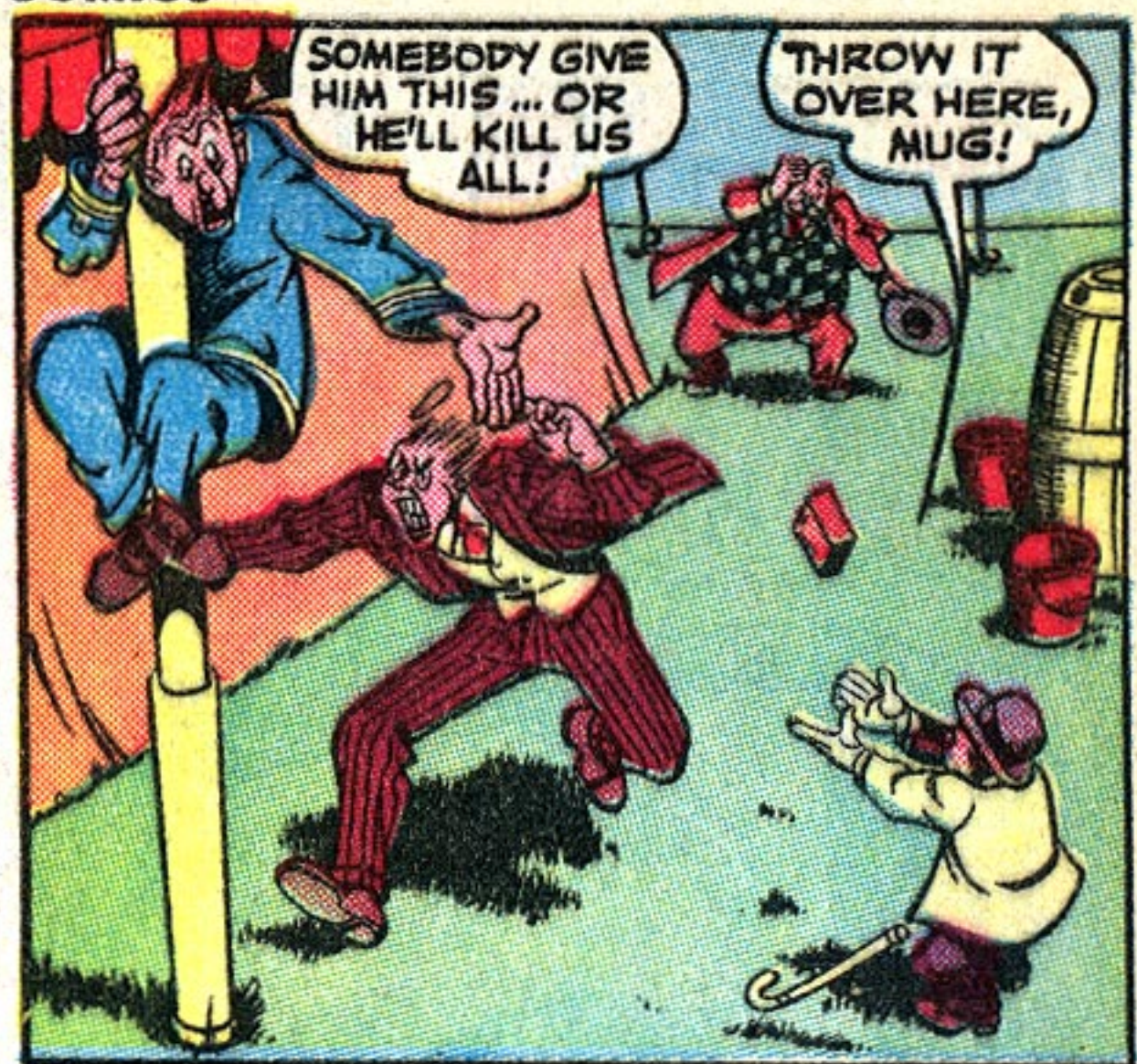
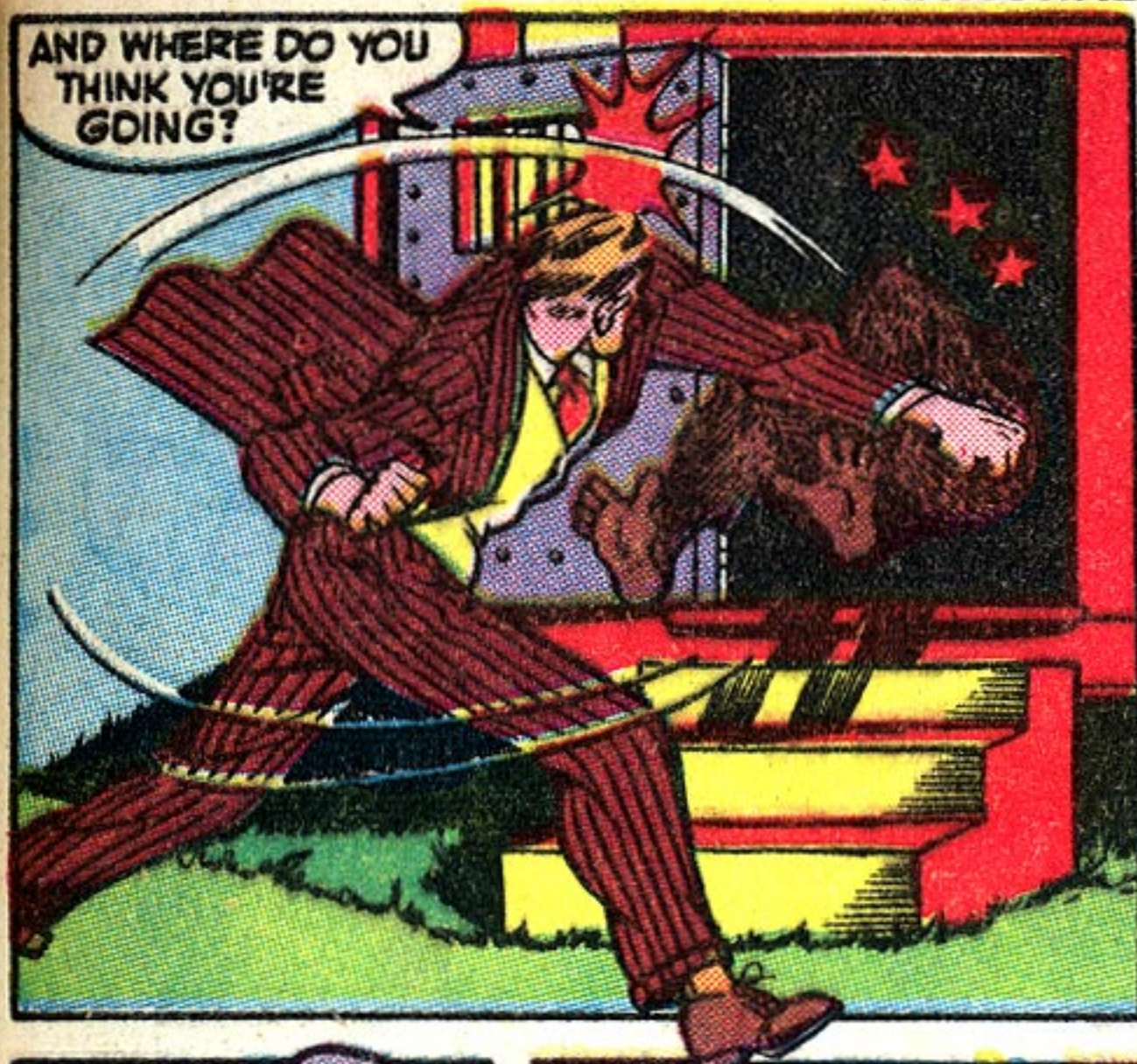














SCRAM, HOODLUMS!
POLICEWOMAN SALLY O'NEIL
AGAIN STALKS HER PREY
THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD,
WINNING BY COURAGE--
TRAINING---
AND WOMANLY
INTUITION!

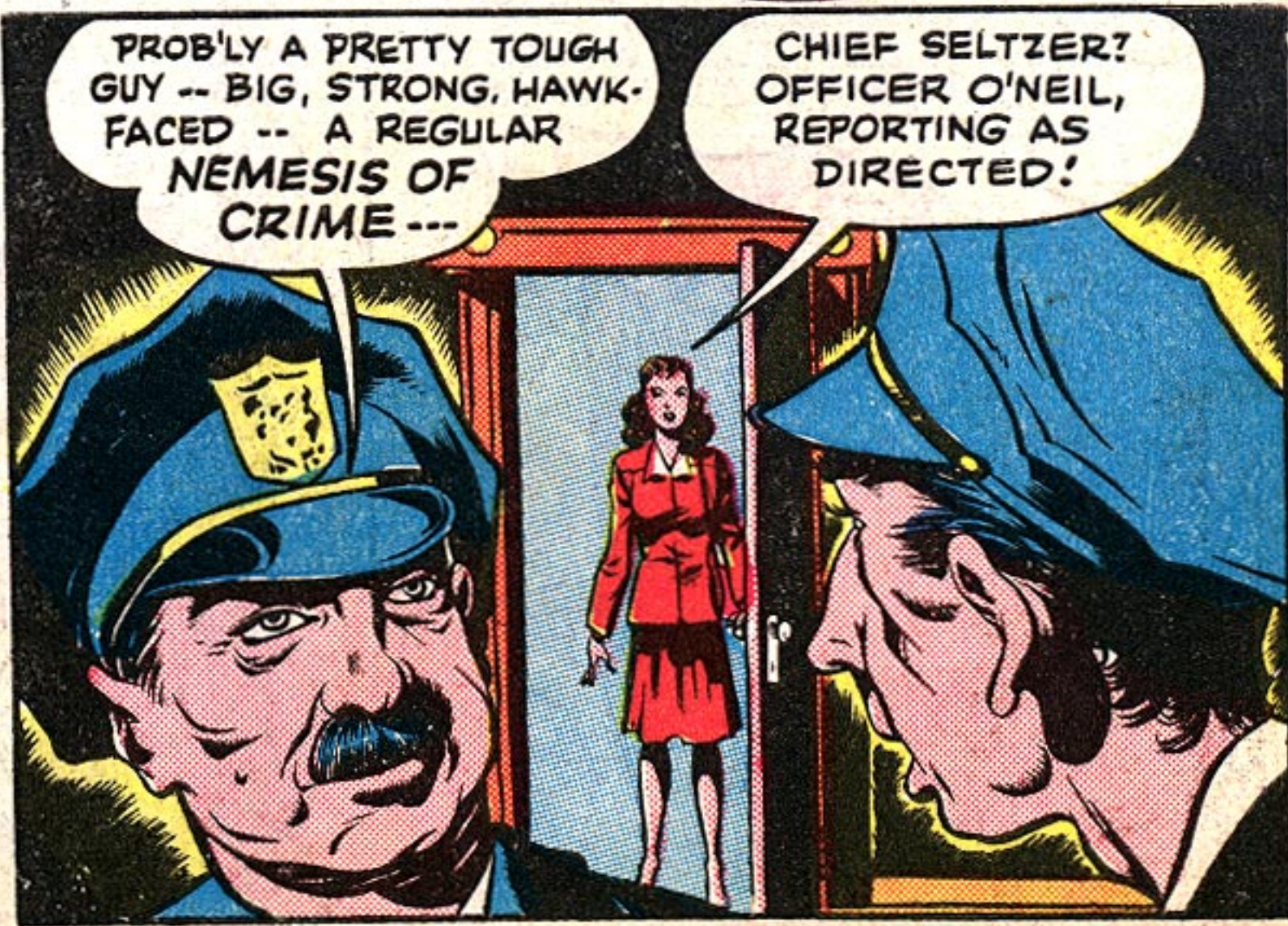
In Pinkville, a conference of
the police force -- *BOTH* of them!

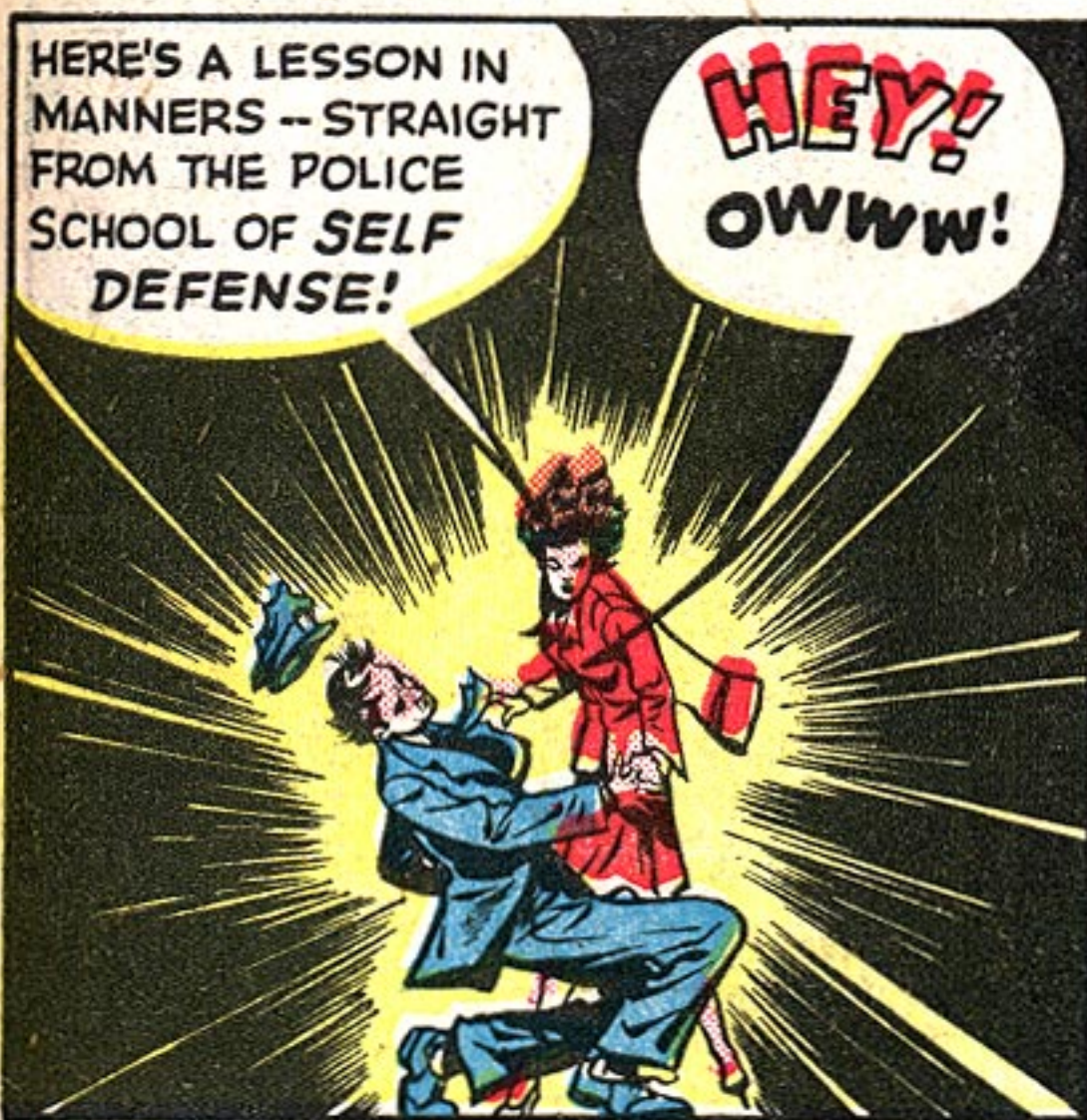
I WIRED THE CITY
FOR HELP IN THIS
MURDER CASE,
LIEUTENANT STUMPF!
SAYS HERE THEY'RE
SENDING OFFICER
O'NEIL!

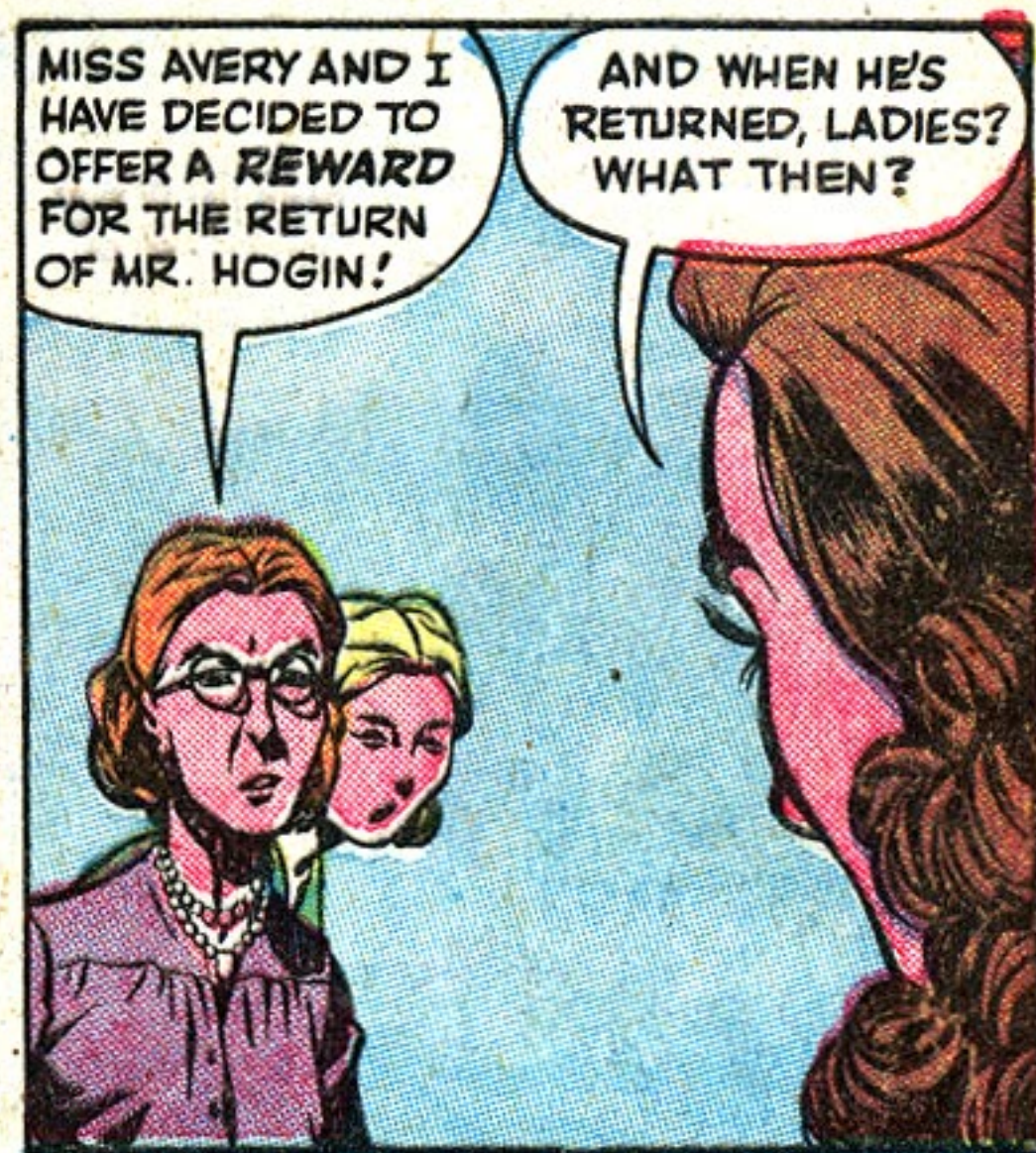
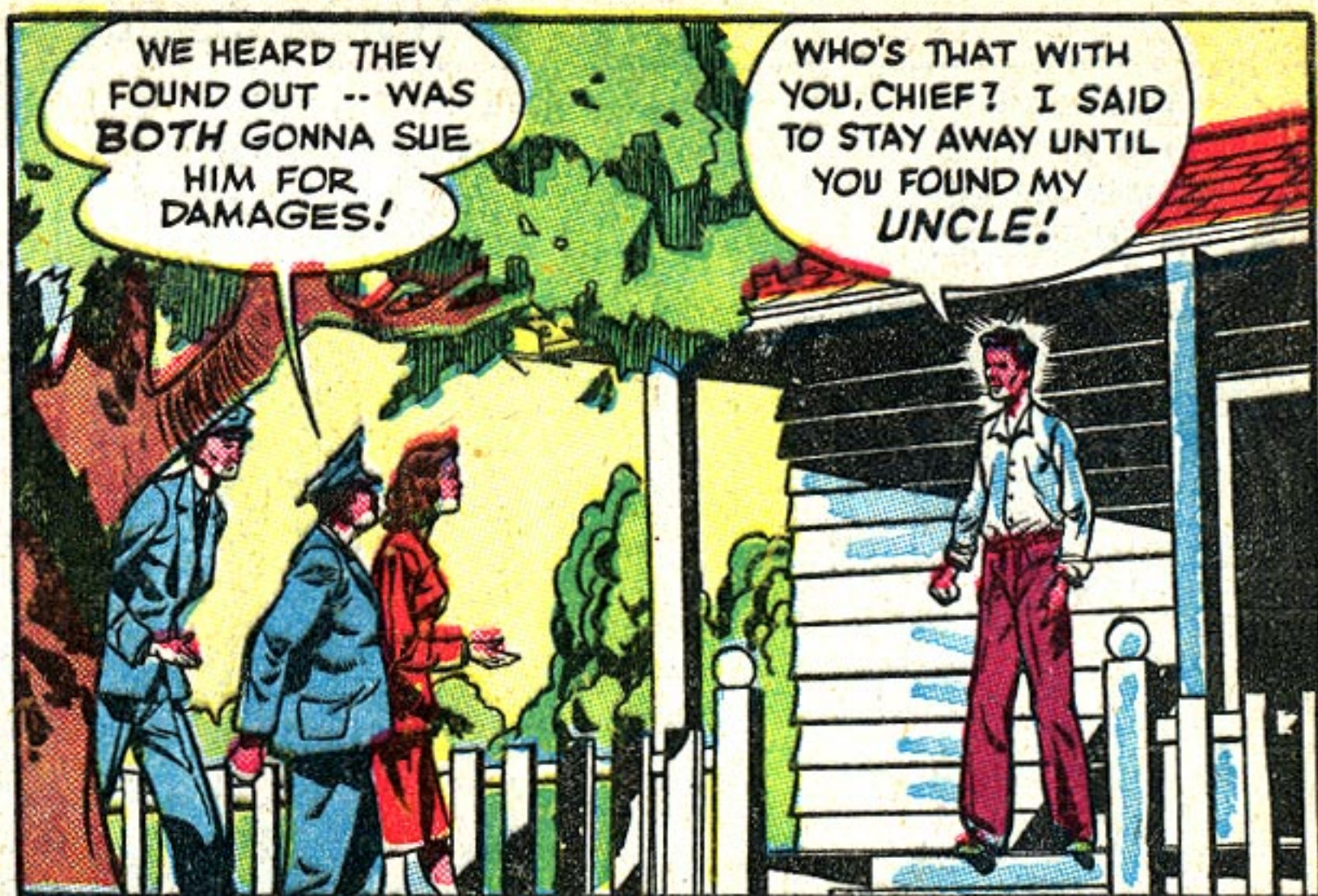
MAYBE THAT'S
HIM KNOCKIN',
CHIEF
SELTZER!

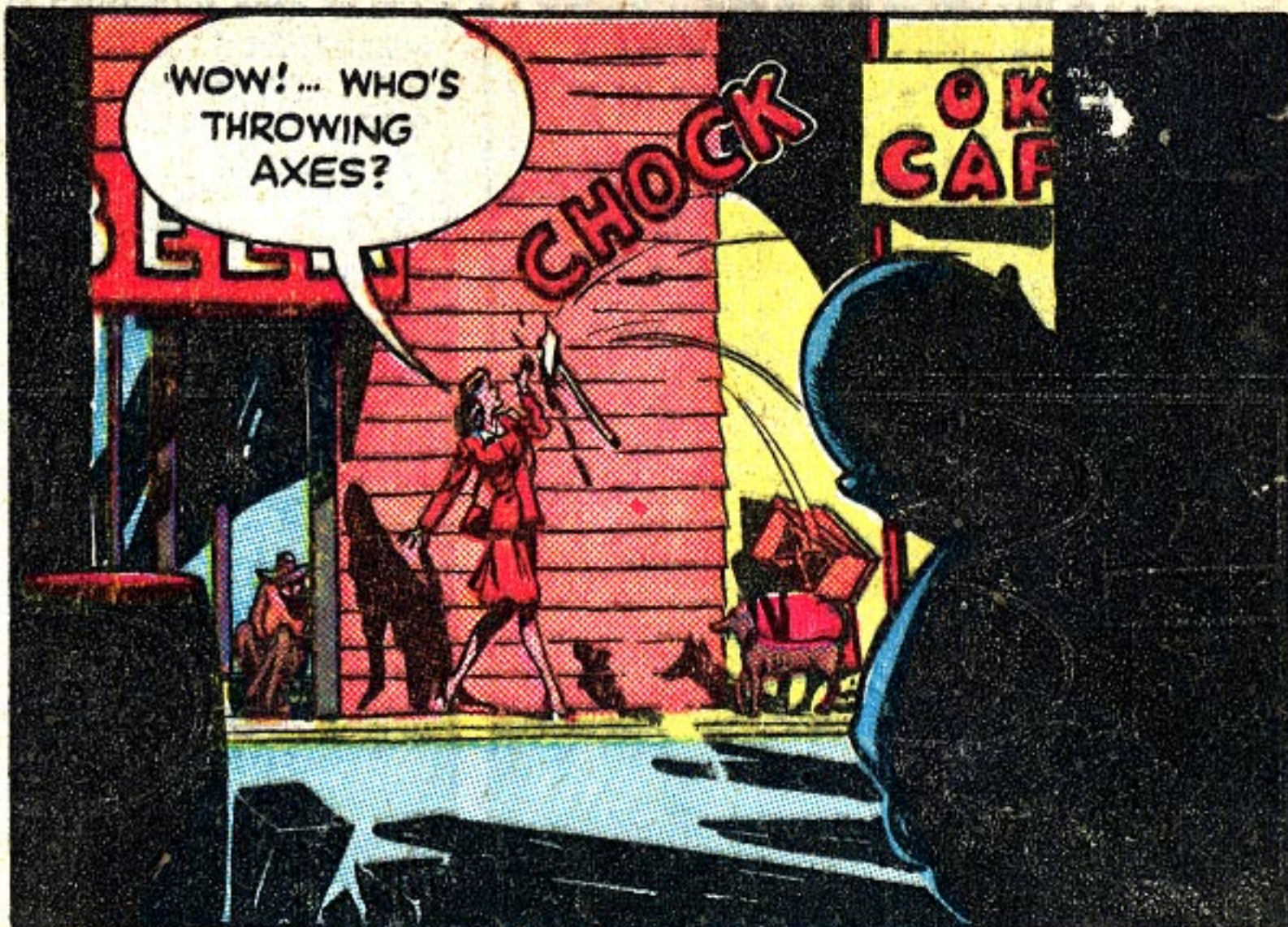
PROB'LY A PRETTY TOUGH
GUY -- BIG, STRONG, HAWK-
FACED -- A REGULAR
**NEMESIS OF
CRIME ---**

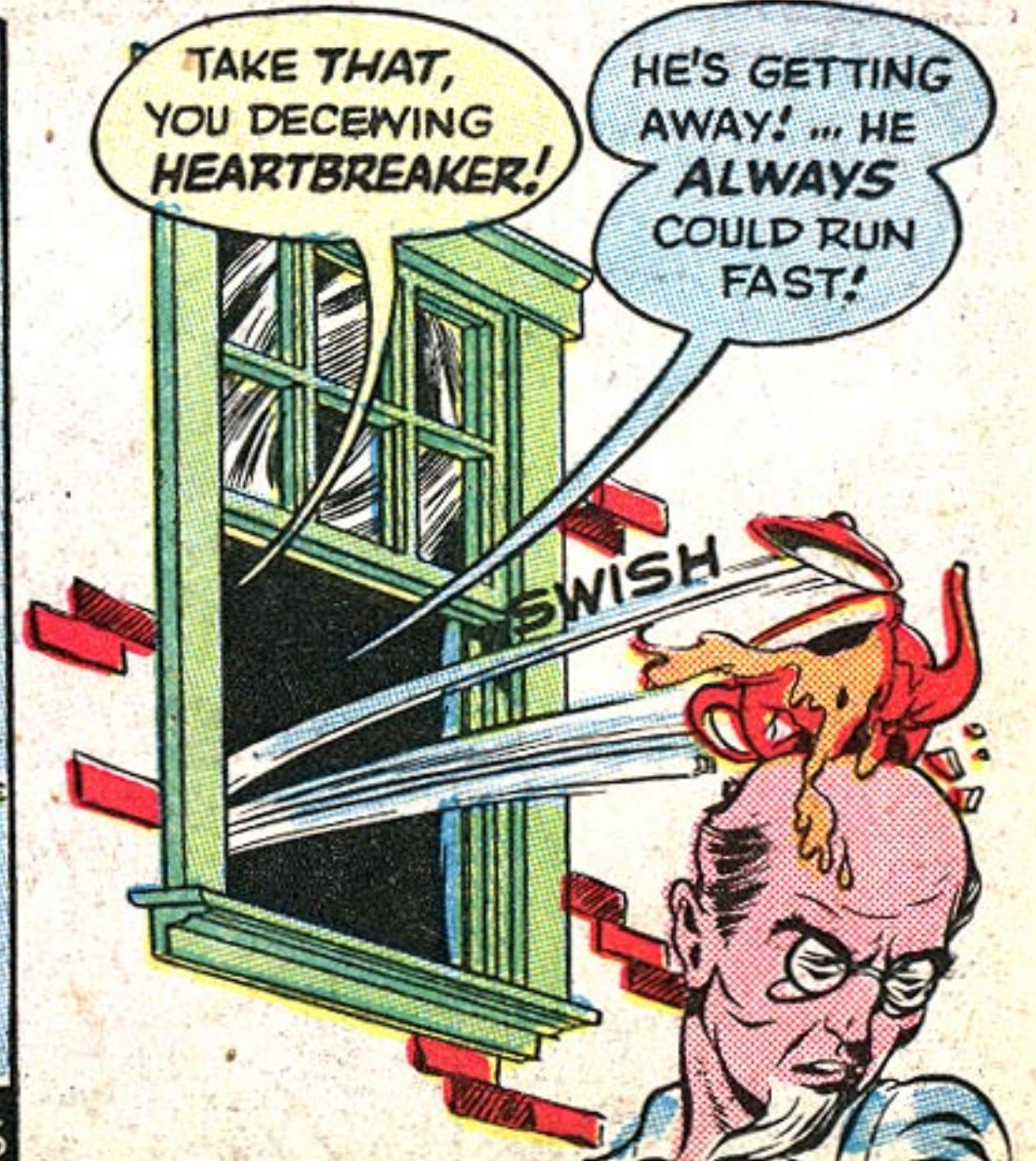
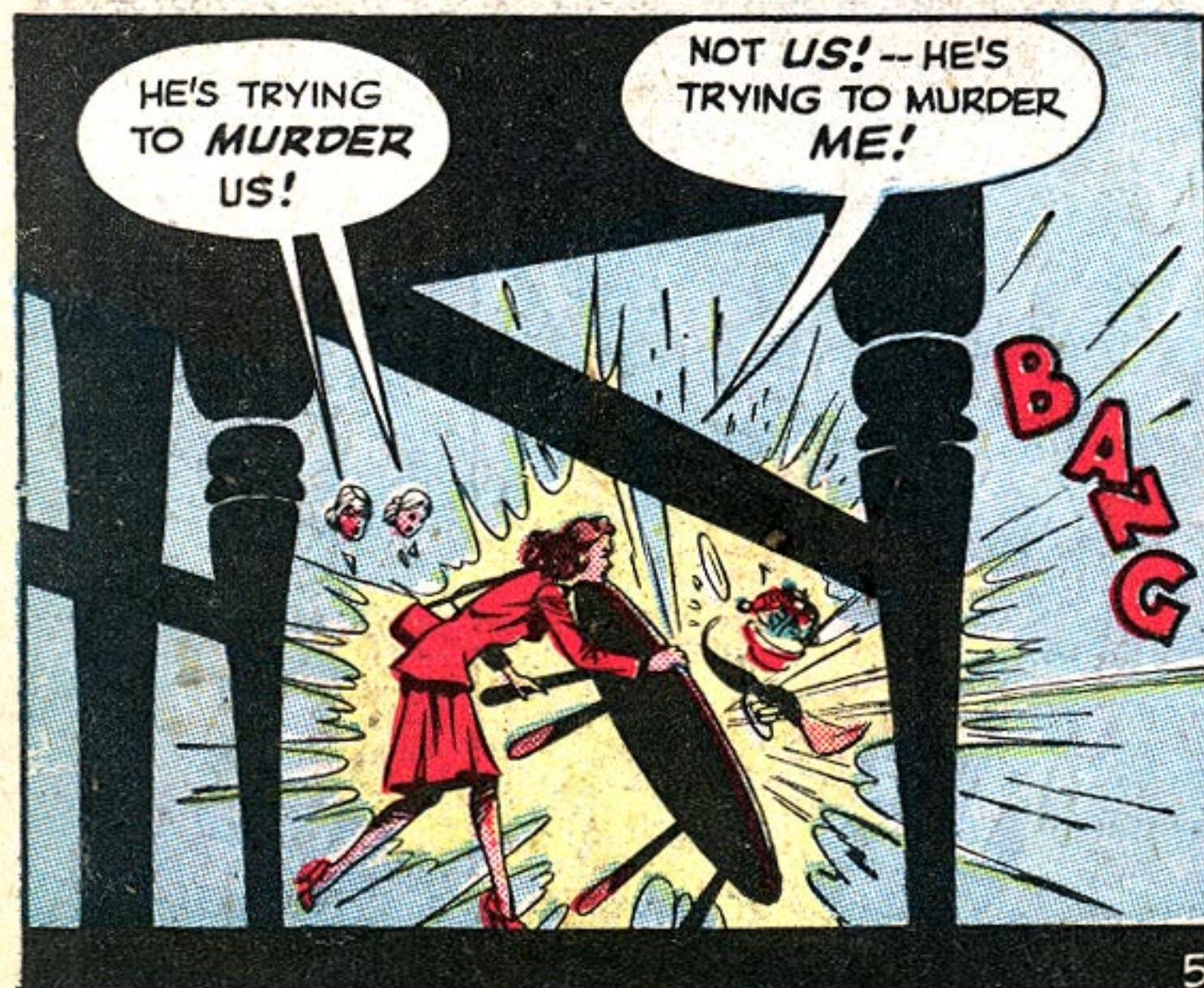
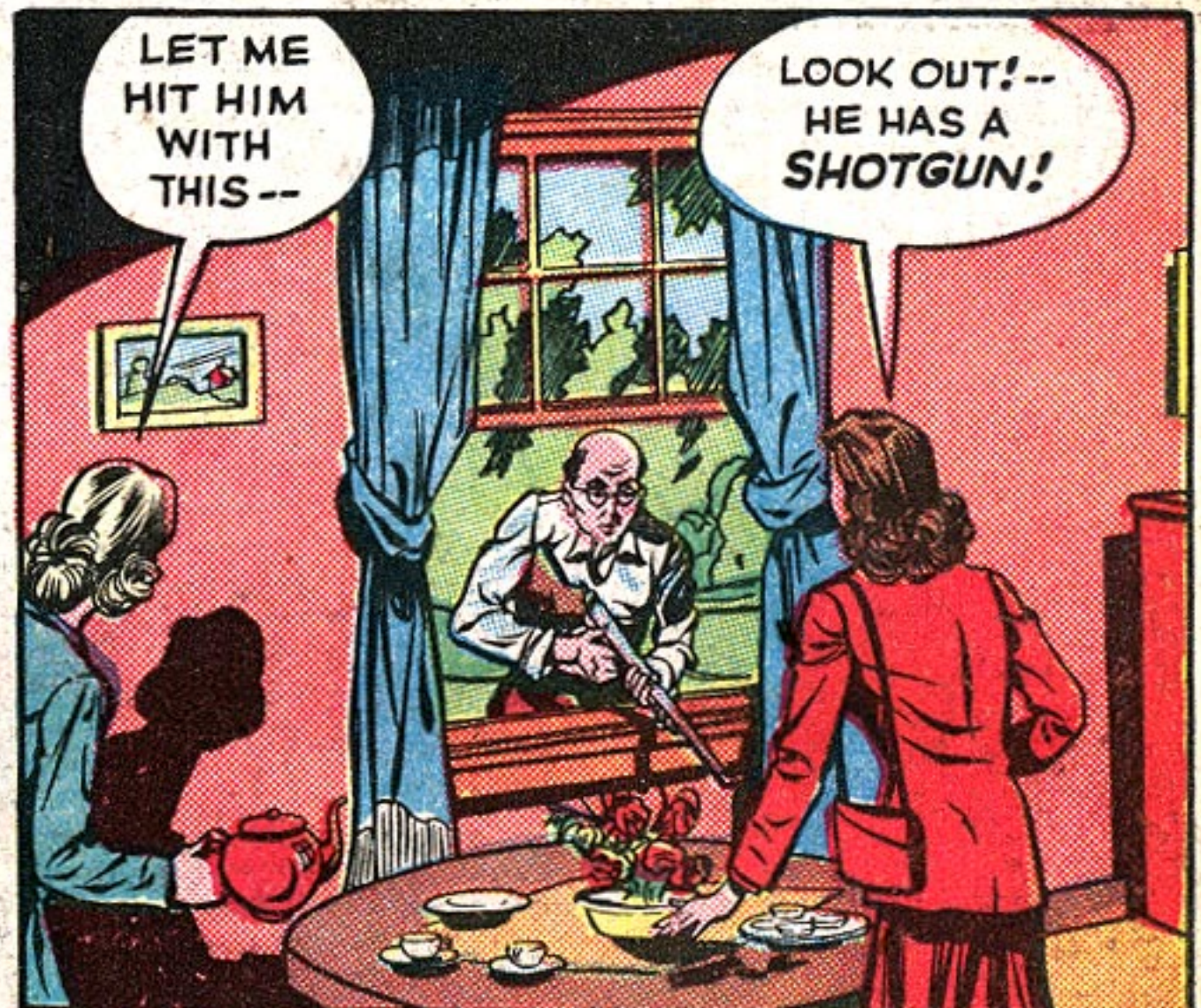
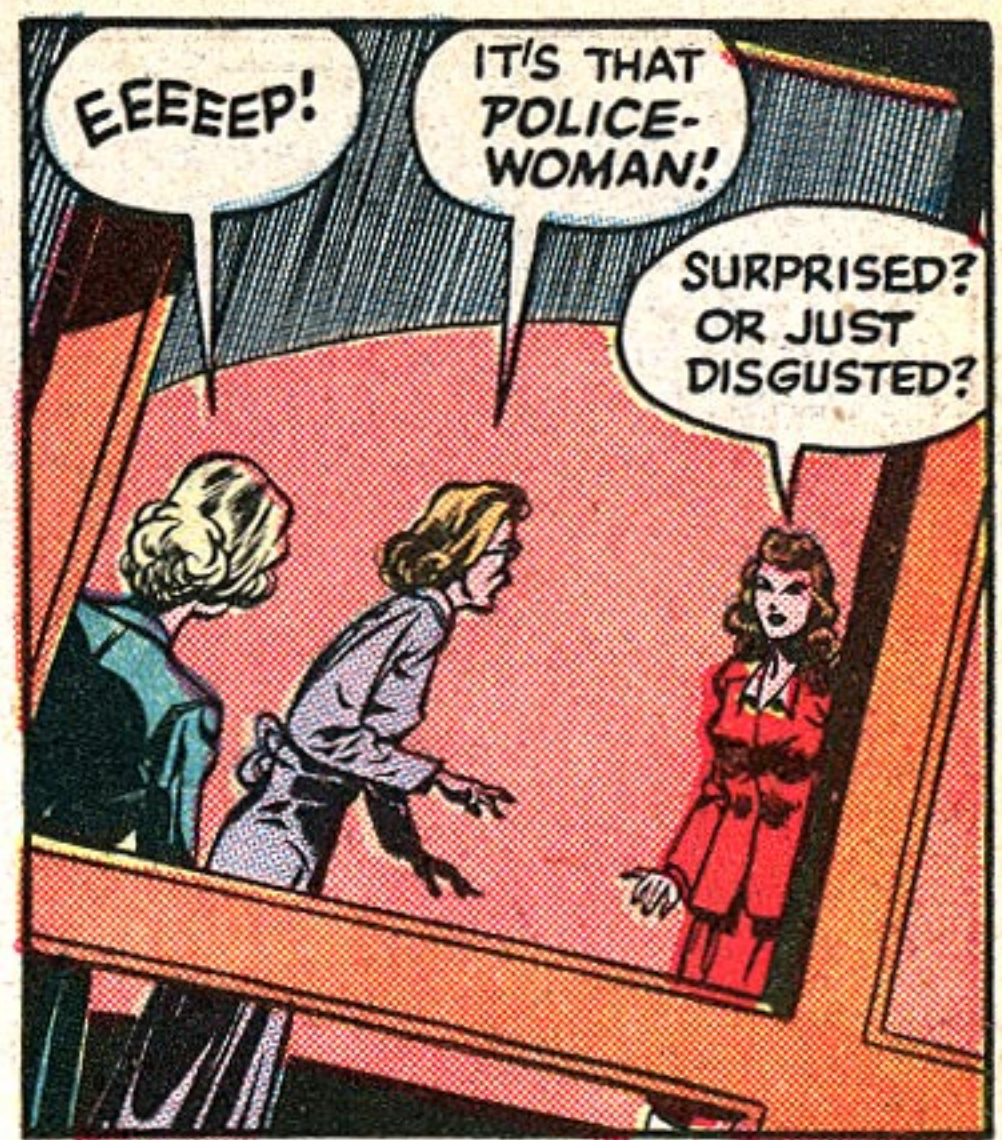
CHIEF SELTZER?
OFFICER O'NEIL,
REPORTING AS
DIRECTED!

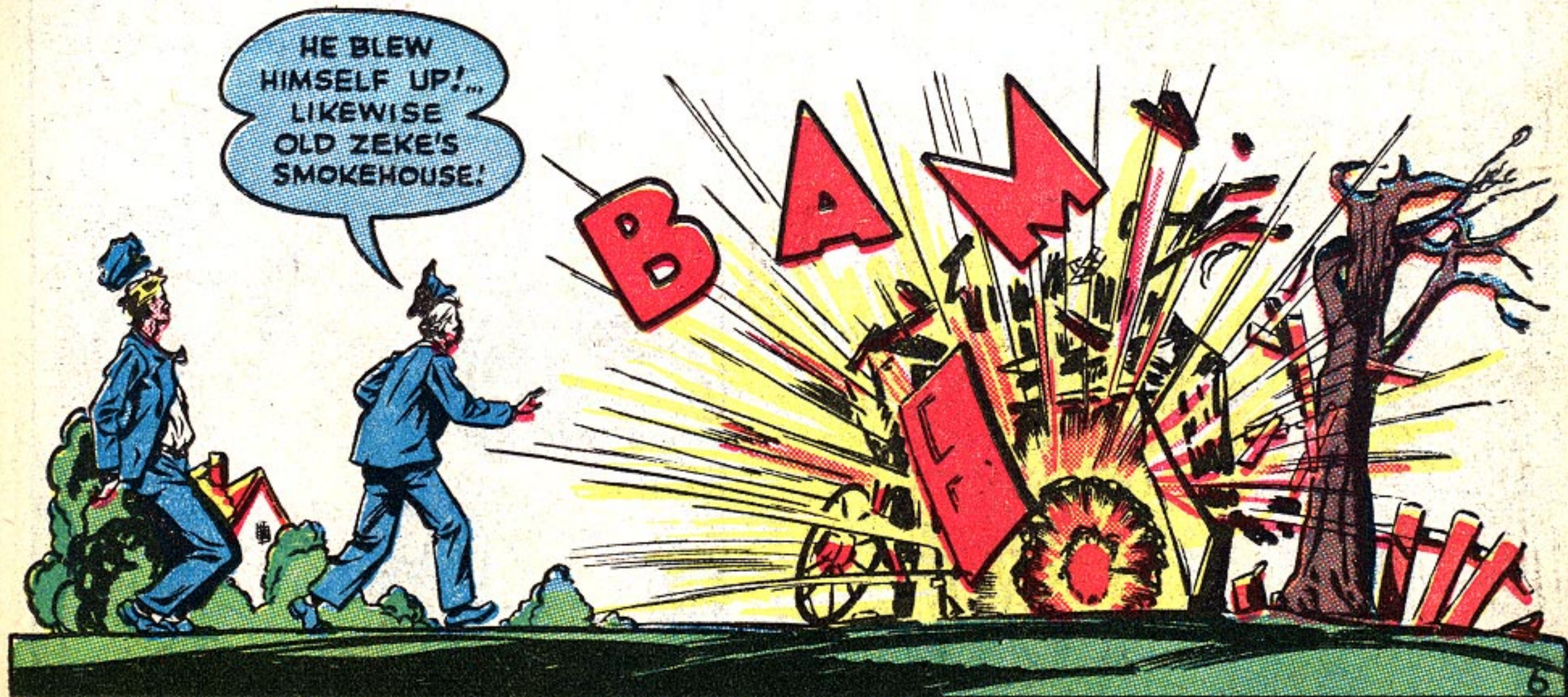
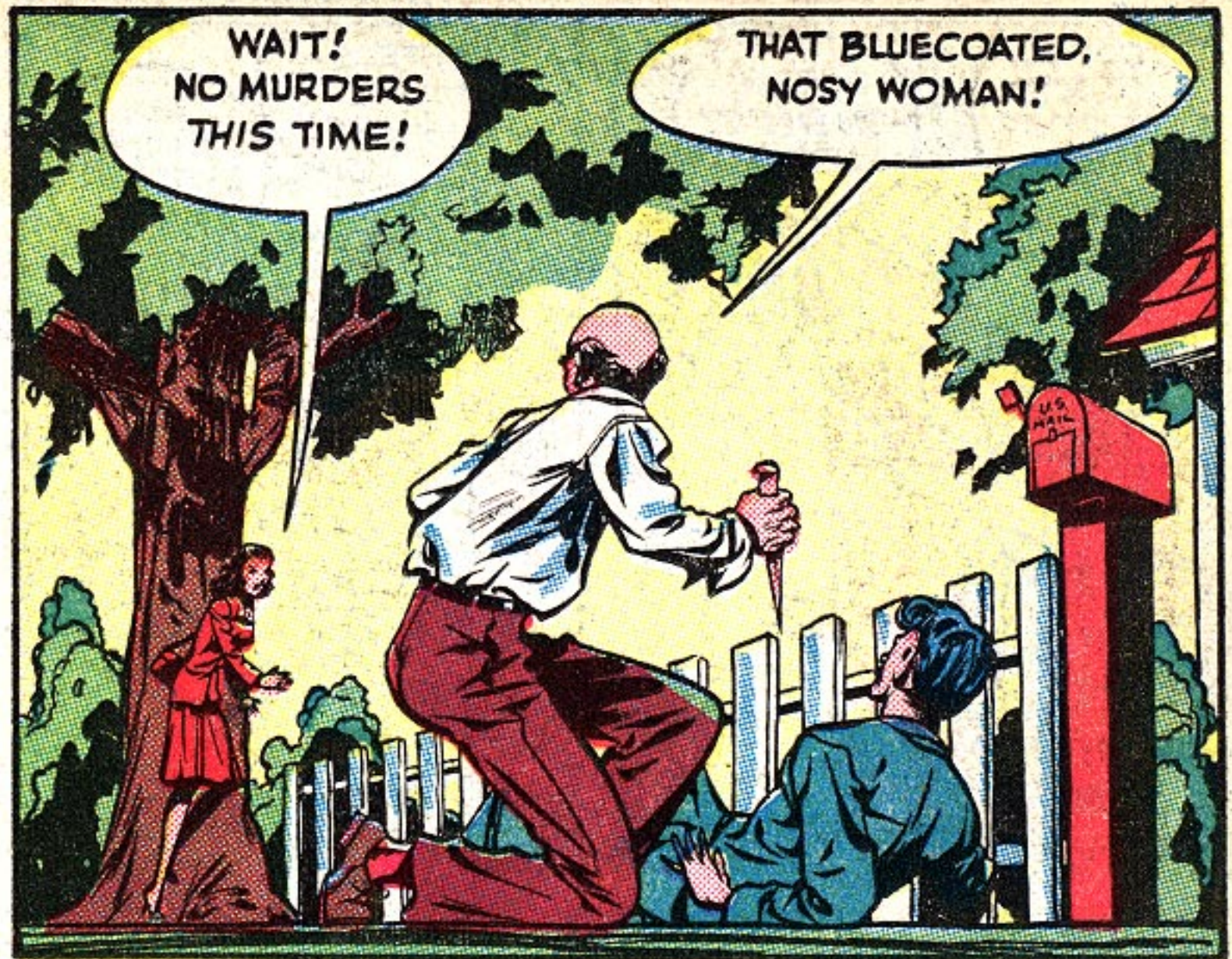
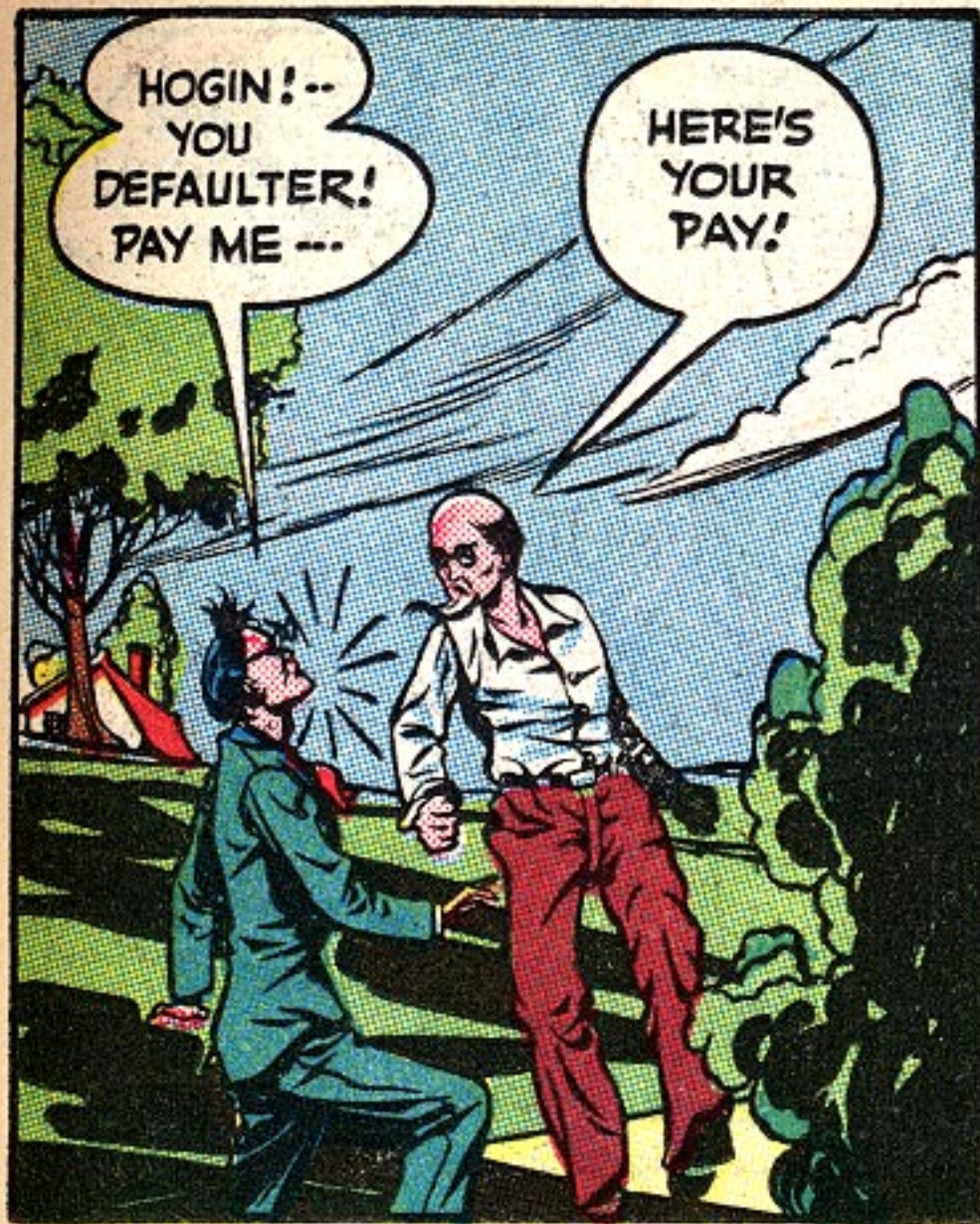














OF COURSE, HE *MIGHTA* DUCKED OUT THE BACK WAY!--

BUT HE *DIDN'T!* LOOK!



HIS SPECS-- AND HIS WHISKERS!

ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



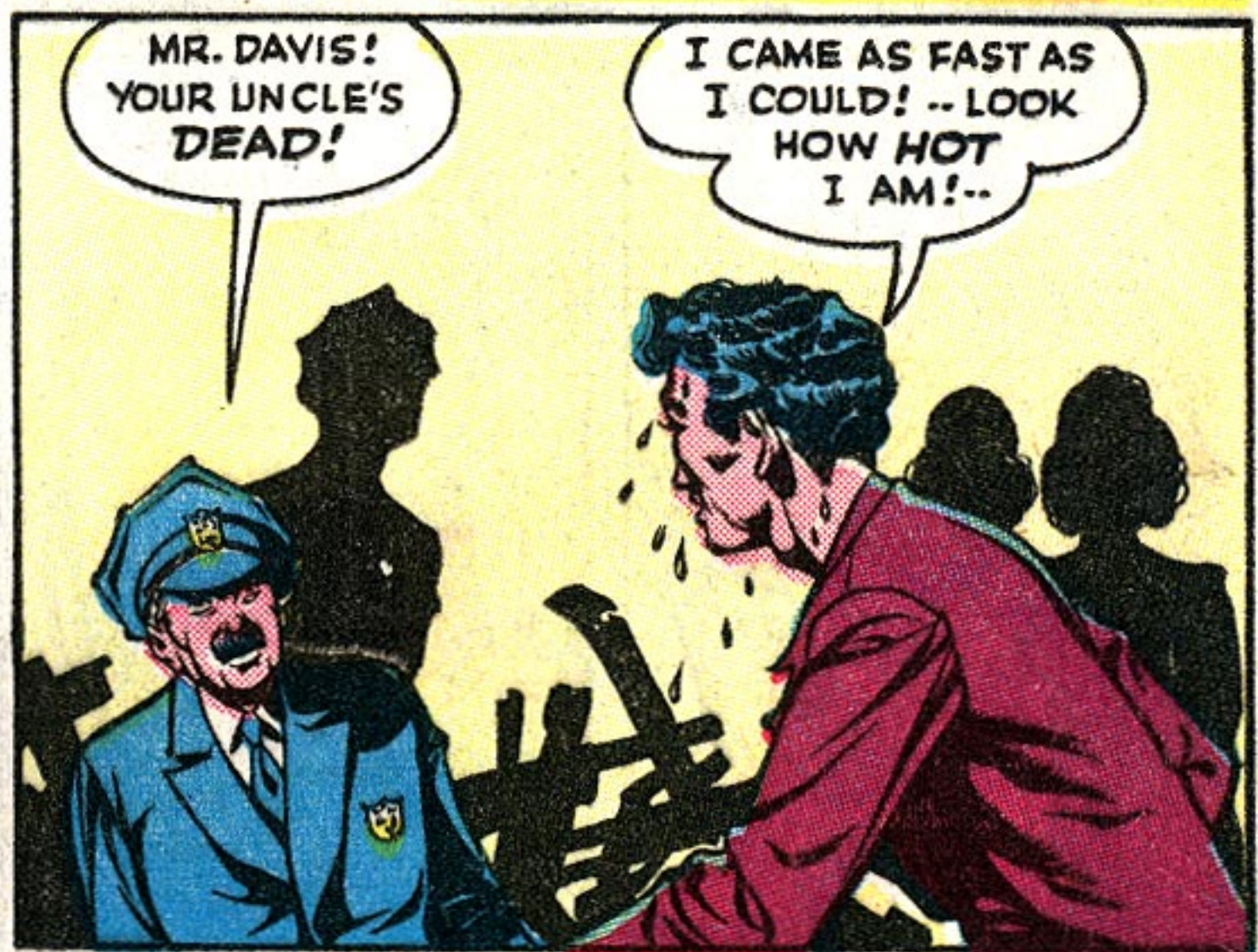
HOGIN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

I'D HAVE MADE HIM WISH HE WAS DEAD!-- BUT I-I'M SORRY!



THERE GOES MY CHANCE TO COLLECT!

MAY I SEE THE LAST REMAINS, CHIEF?



MR. DAVIS! YOUR UNCLE'S DEAD!

I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD! -- LOOK HOW HOT I AM!--



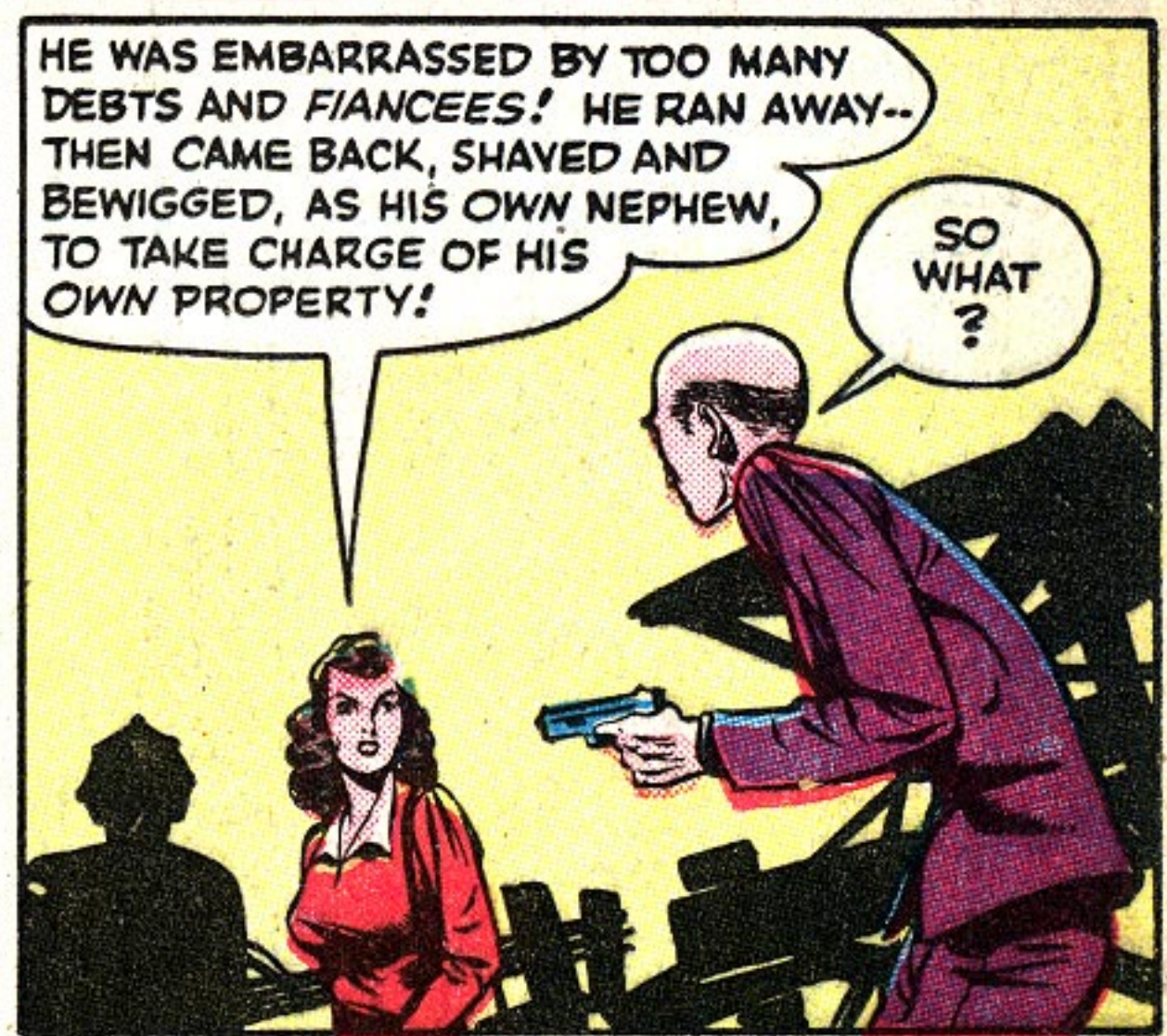
AH, MISS O'NEIL -- HOW CHARMING YOU ARE --

YOUR HAIR IS *REALLY* BEAUTIFUL--

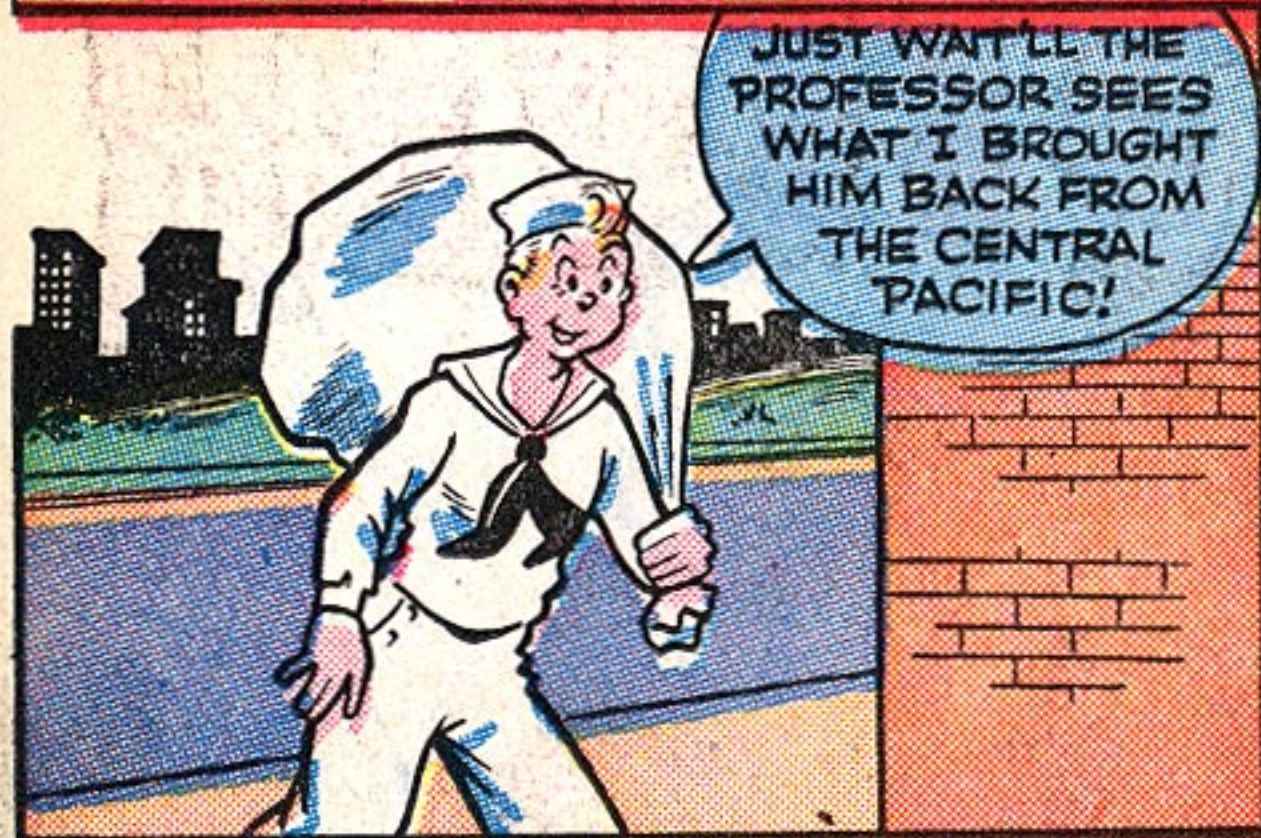


BUT THIS IS *TRAGIC!* I -- PLEASE LEND ME YOUR HANDKERCHIEF---

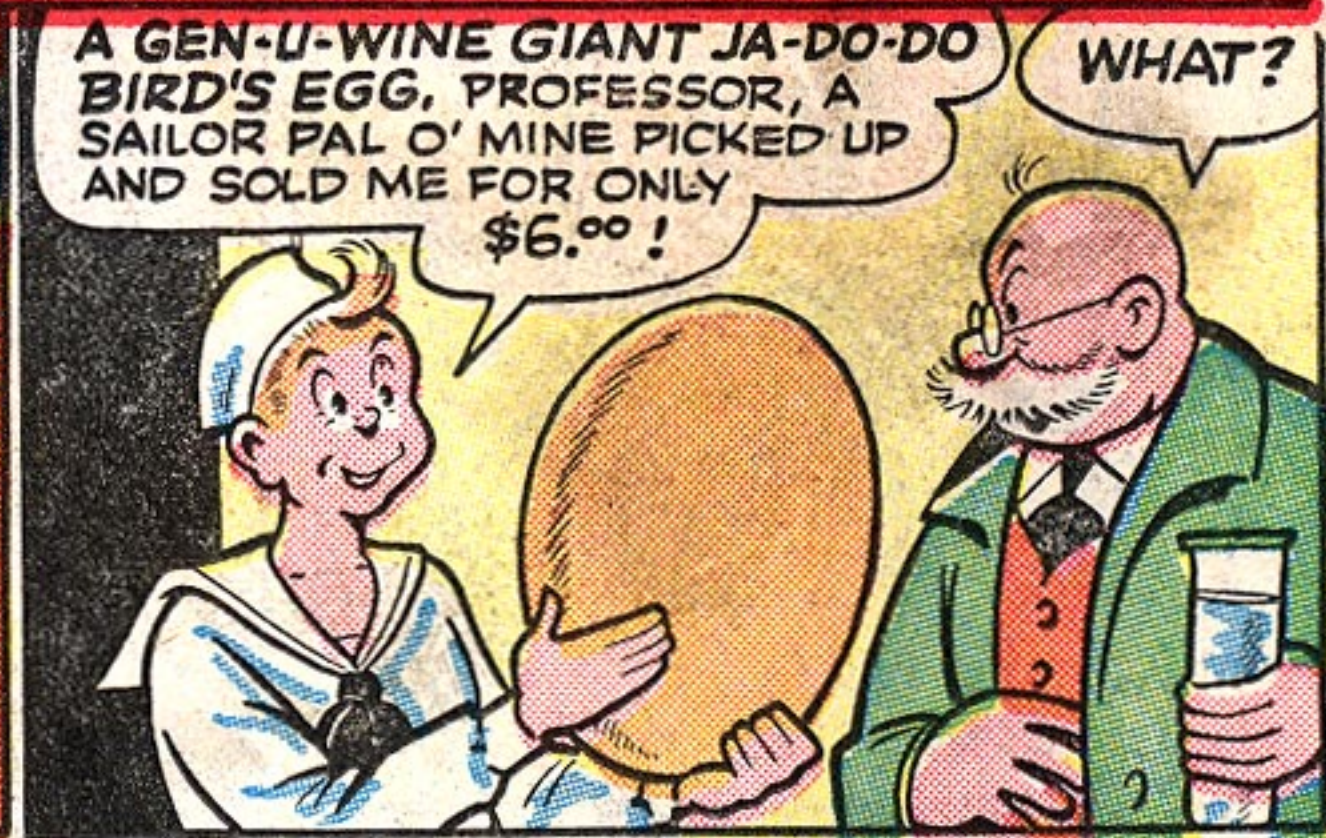
OF COURSE!



SALTY WATERS

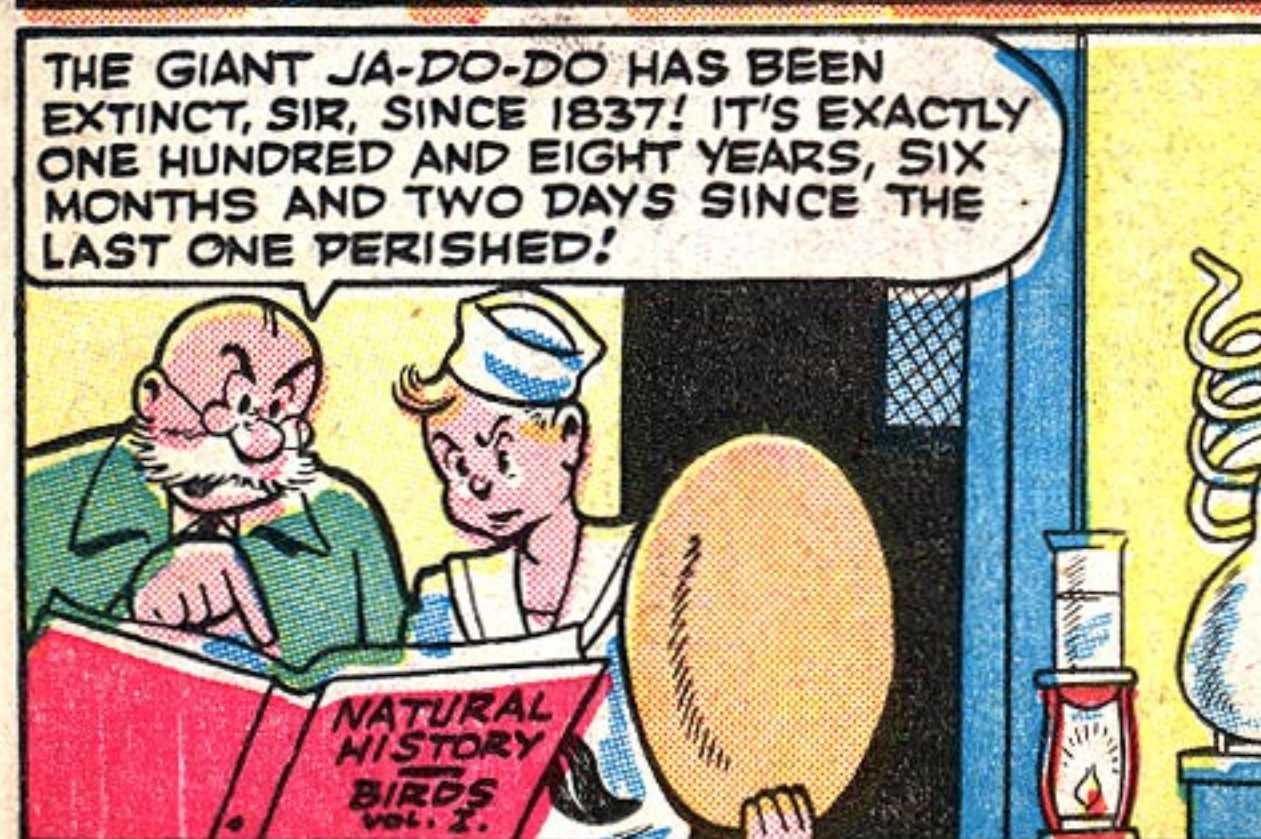


JUST WAIT'LL THE PROFESSOR SEES WHAT I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE CENTRAL PACIFIC!

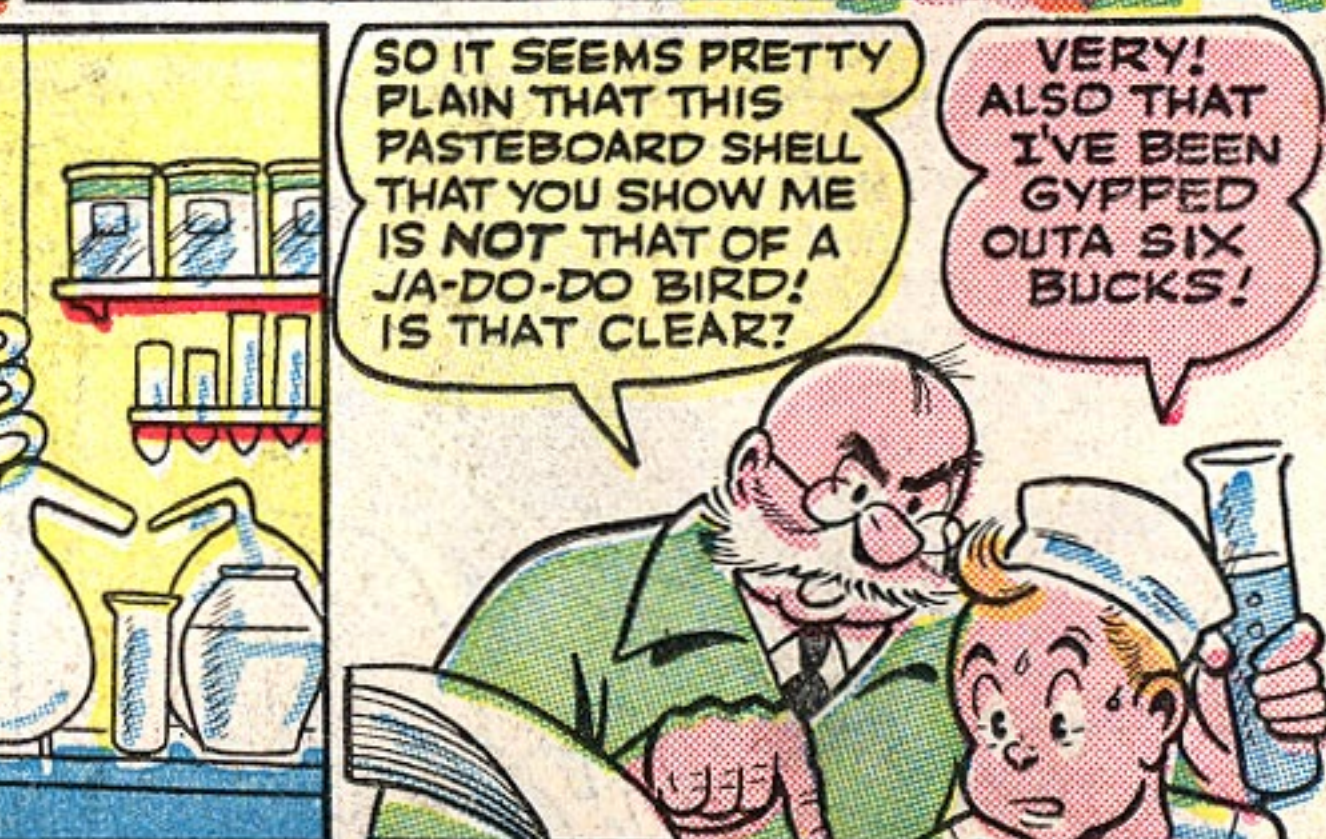


A GEN-U-WINE GIANT JA-DO-DO BIRD'S EGG, PROFESSOR, A SAILOR PAL O' MINE PICKED UP AND SOLD ME FOR ONLY \$6.00!

WHAT?

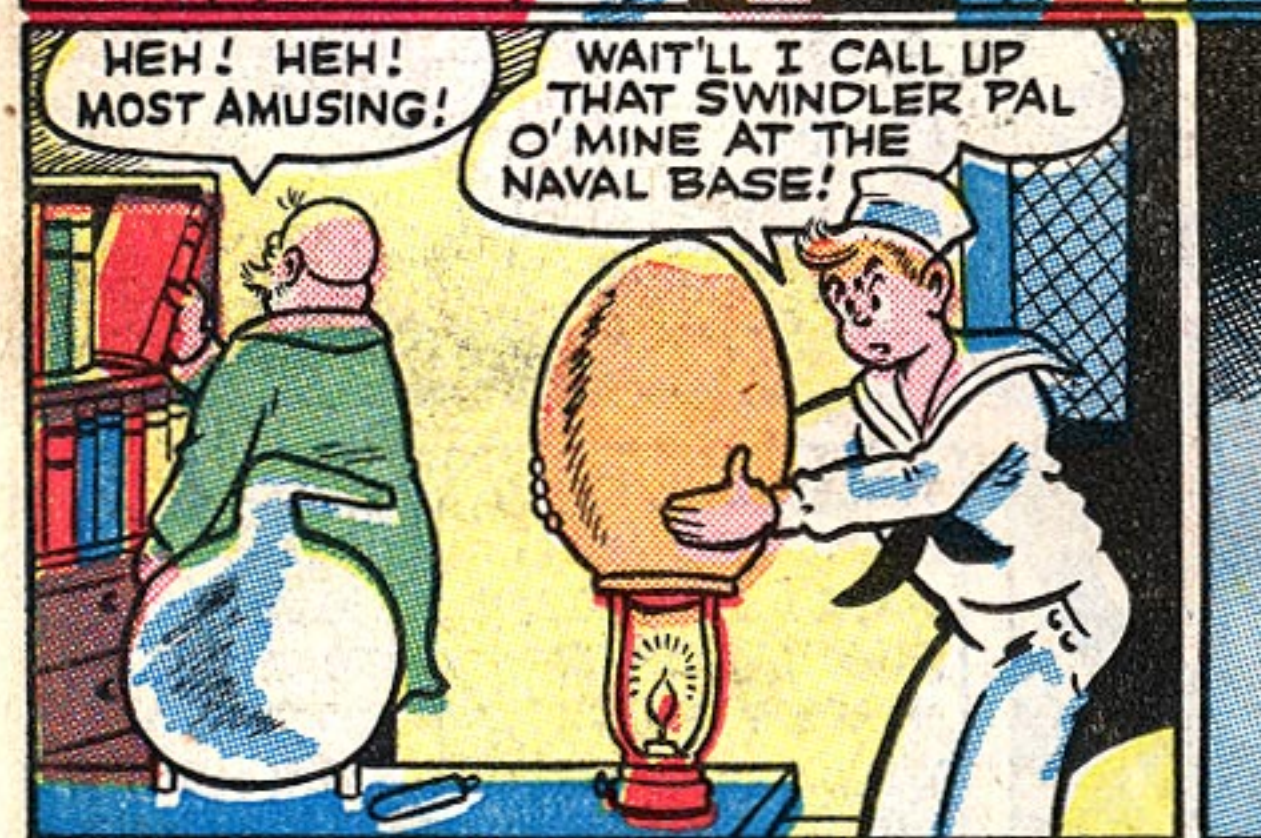


THE GIANT JA-DO-DO HAS BEEN EXTINCT, SIR, SINCE 1837! IT'S EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT YEARS, SIX MONTHS AND TWO DAYS SINCE THE LAST ONE PERISHED!



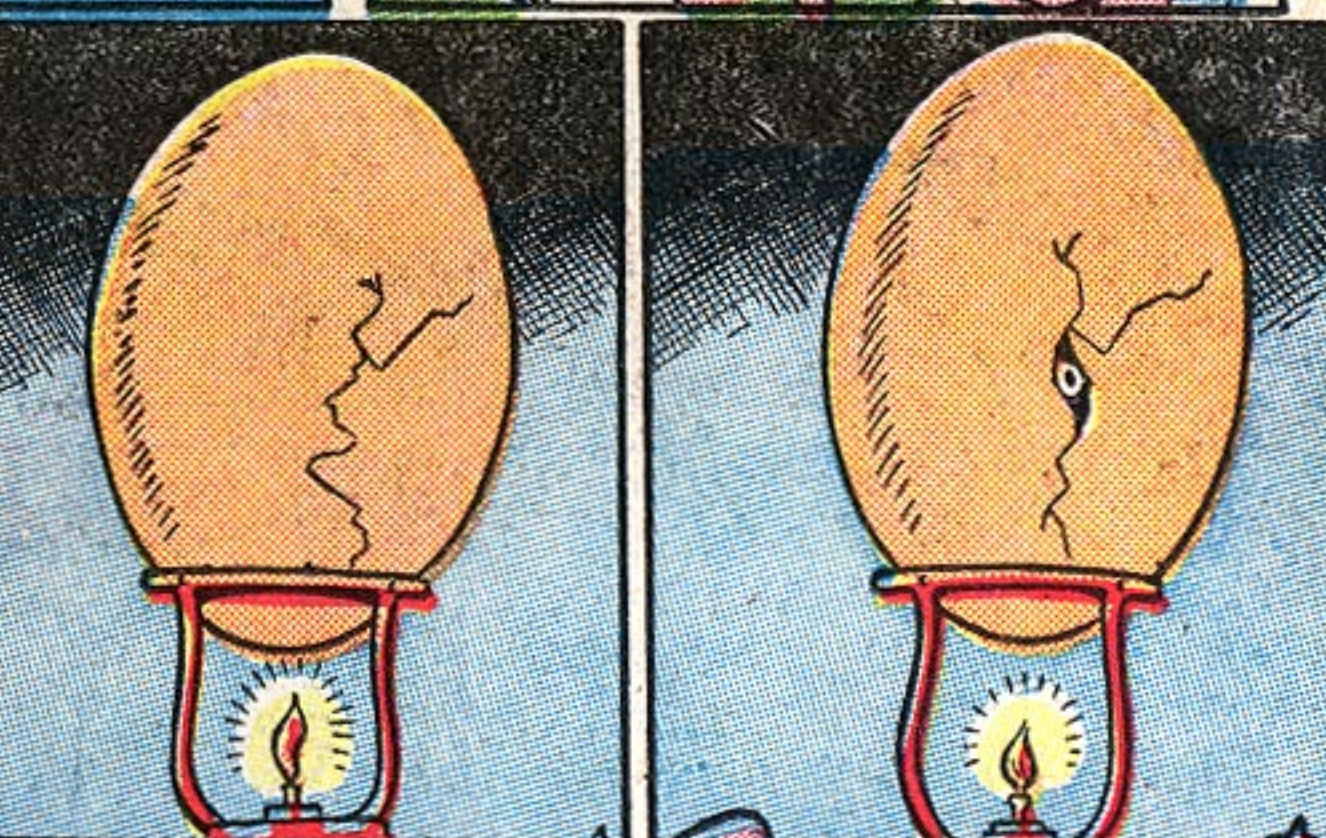
SO IT SEEMS PRETTY PLAIN THAT THIS PASTEBOARD SHELL THAT YOU SHOW ME IS NOT THAT OF A JA-DO-DO BIRD! IS THAT CLEAR?

VERY! ALSO THAT I'VE BEEN GYPPED OUTA SIX BUCKS!

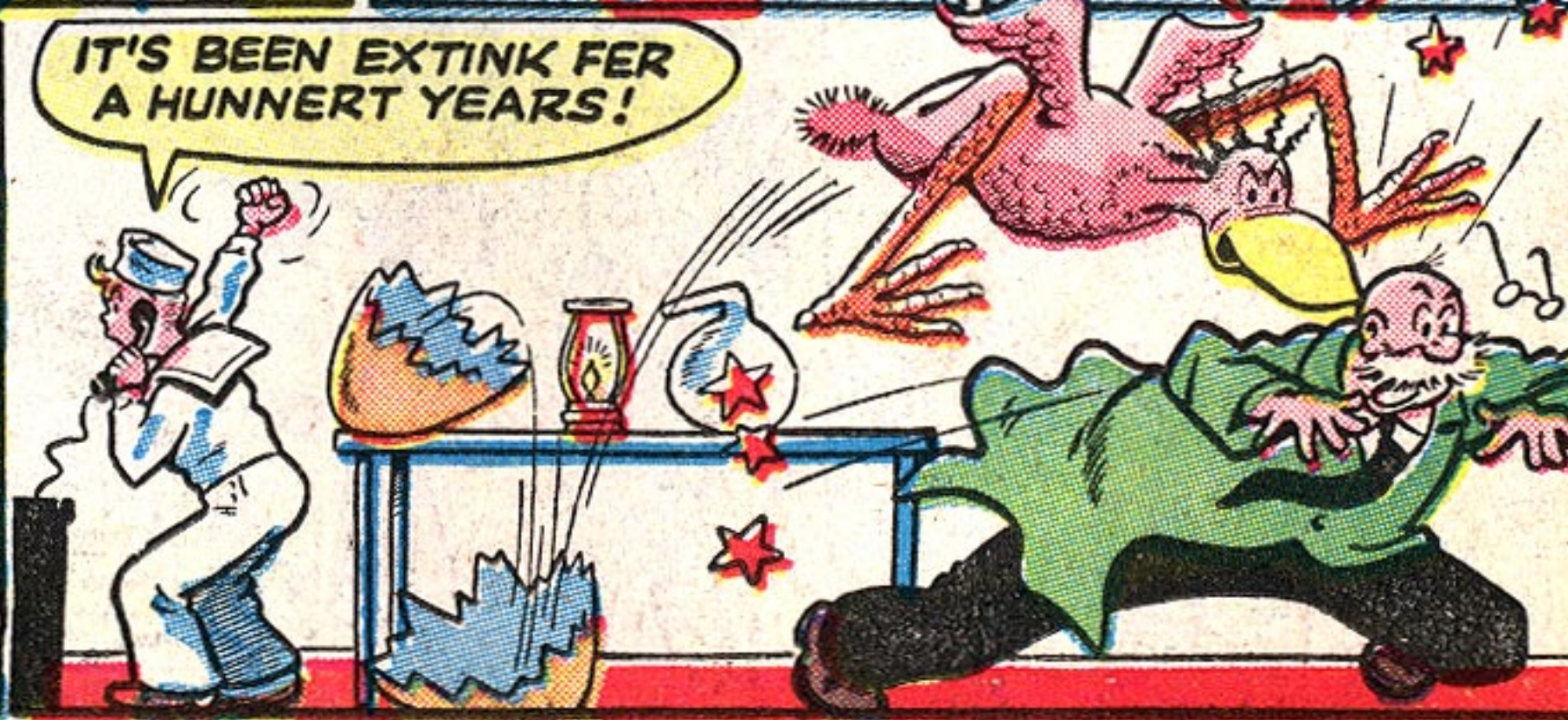


HEH! HEH! MOST AMUSING!

WAIT'LL I CALL UP THAT SWINDLER PAL O' MINE AT THE NAVAL BASE!



AND WHAT'S MORE THERE AIN'T NO SUCH BIRD -- D'YA HEAR?



IT'S BEEN EXTINK FER A HUNNERT YEARS!

QUICKSILVER

THE
WINNER!

HEROES of all kinds --- adventure, sport, romance --- find themselves praised, applauded --and **EXPLOITED!** As Quicksilver was quick to find out....



Socket Sampson, the ever-popular king of the ring, is back in town with a bit of spot news....

HIYA, CHAMP! WHAT'S NEW AND STARTLING? WHO'S YOUR NEXT FIGHT WITH AND WHAT ROUND YOU GONNA KAYO HIM?

NO NEXT FIGHT, SCRIBE! I'M RETIRING!



YOU MEAN, YOU'VE MADE A FORTUNE? GOING TO HAVE FUN?

NOT QUITE! IT'S JUST THAT I WANT TO QUIT A WINNER! DOCTORS SAY I MIGHT STRAIN MY HEART IF I GO ON ---





--SO I'M GOING TO GET SOME EASIER JOB THAN CAULI-FLOWER PICKING! MY RECORD'S BEEN GOOD--

YOU SAID IT! YOU NEVER FOUGHT CROOKED OR DID ANY CHISELLING!



All this has been overheard by two of the wisest guys in town...

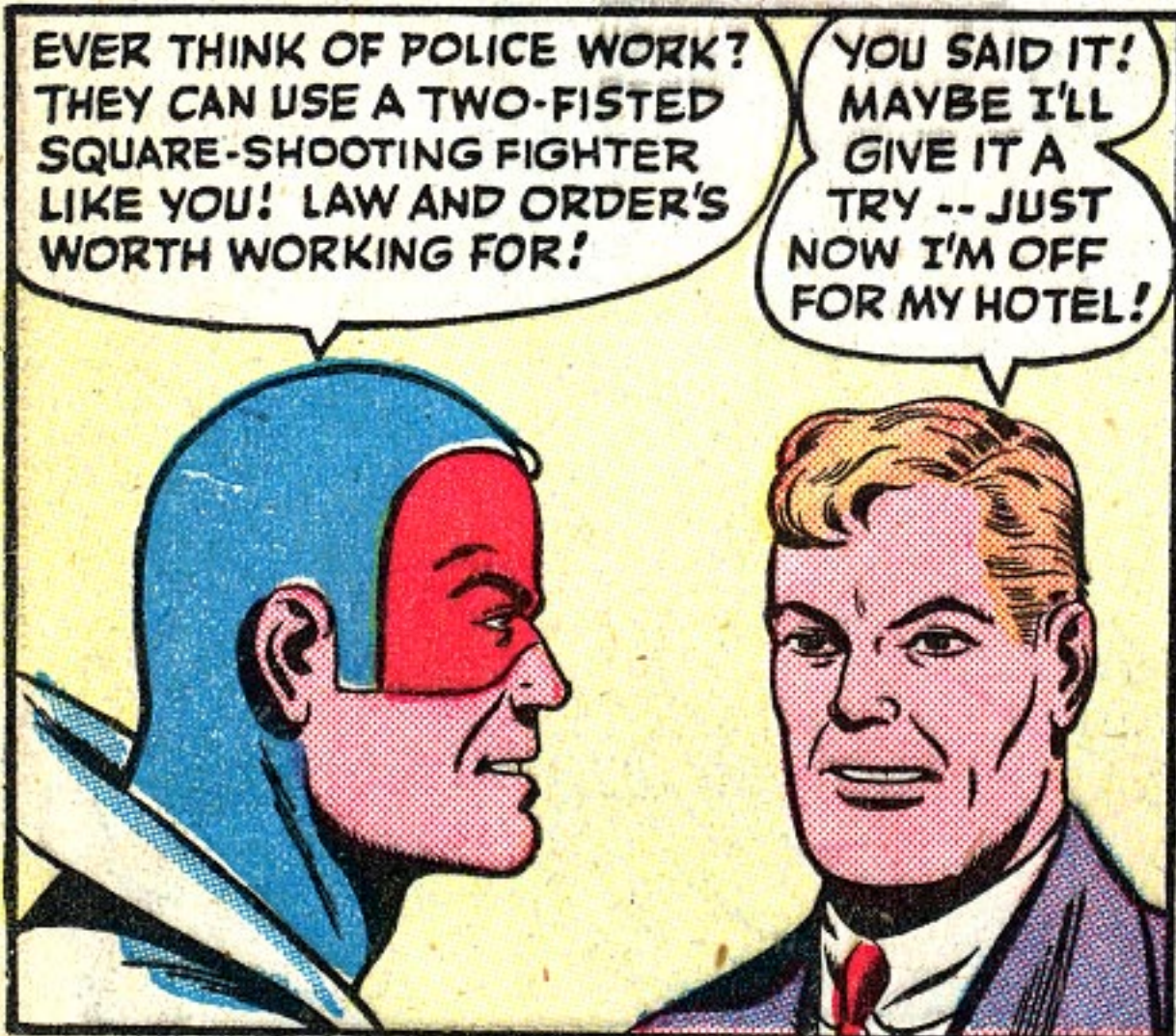
HEAR THAT, HEAVY? LOOKS LIKE WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

YEAH, LET'S PHONE HIS HOTEL AND GET AN APPOINTMENT!



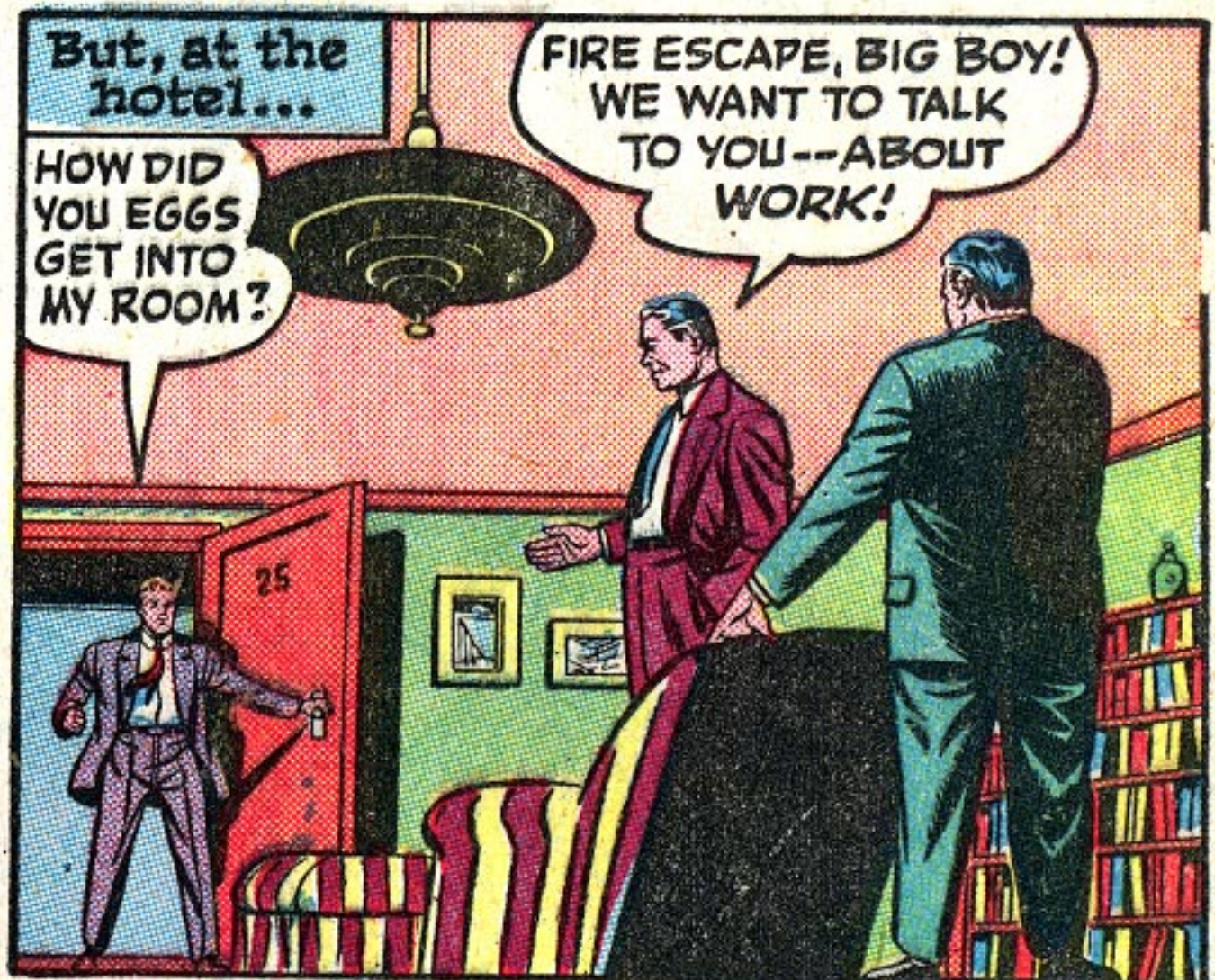
HI, SOCKER! THE PAPERS SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WORK OUTSIDE THE RING!

YOU'RE QUICKSILVER --I'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT YOU! GOT ANY ANGLES?



EVER THINK OF POLICE WORK? THEY CAN USE A TWO-FISTED SQUARE-SHOOTING FIGHTER LIKE YOU! LAW AND ORDER'S WORTH WORKING FOR!

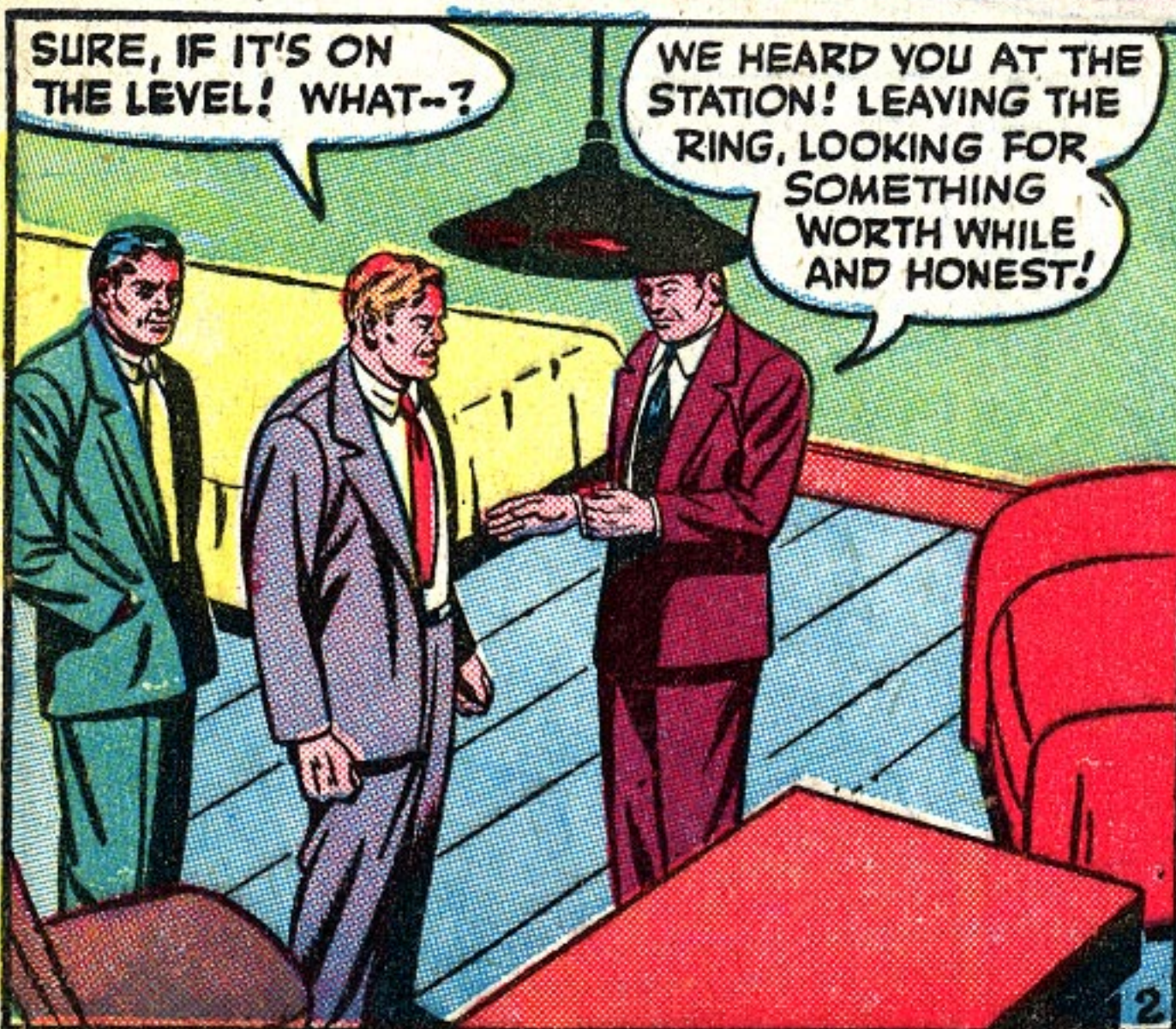
YOU SAID IT! MAYBE I'LL GIVE IT A TRY -- JUST NOW I'M OFF FOR MY HOTEL!



But, at the hotel...

HOW DID YOU EGGS GET INTO MY ROOM?

FIRE ESCAPE, BIG BOY! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU--ABOUT WORK!



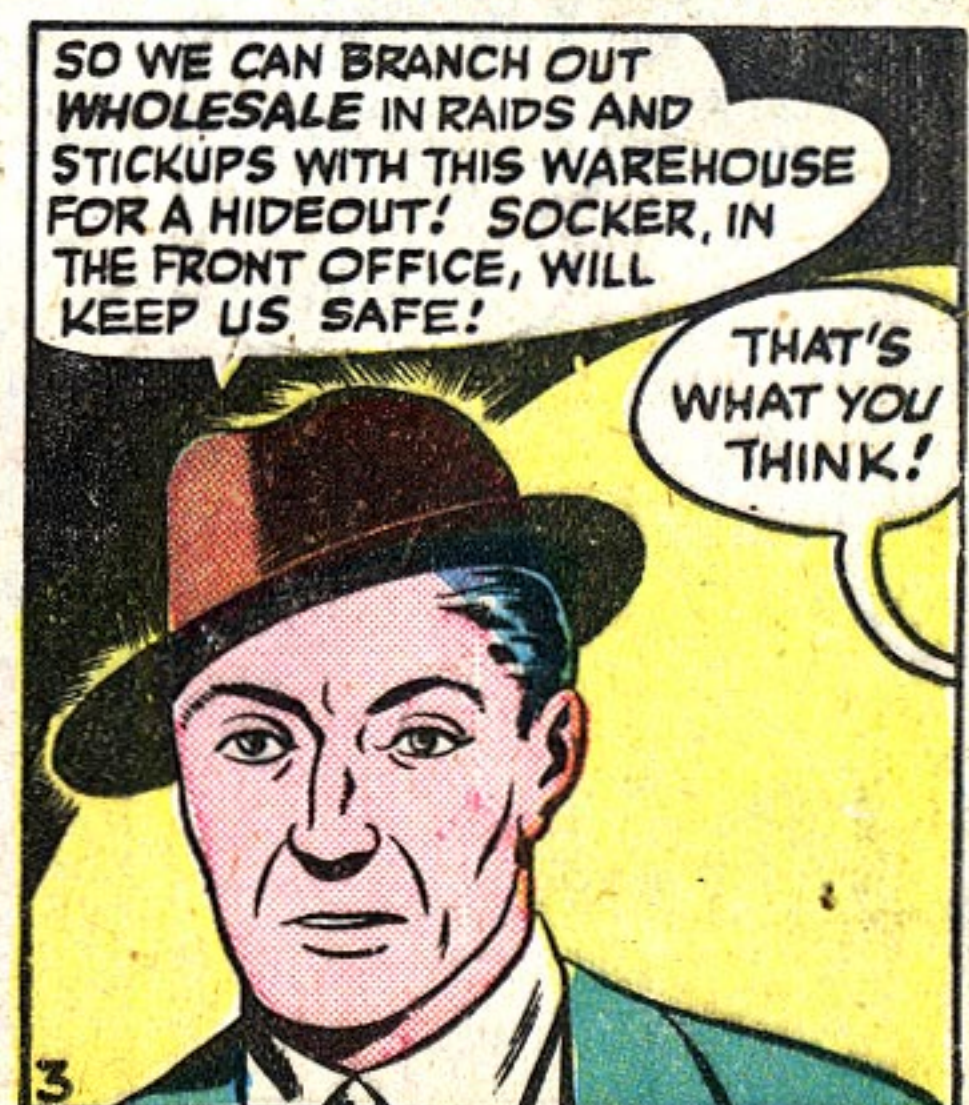
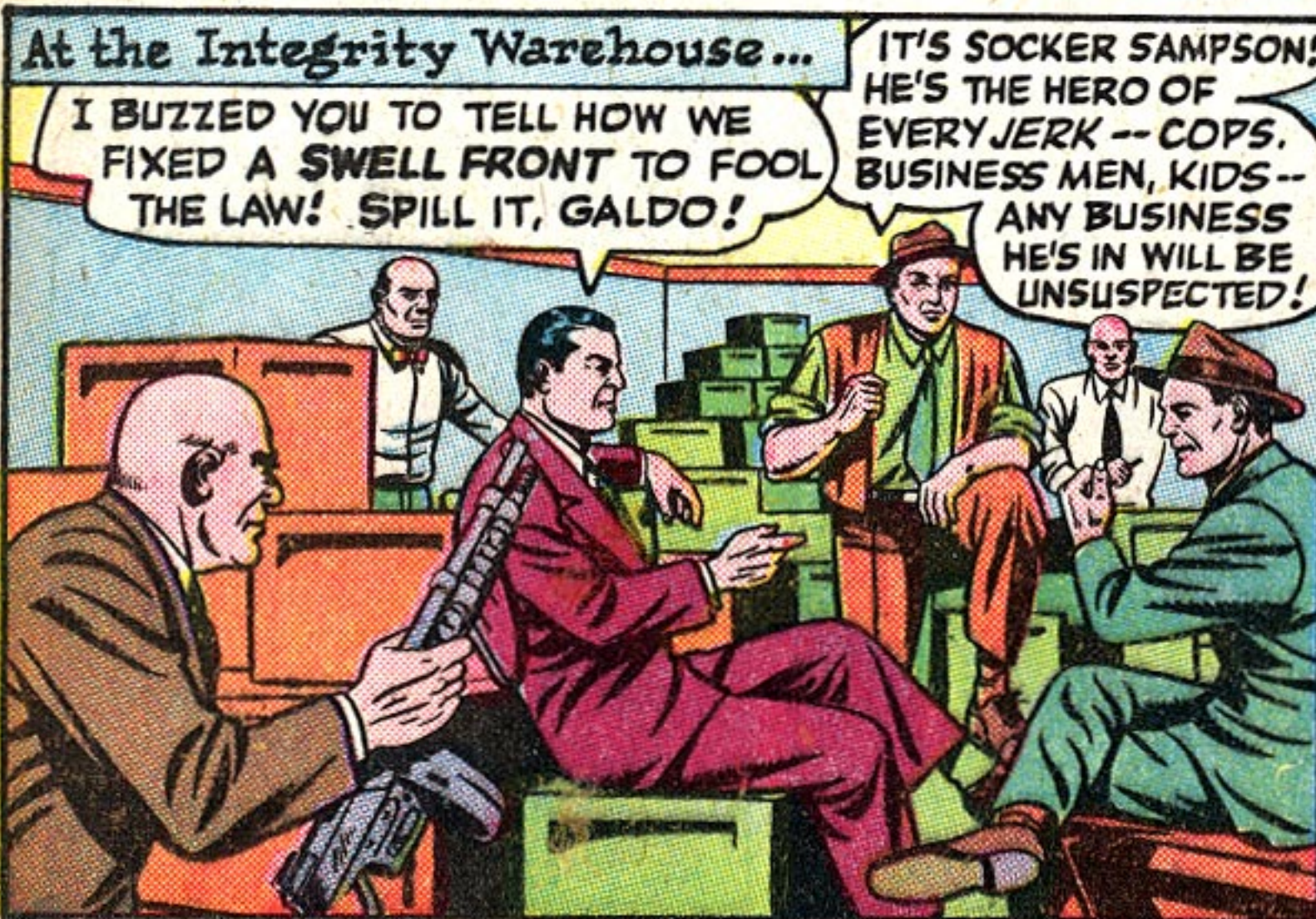
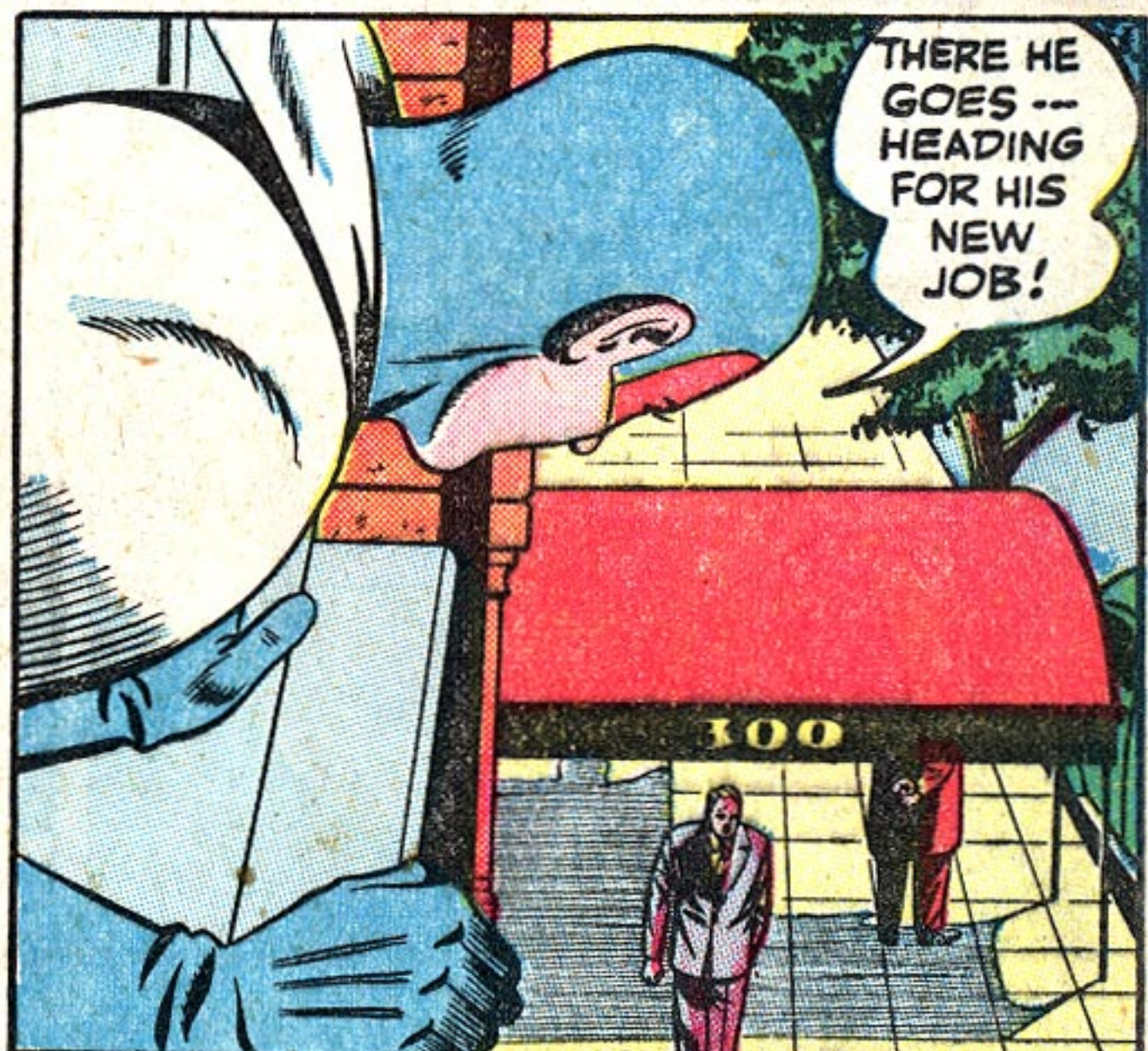
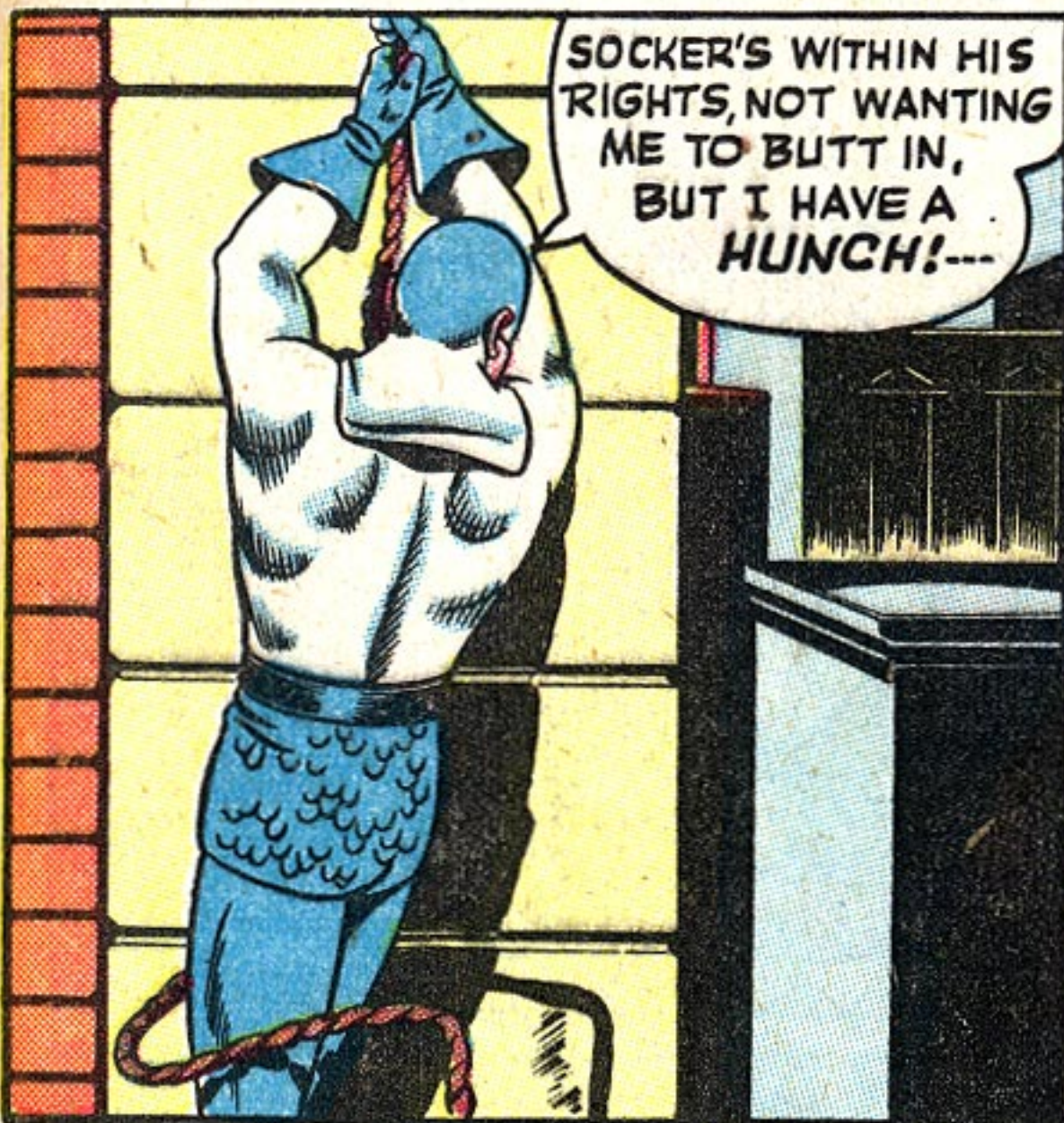
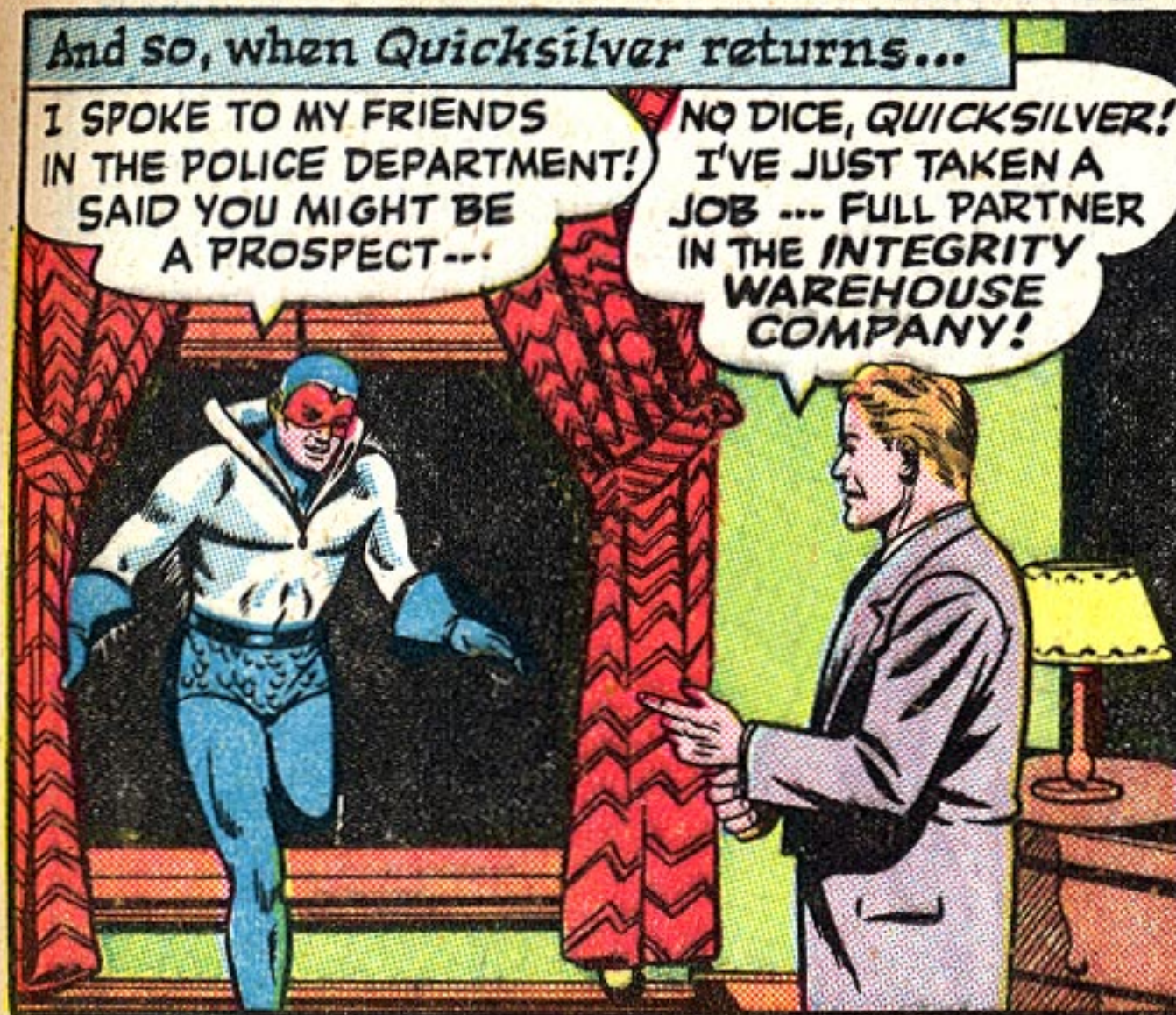
SURE, IF IT'S ON THE LEVEL! WHAT--?

WE HEARD YOU AT THE STATION! LEAVING THE RING, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WORTH WHILE AND HONEST!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M AFTER, MR. ----

CALL ME HEAVY! MY PAL'S GALDO! WE WANT YOU FOR A PARTNER IN THE INTEGRITY WAREHOUSES -- SIGN THIS AGREEMENT!



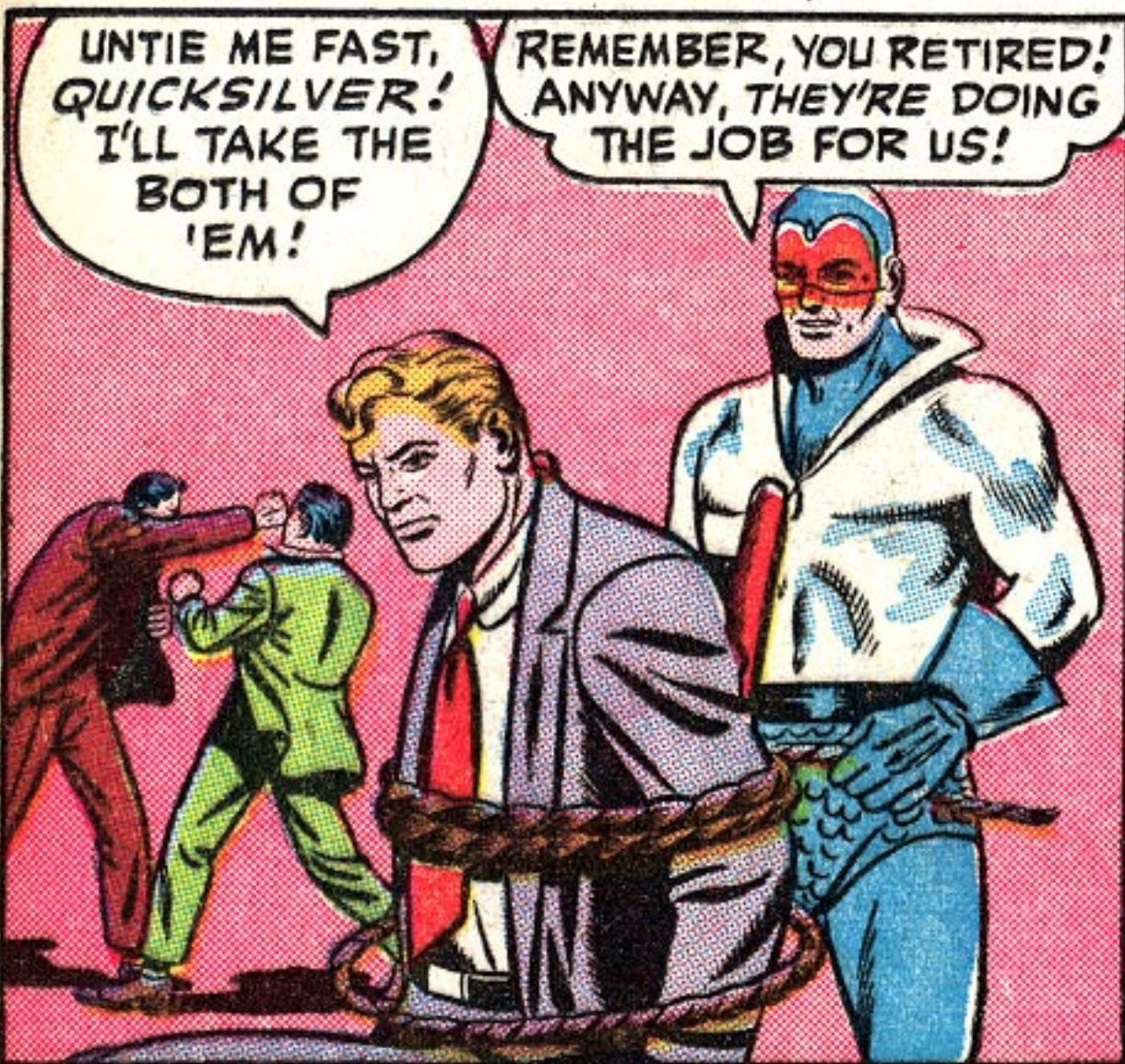




OWW! WHAT'S THE IDEA-- SMACKING ME!



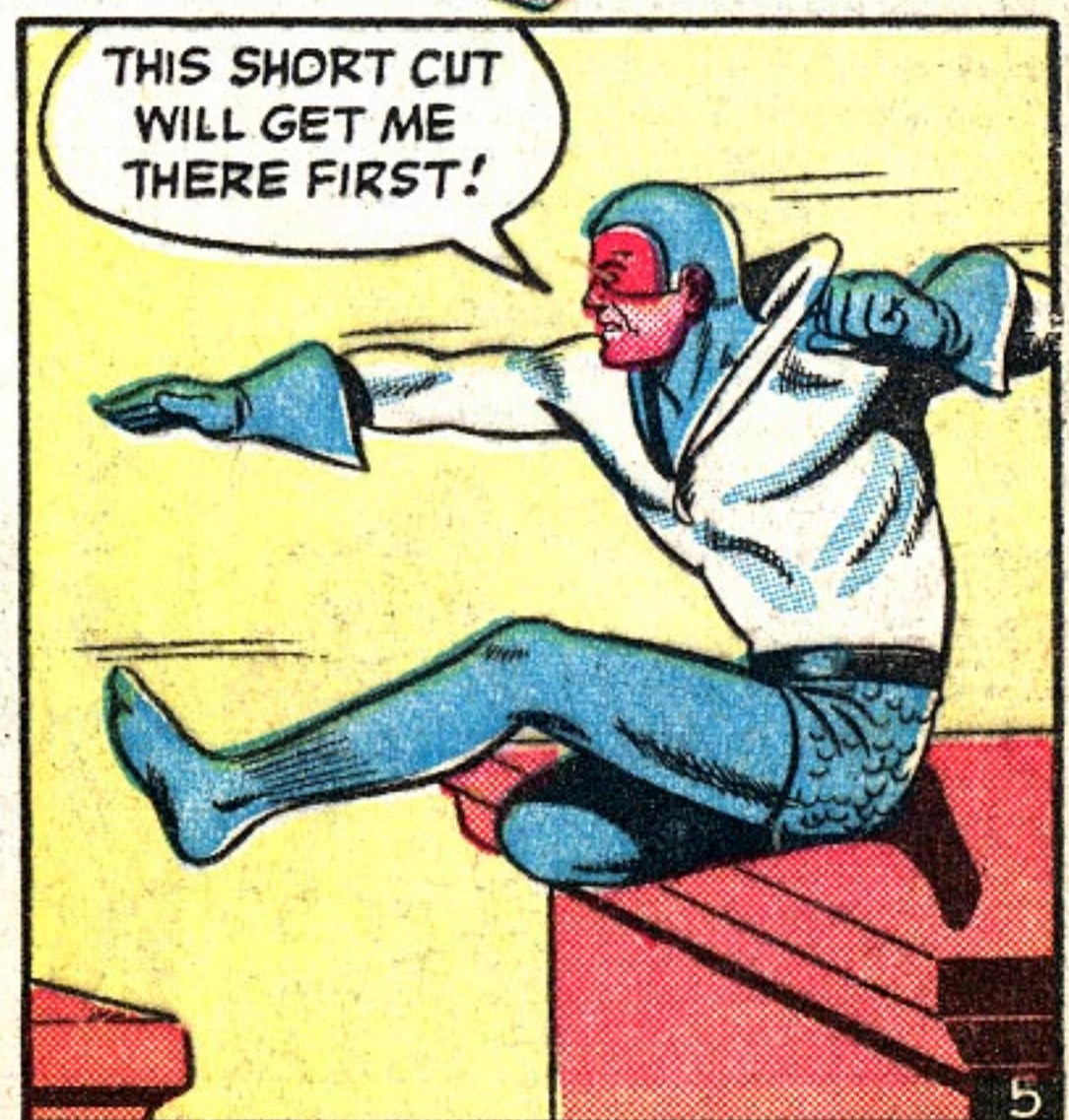
WANNA FIGHT, HUH?



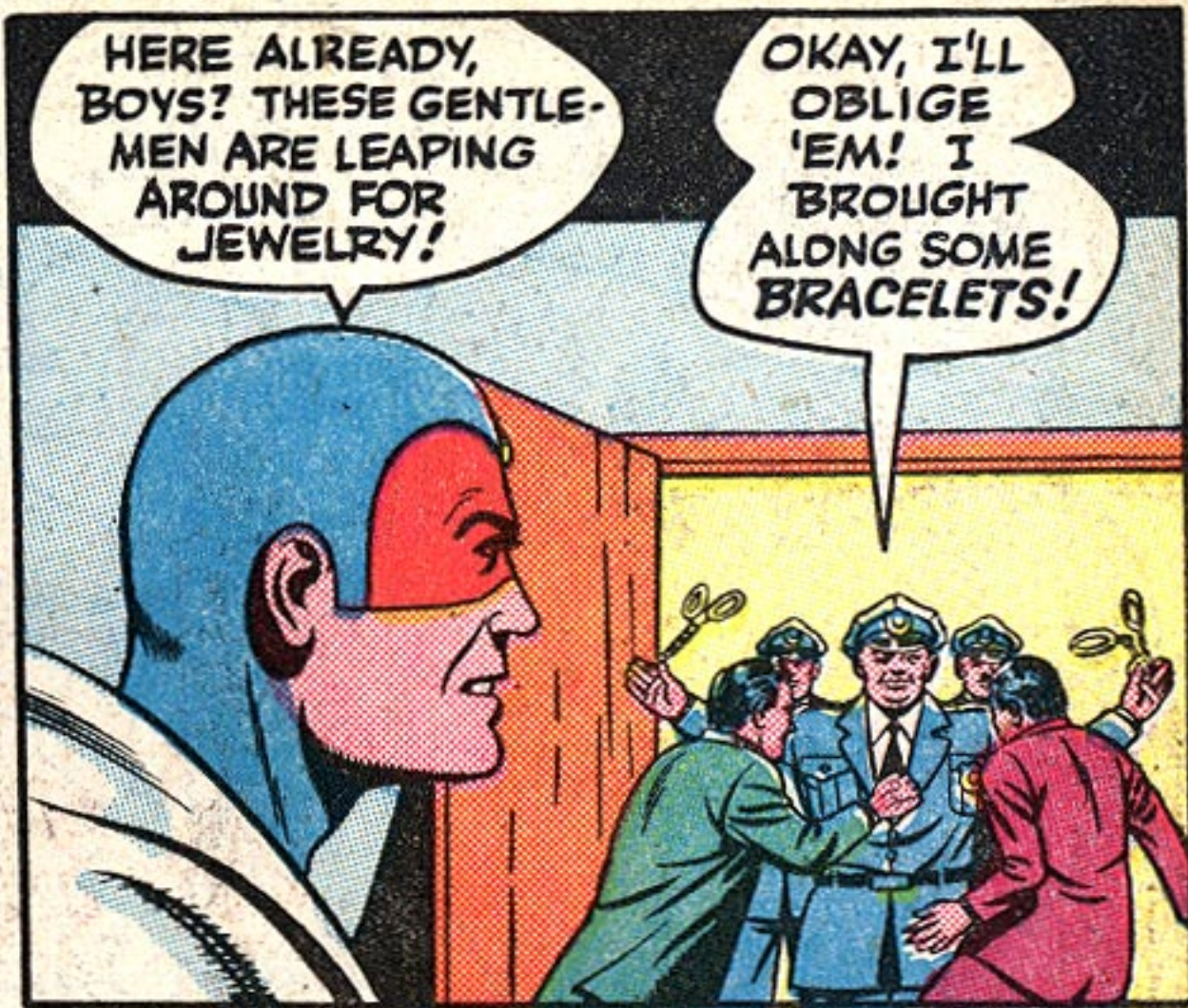
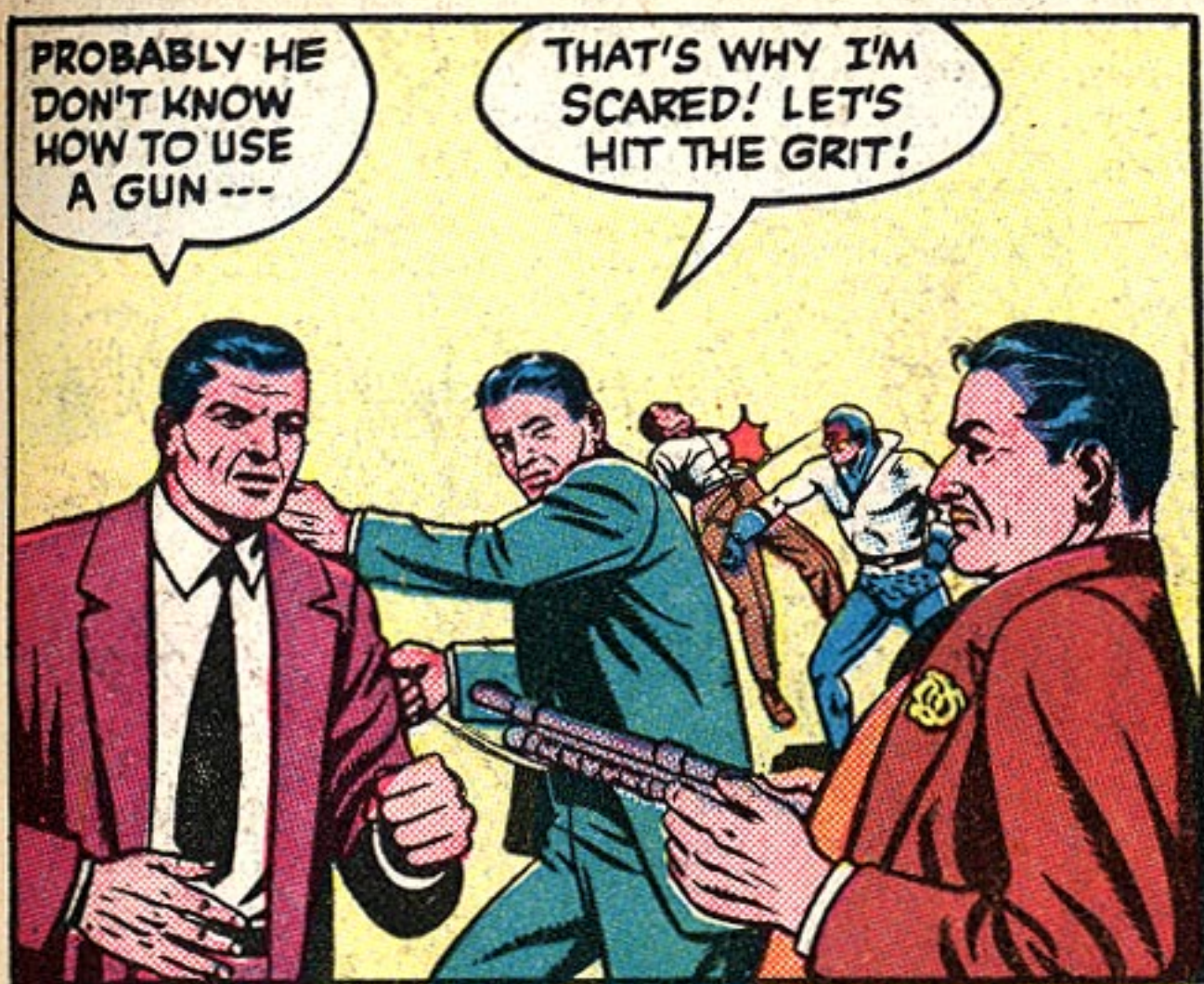
REMEMBER, YOU RETIRED! ANYWAY, THEY'RE DOING THE JOB FOR US!

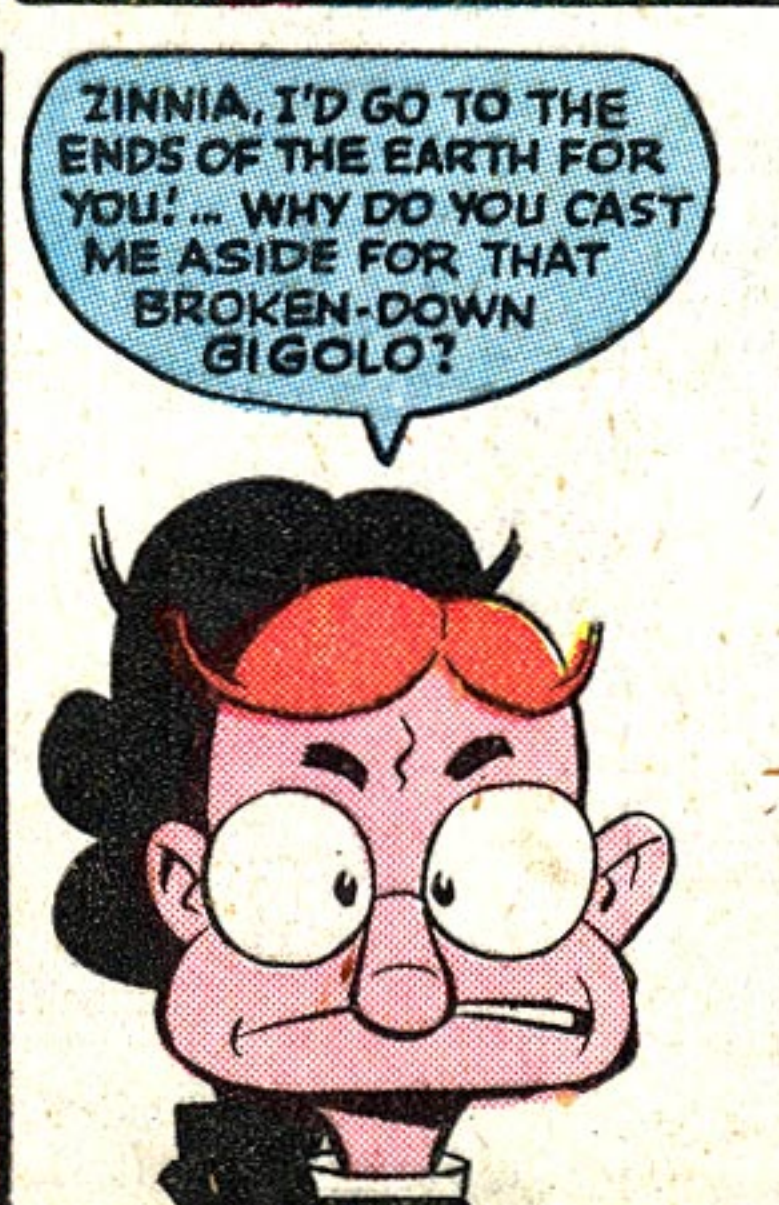
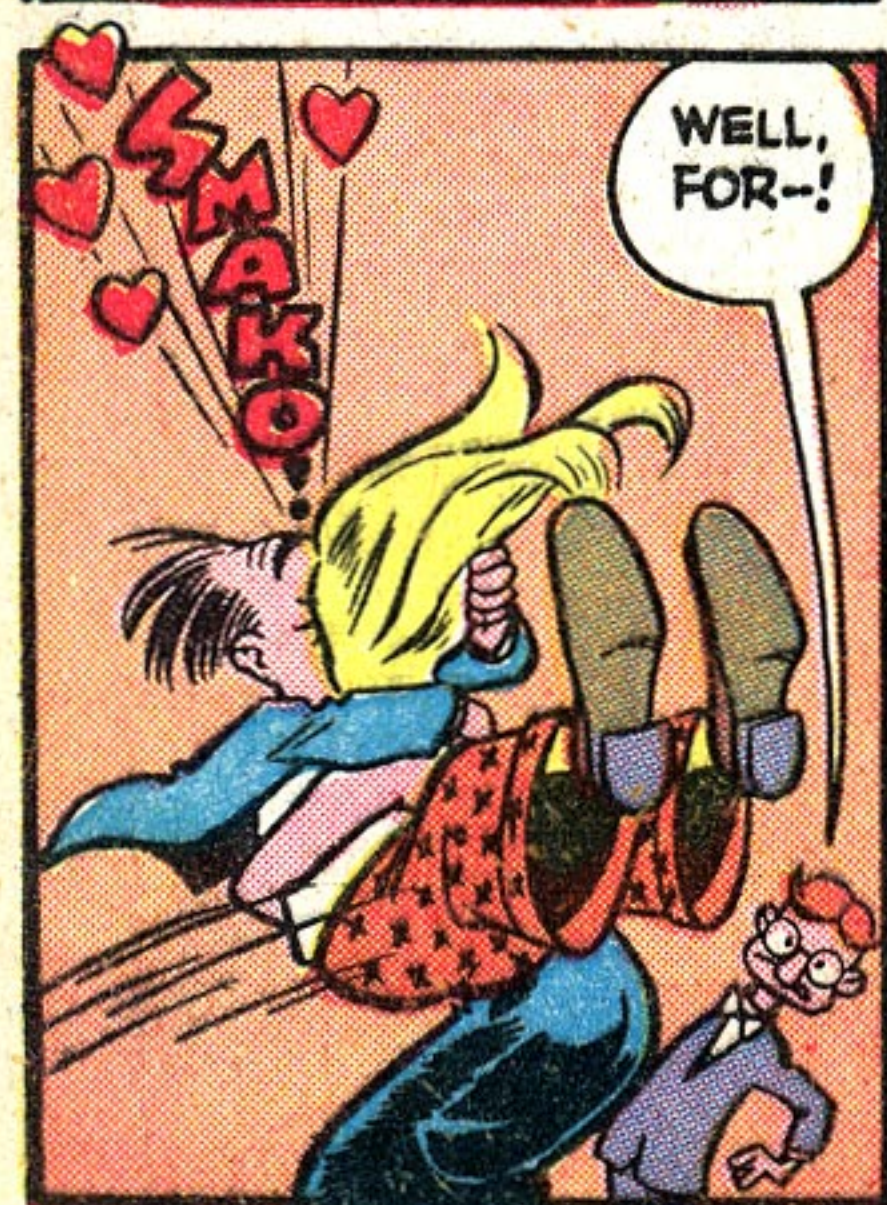
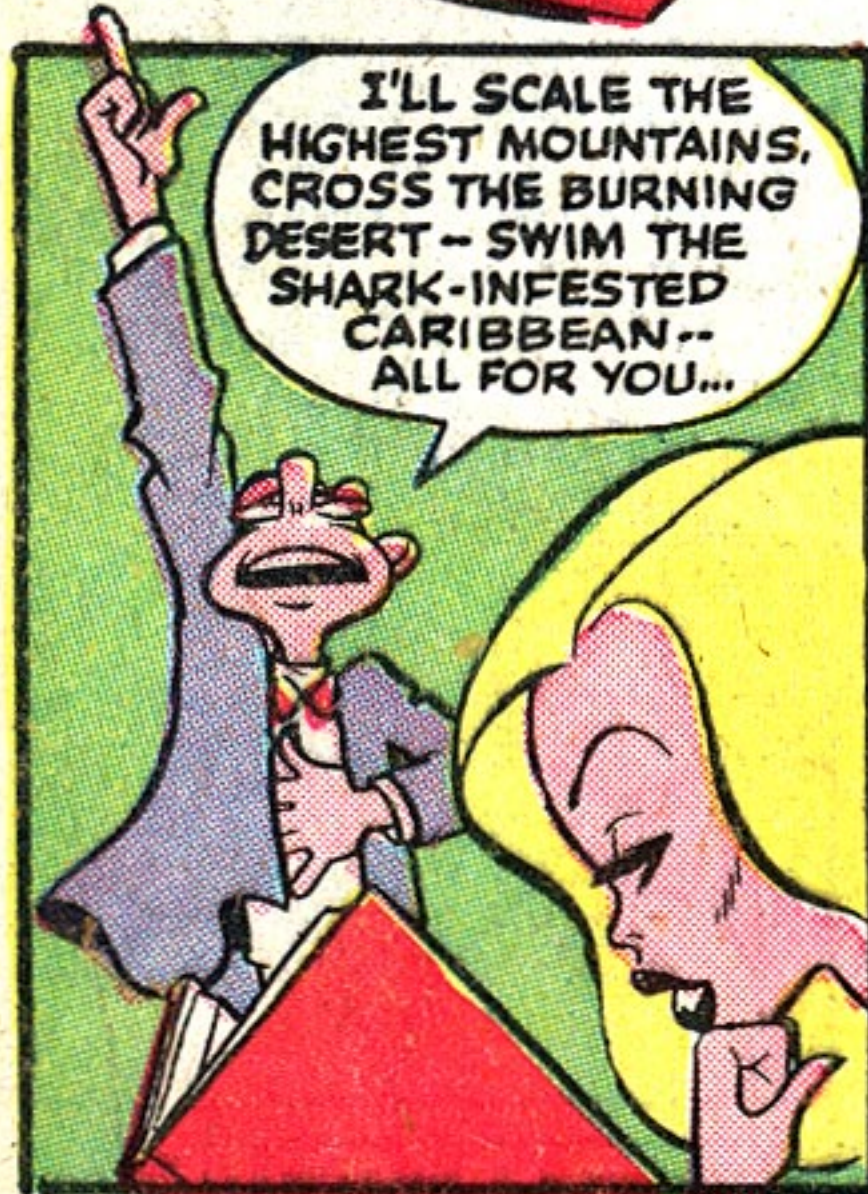
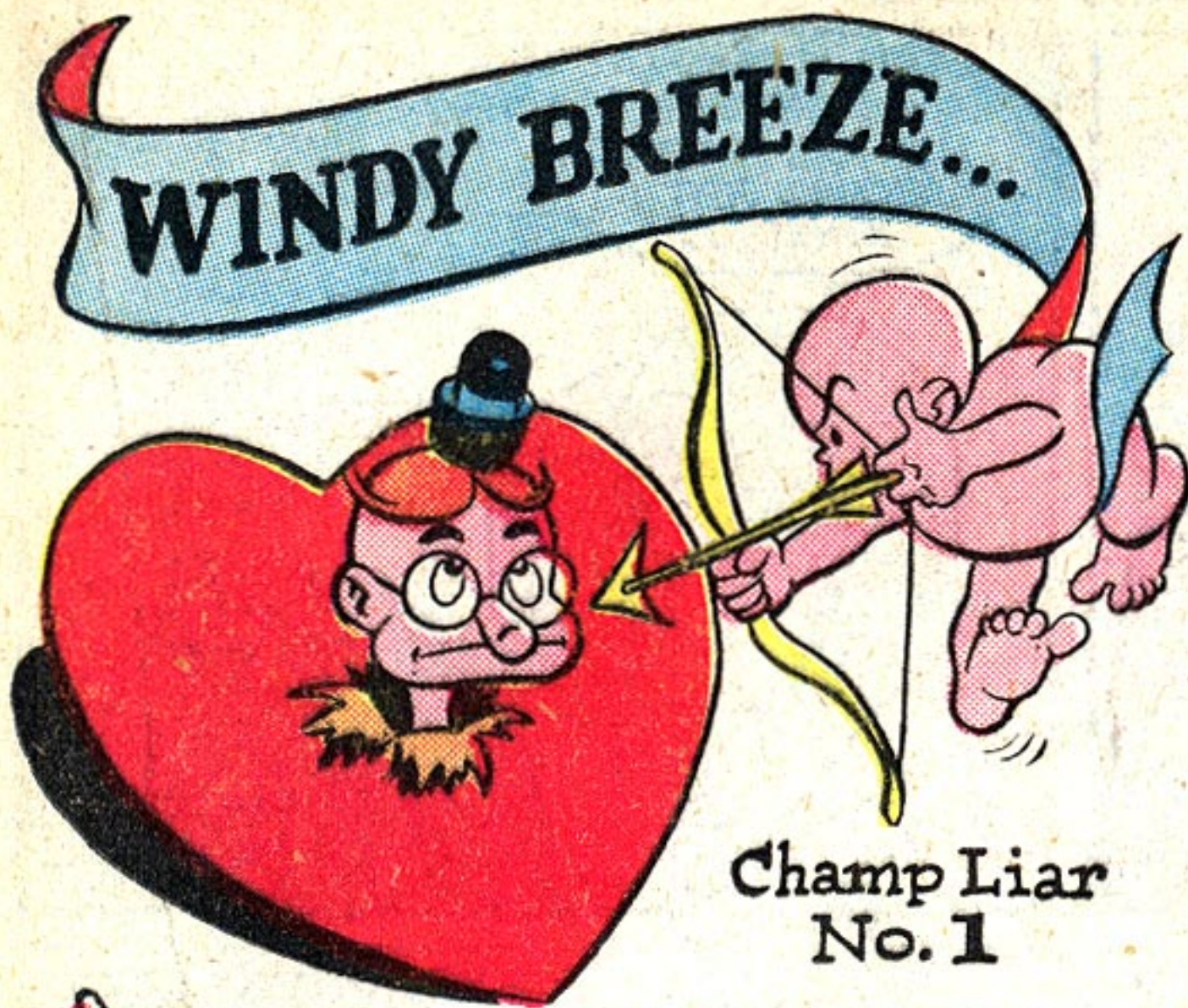


I WISH THEY'D TRY!



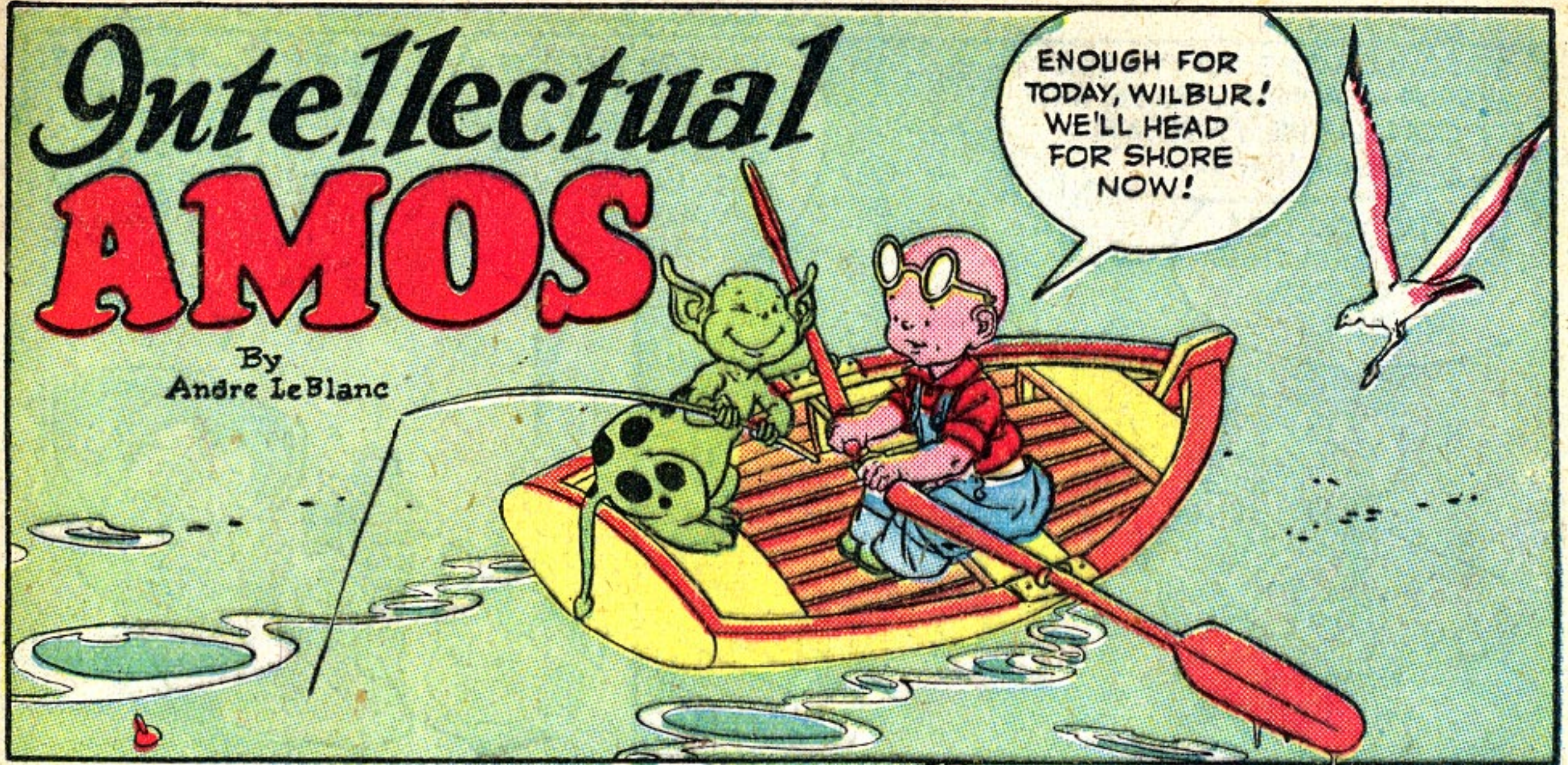






Intellectual AMOS

By
Andre LeBlanc



ENOUGH FOR
TODAY, WILBUR!
WE'LL HEAD
FOR SHORE
NOW!

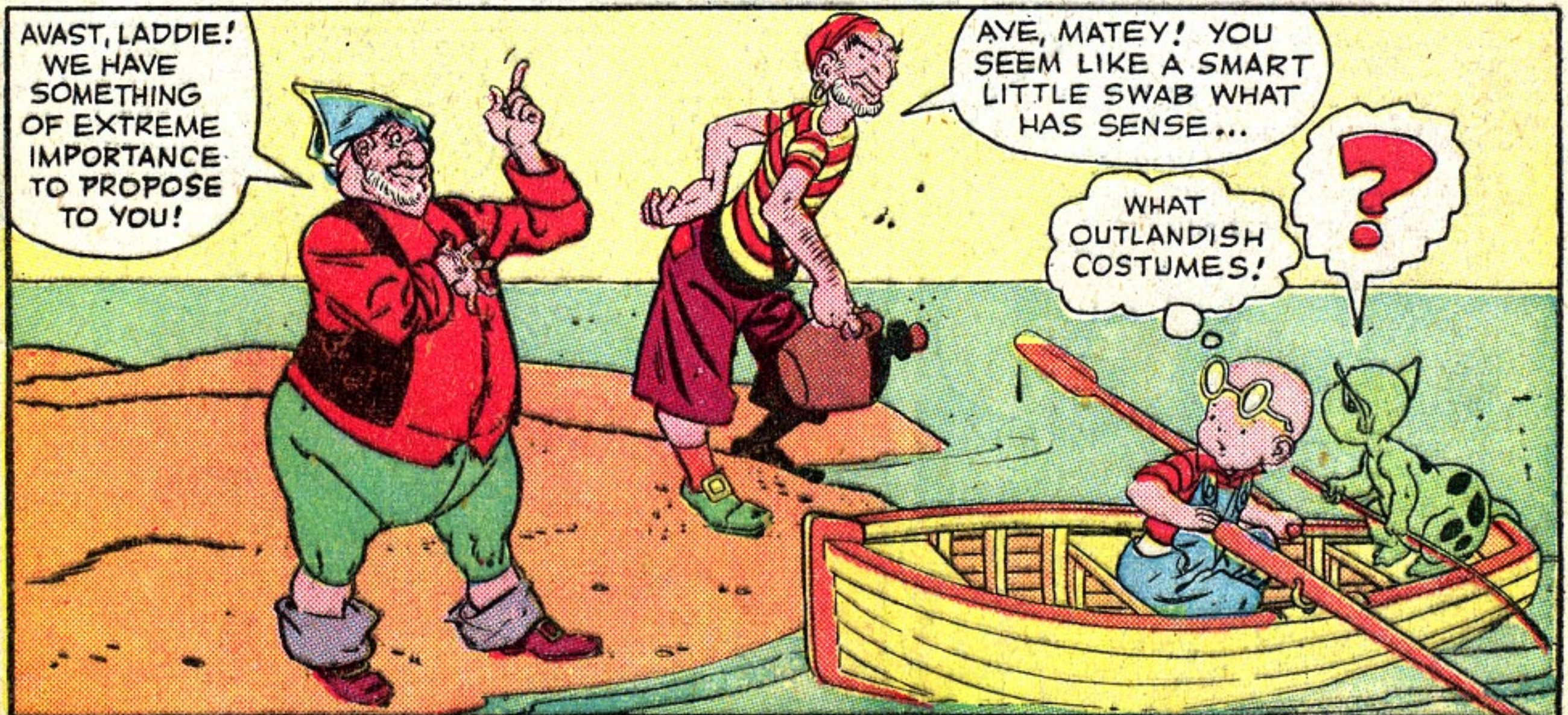


SAY, WILBUR, DO YOU
NOTICE THOSE TWO
MEN OVER THERE?



THEY
SEEM TO BE
OBSERVING US!
I WONDER
WHO THEY
ARE!

SO... THE
BRATS HAVE
FINALLY
DECIDED
TO COME
IN...

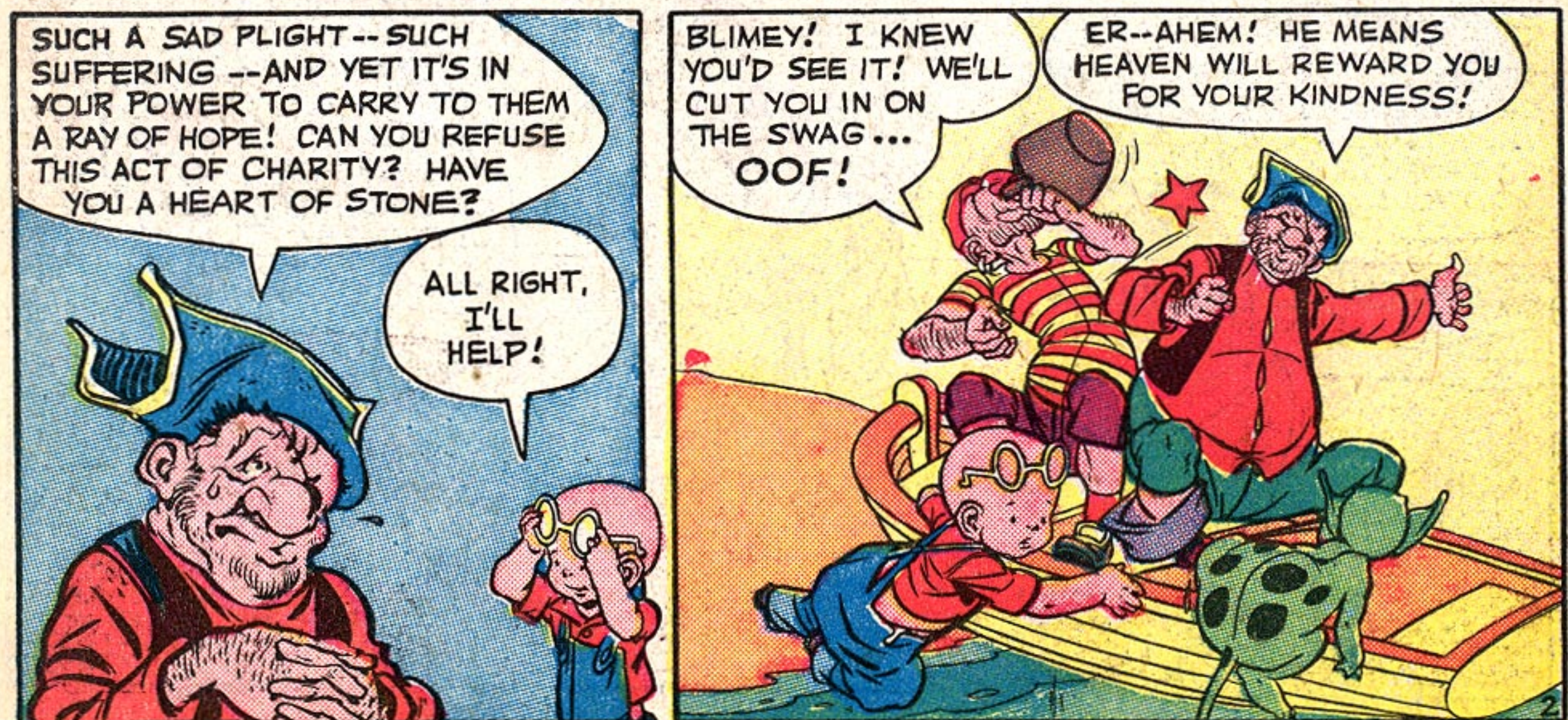
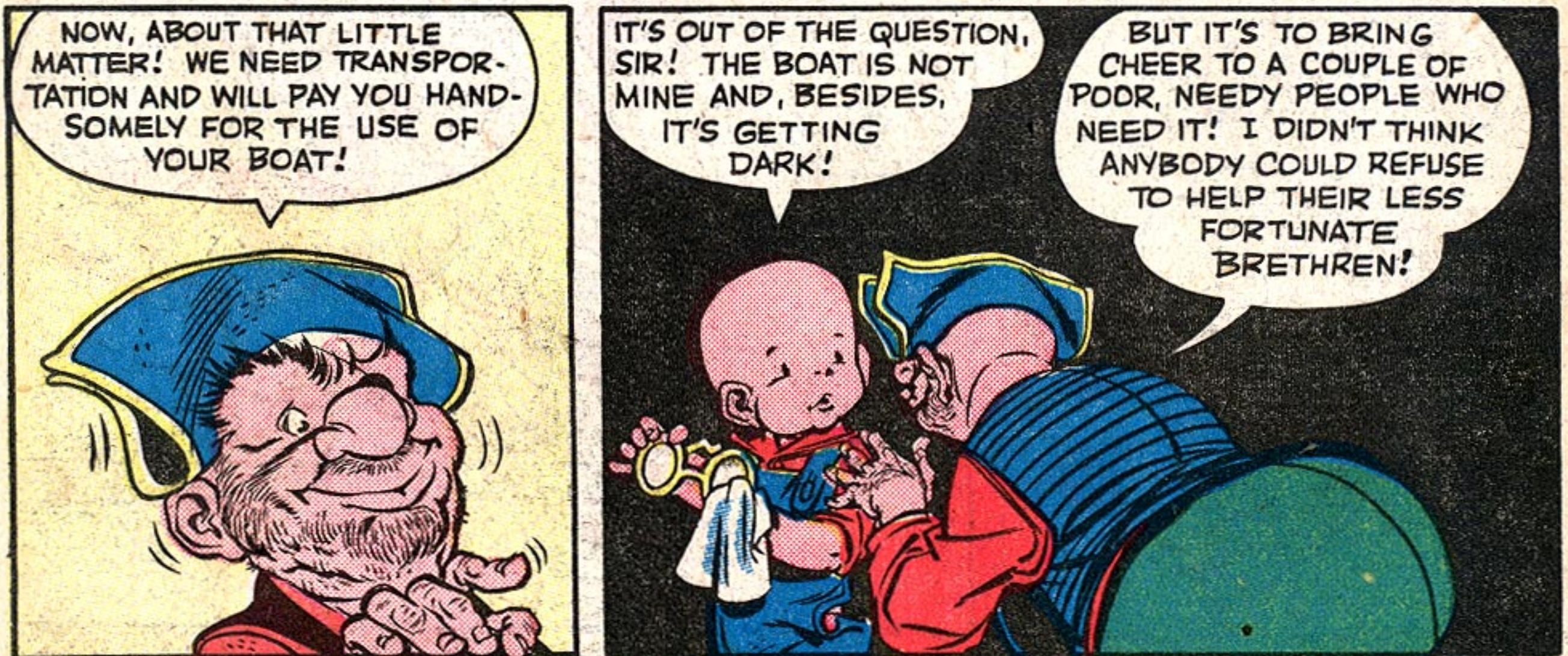
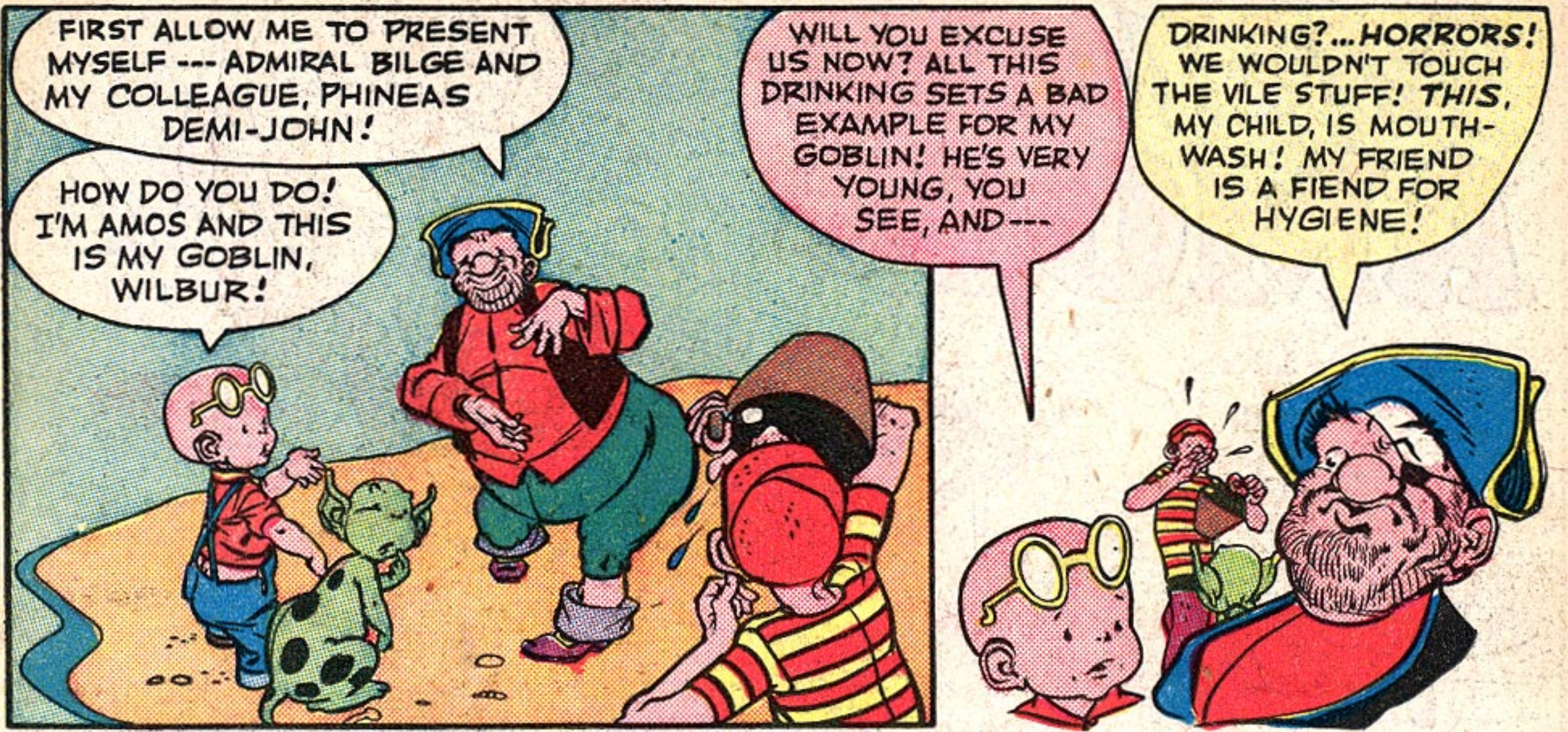


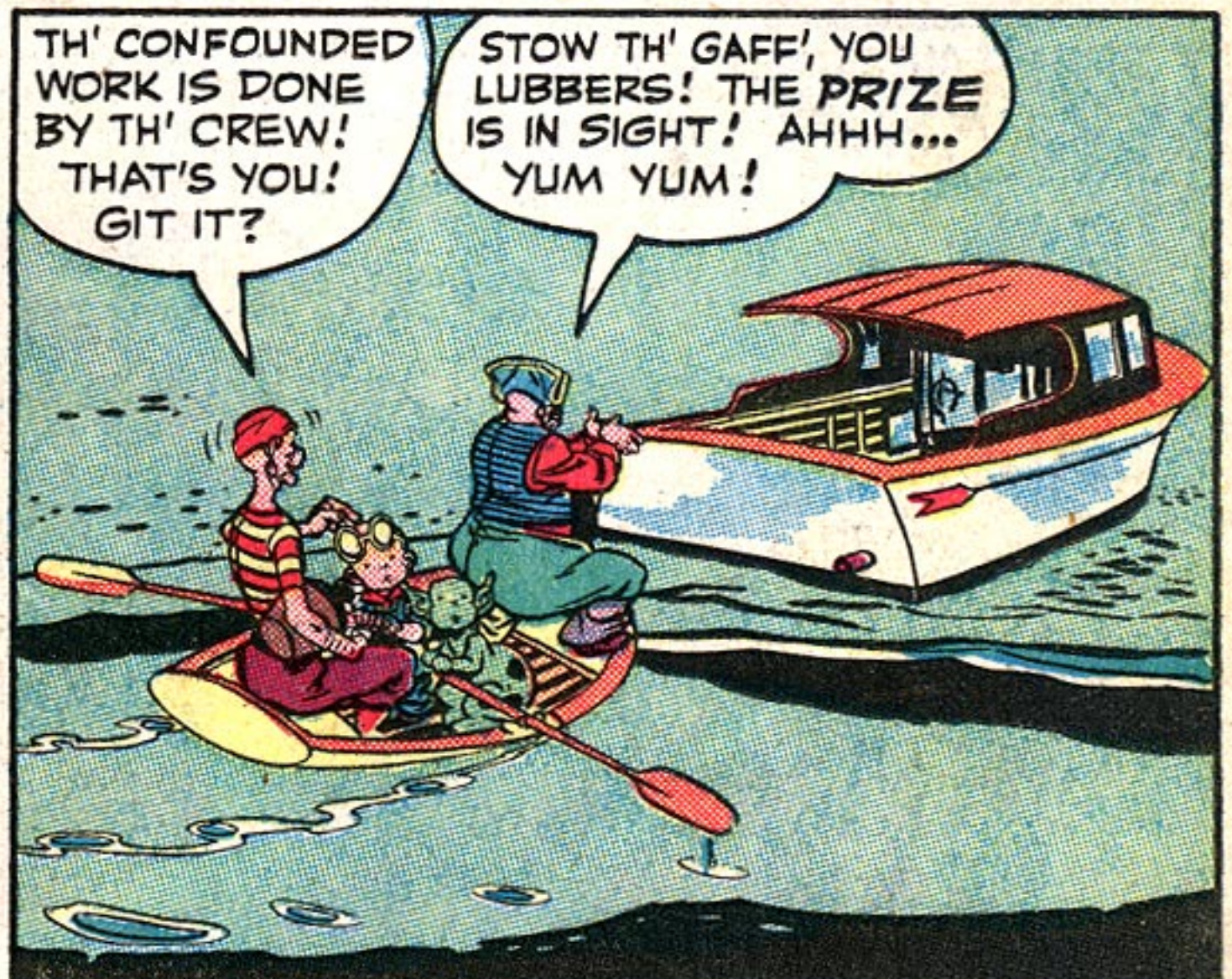
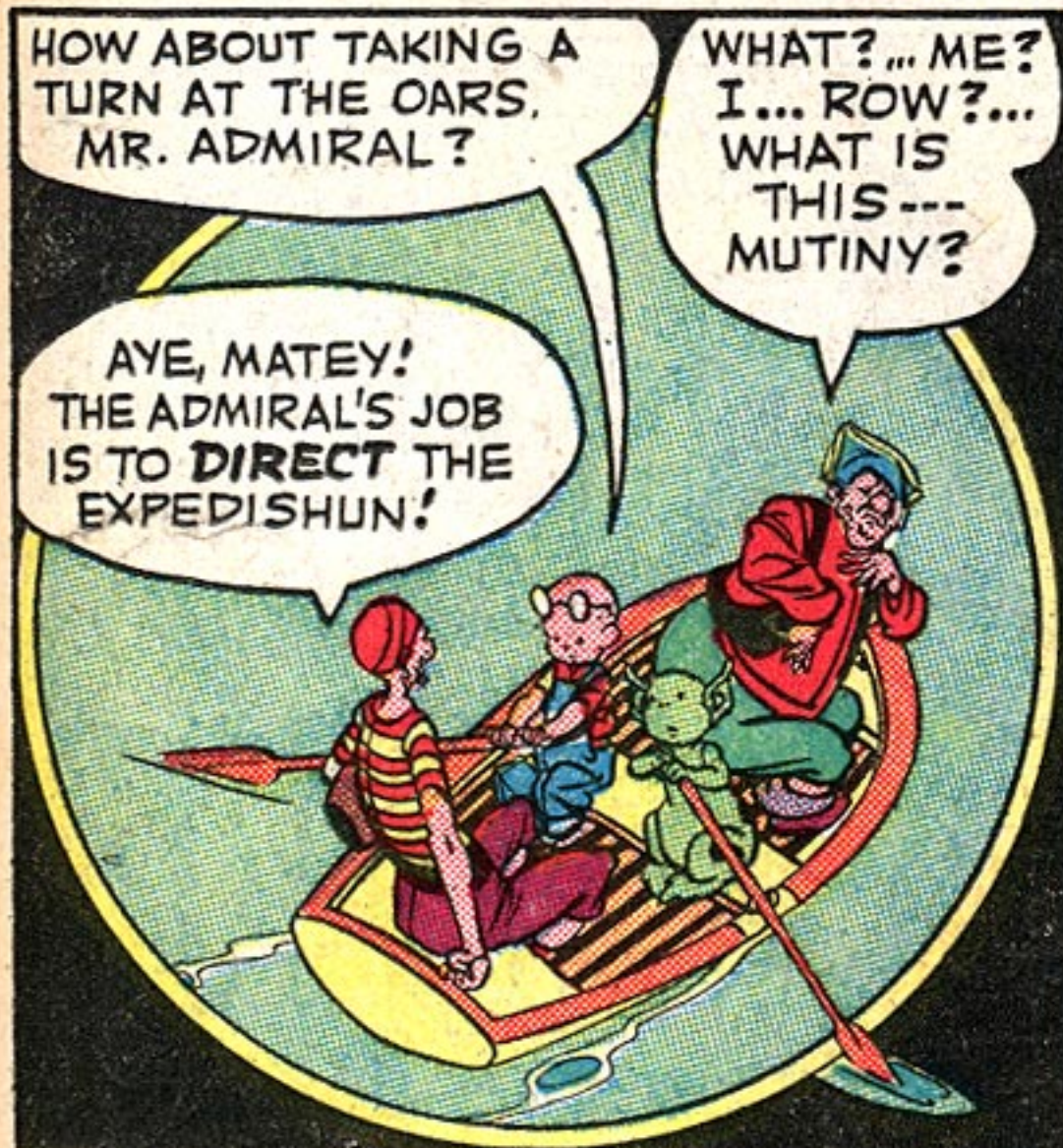
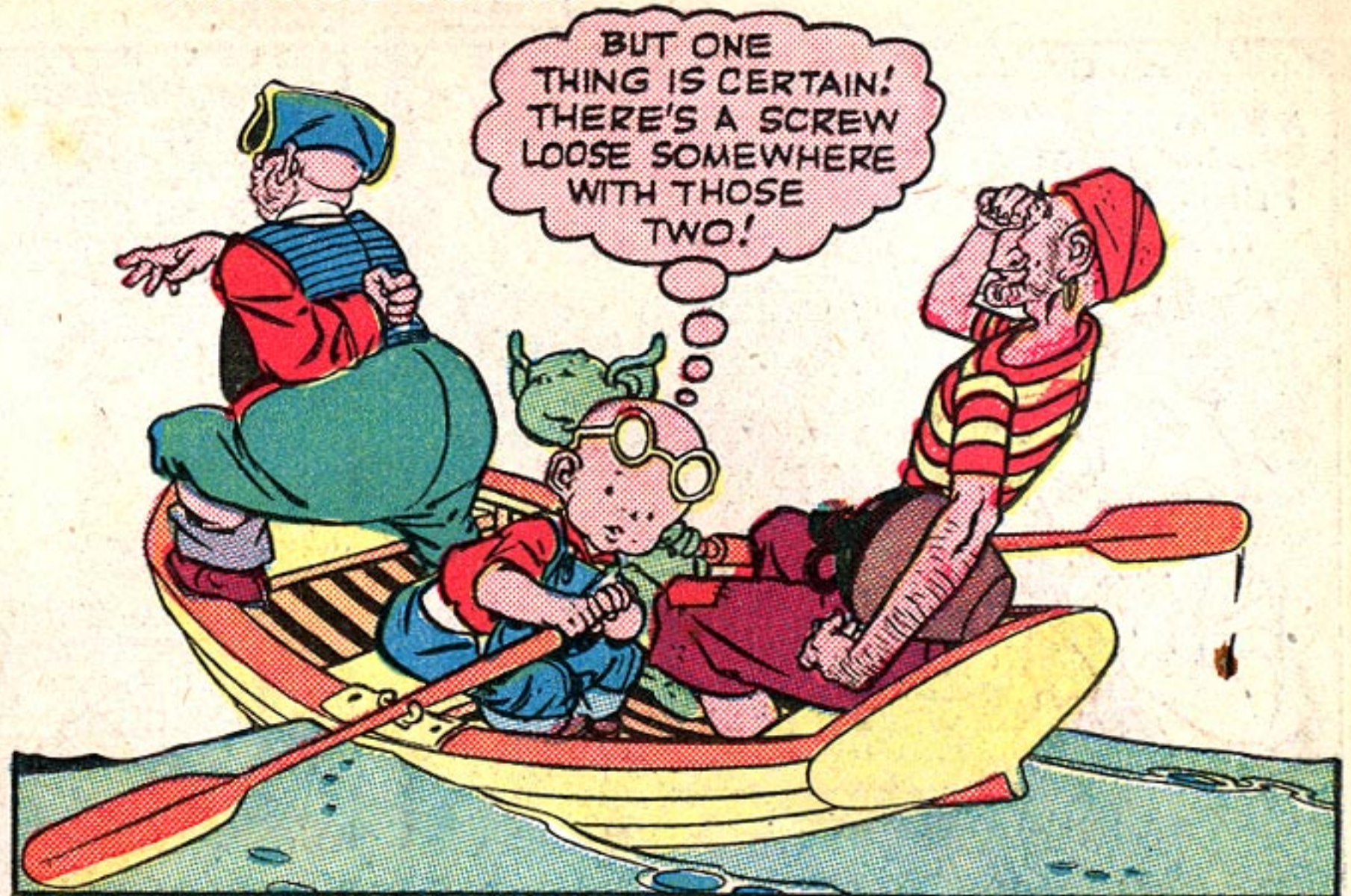
AVAST, LADDIE!
WE HAVE
SOMETHING
OF EXTREME
IMPORTANCE
TO PROPOSE
TO YOU!

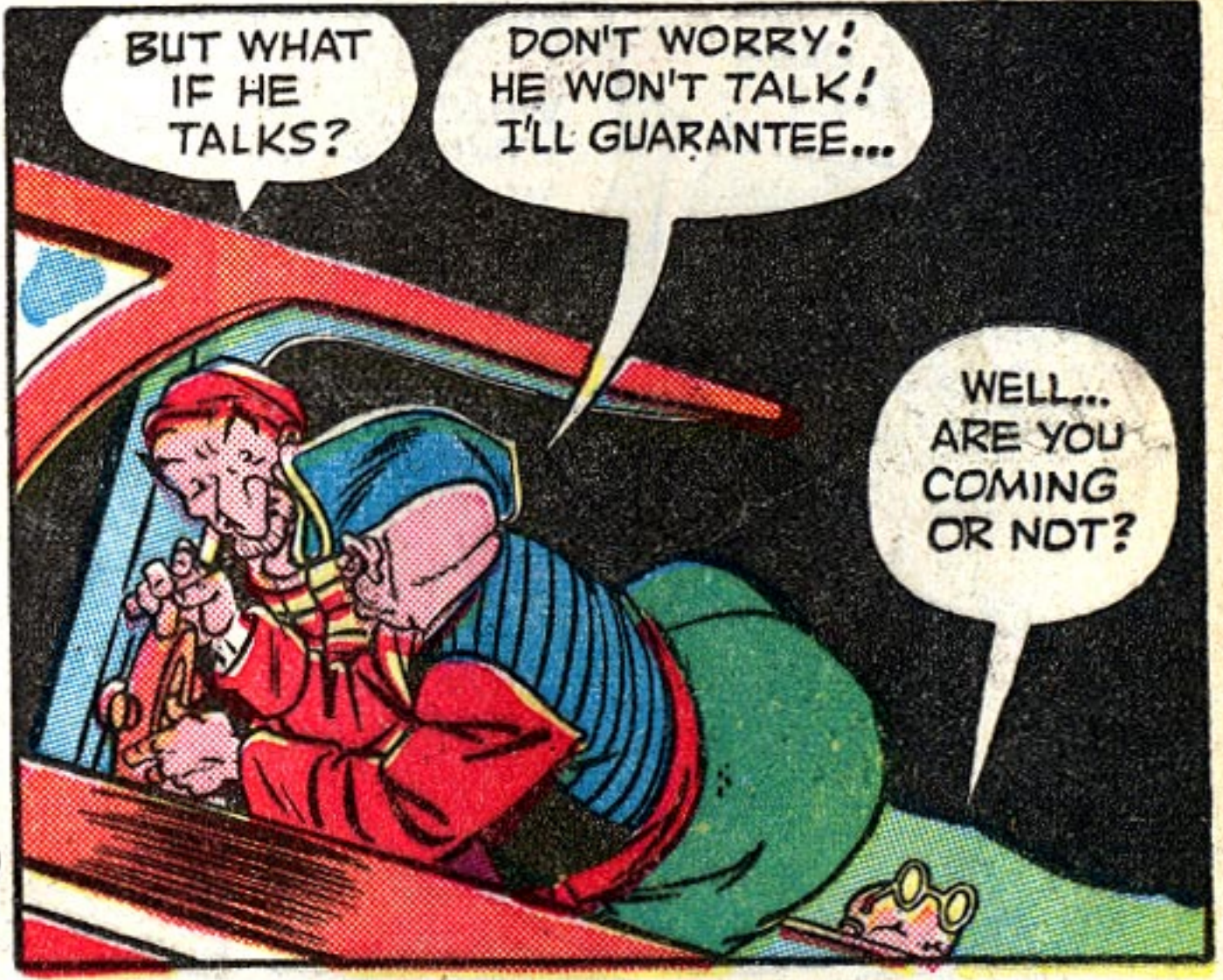
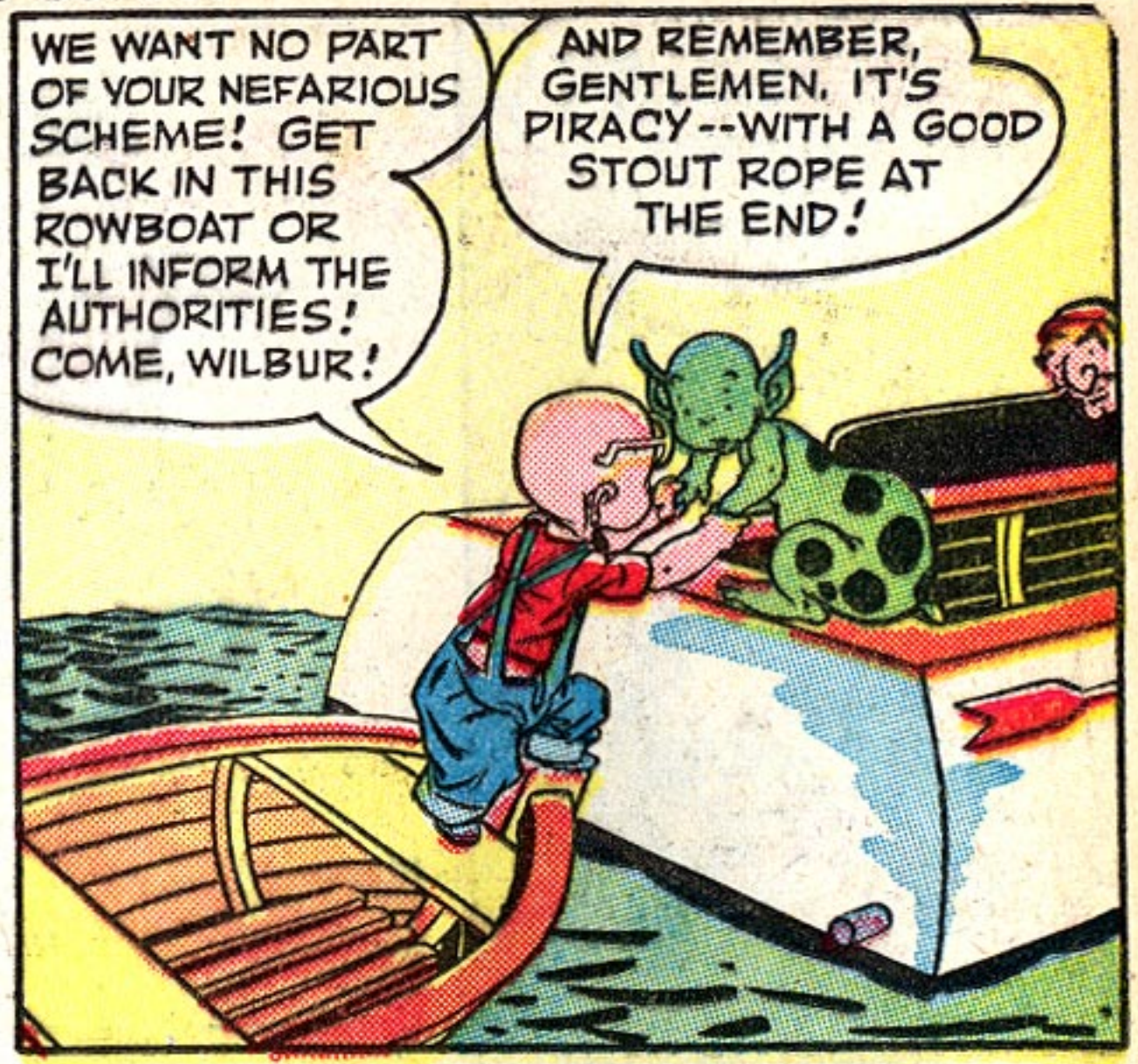
AYE, MATEY! YOU
SEEM LIKE A SMART
LITTLE SWAB WHAT
HAS SENSE...

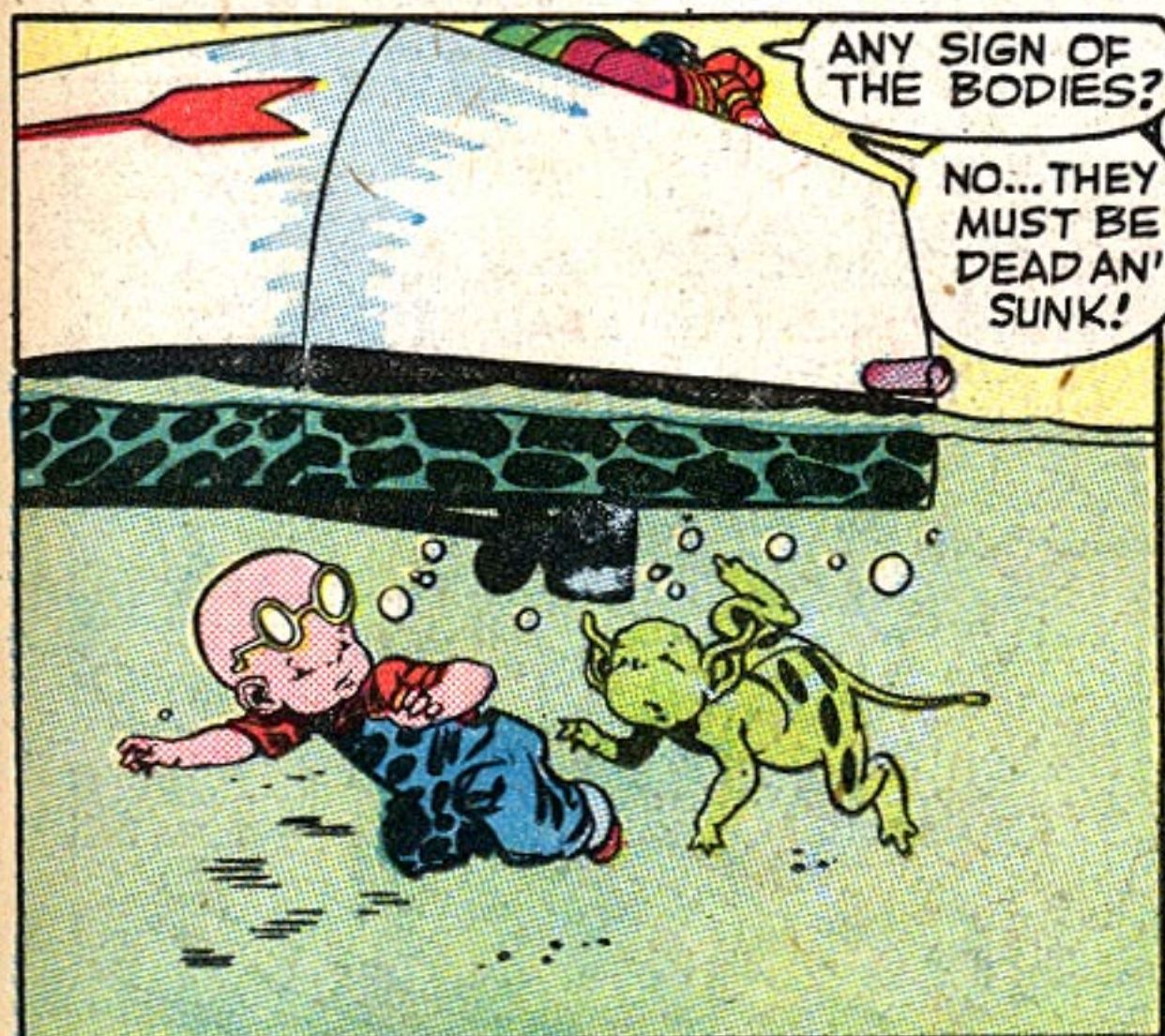
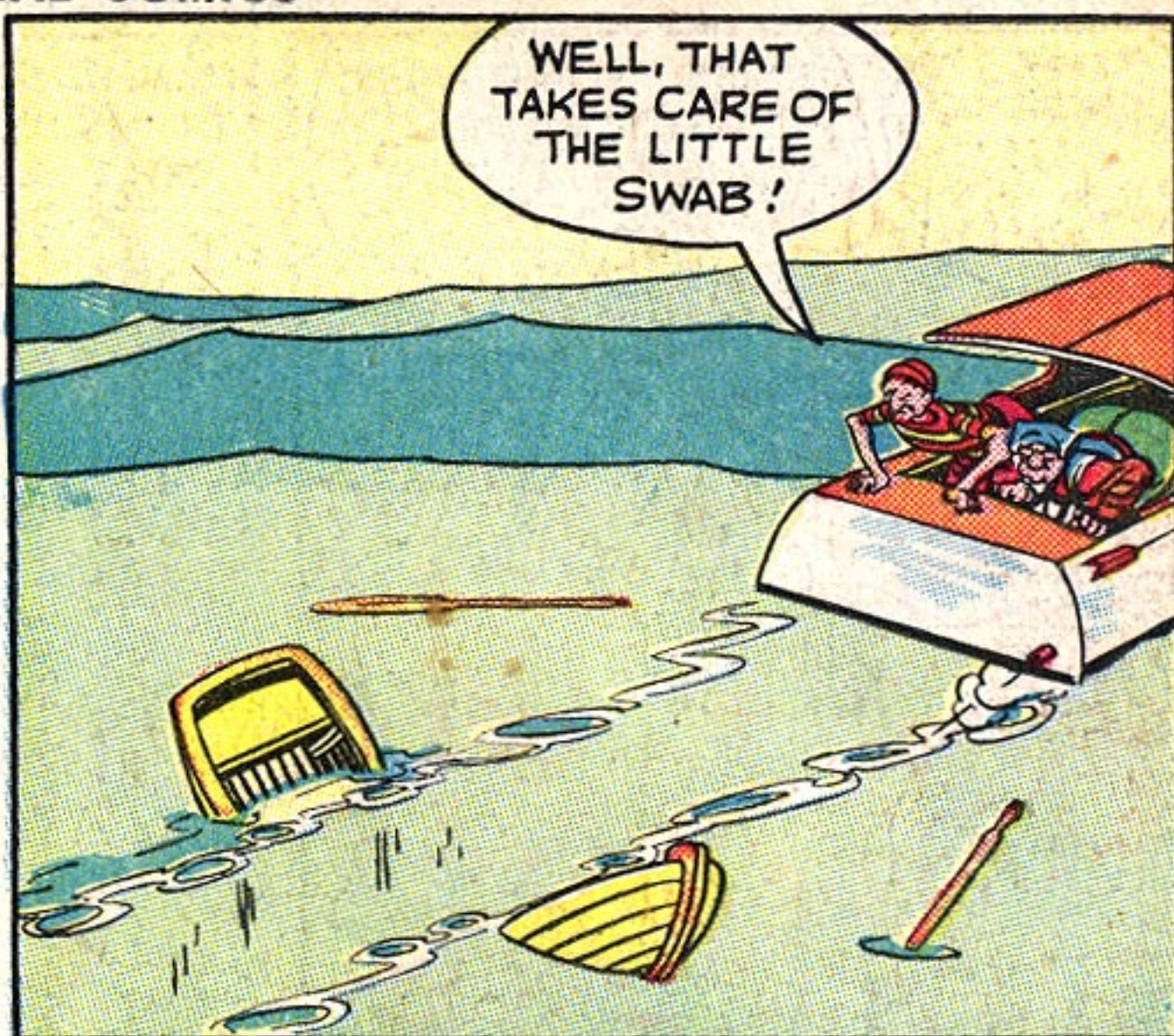
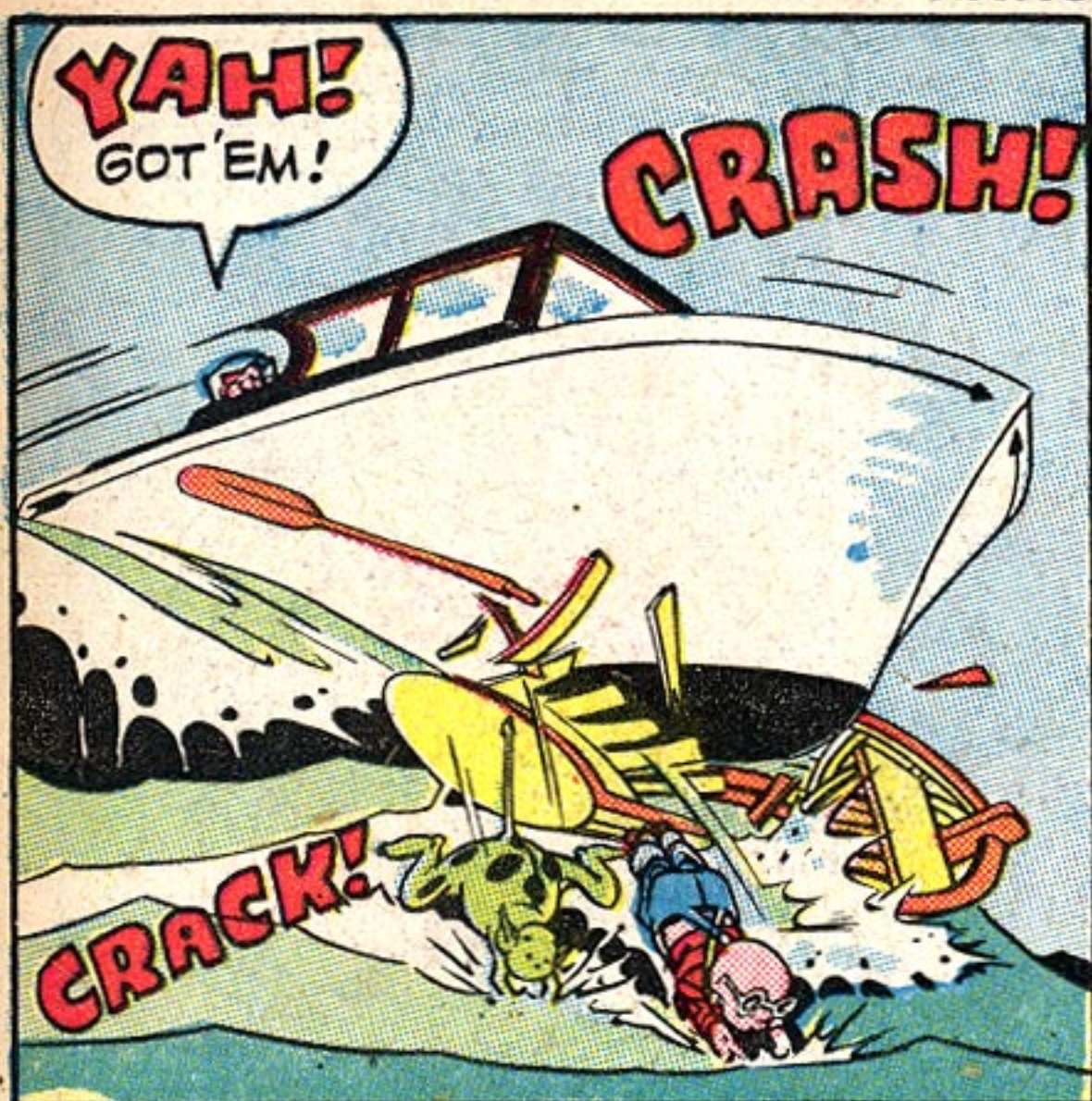
WHAT
OUTLANDISH
COSTUMES!

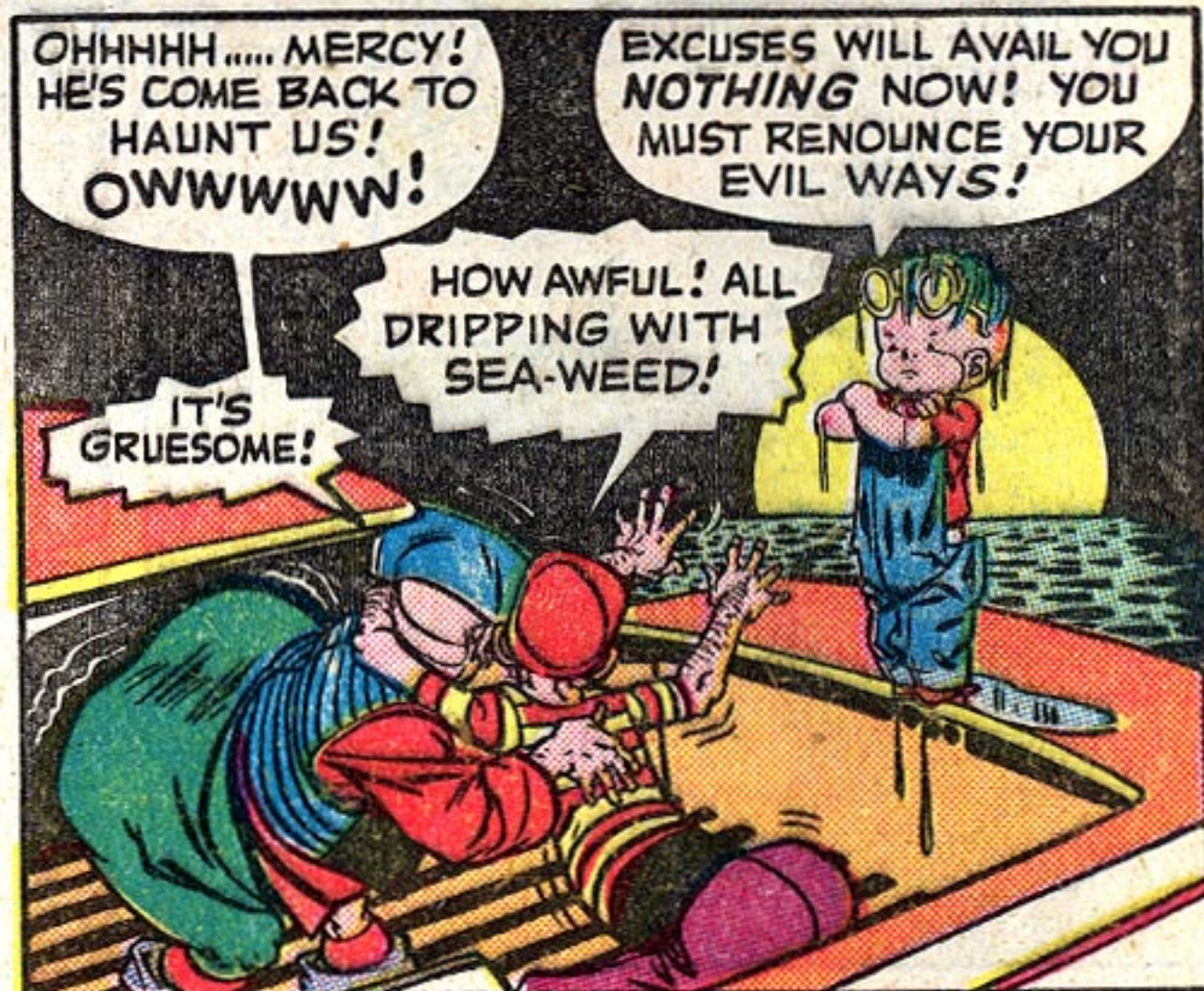
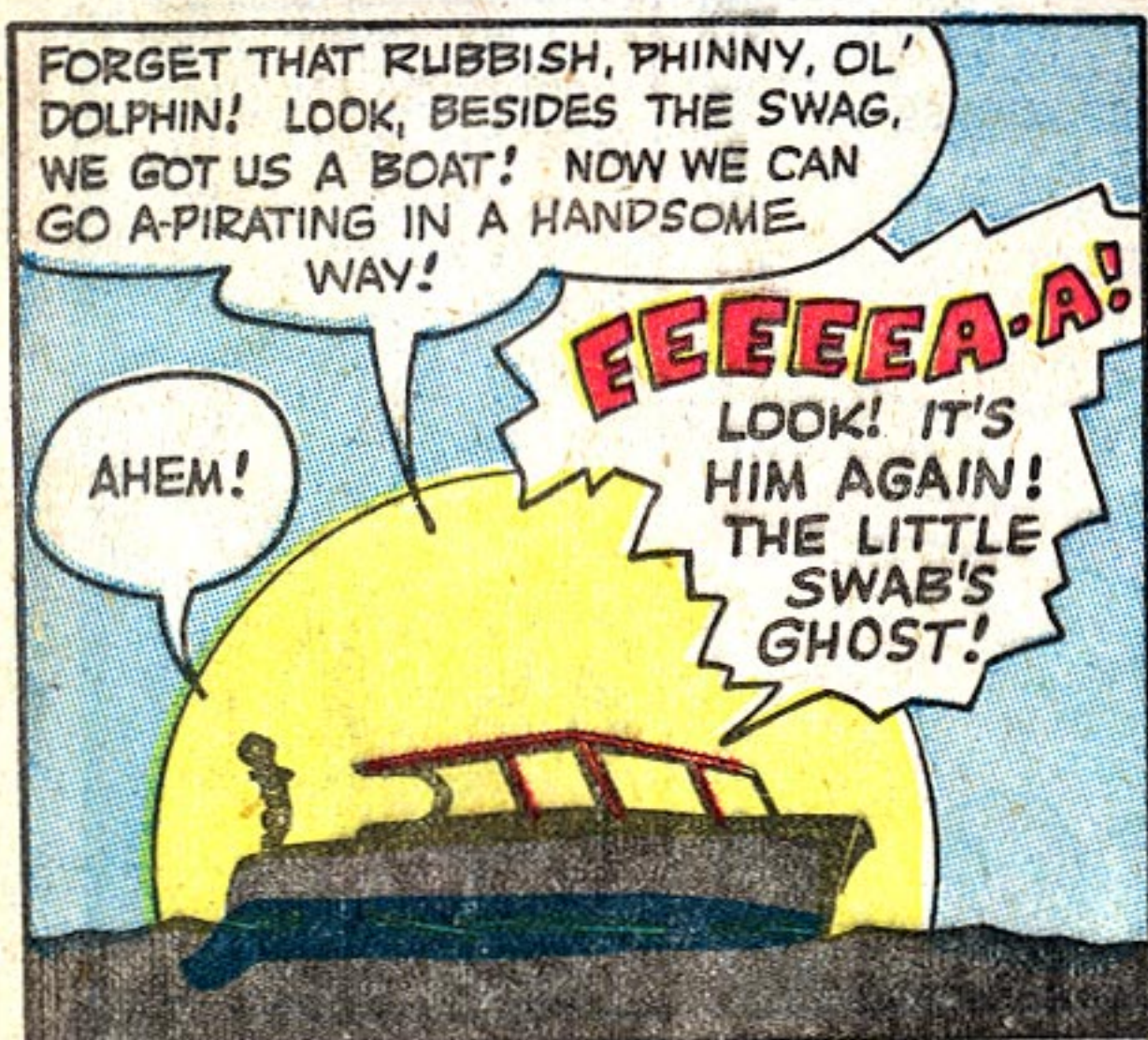
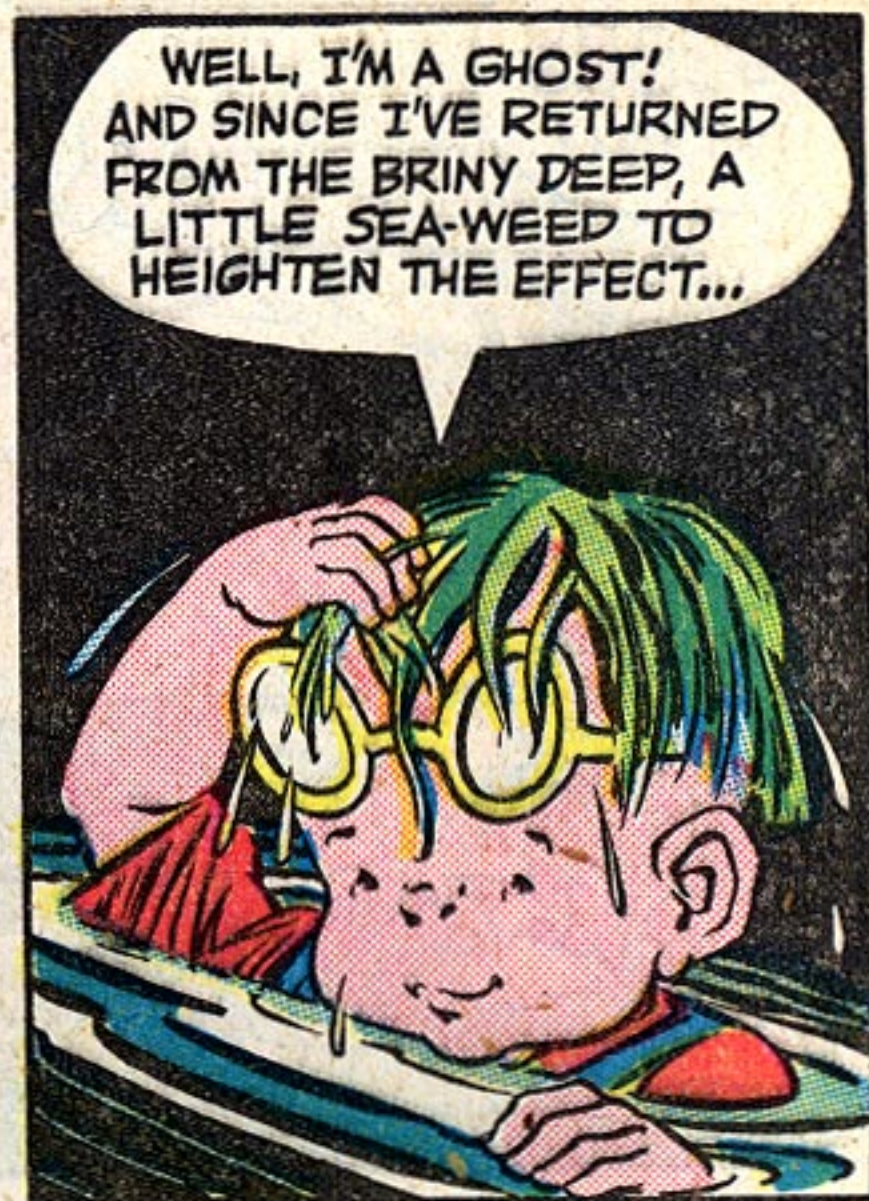
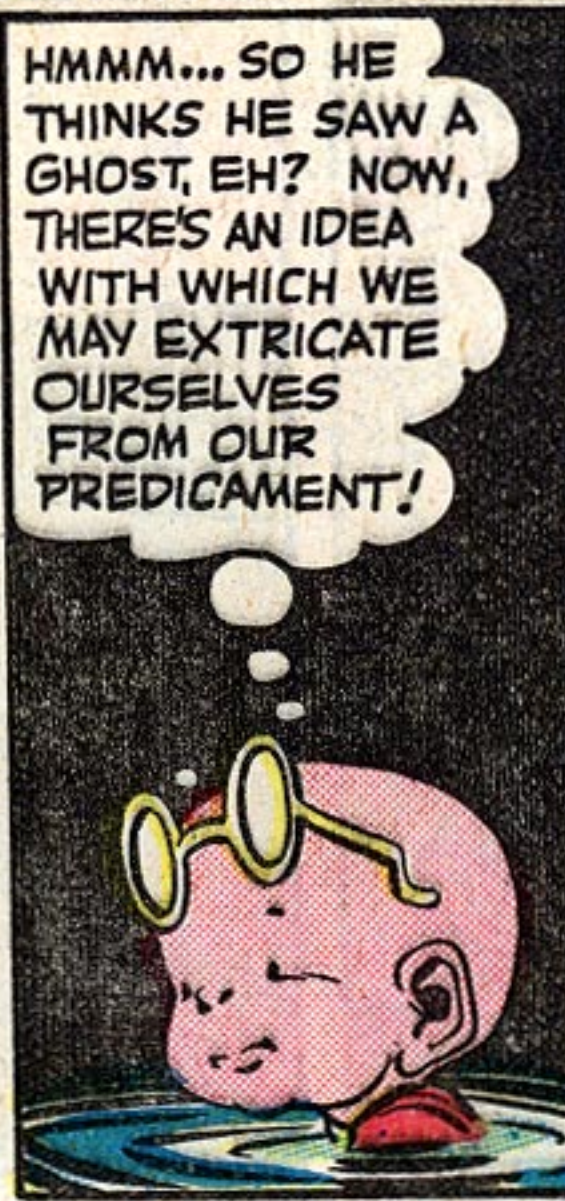
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LASSIE

Be-Kind-To-
ANIMALS
Week



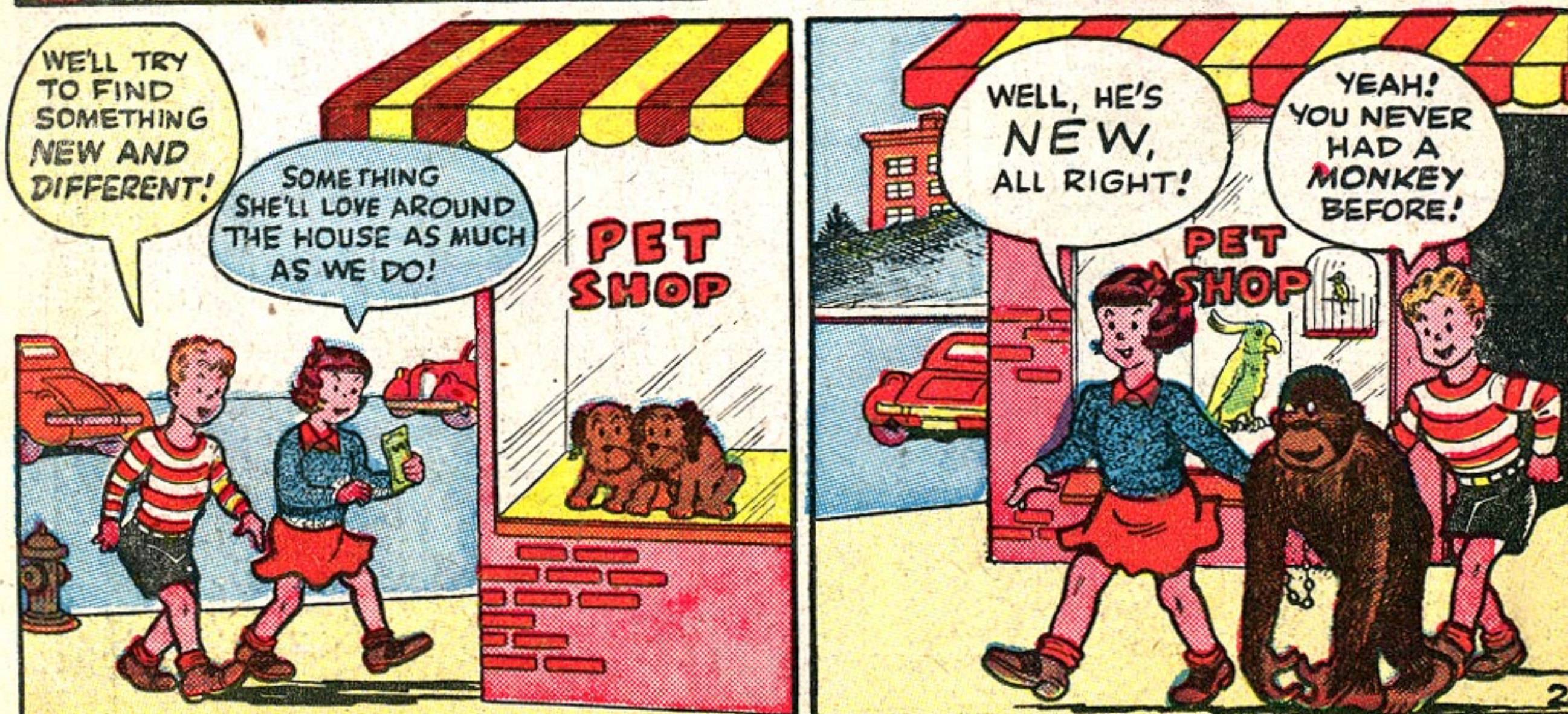
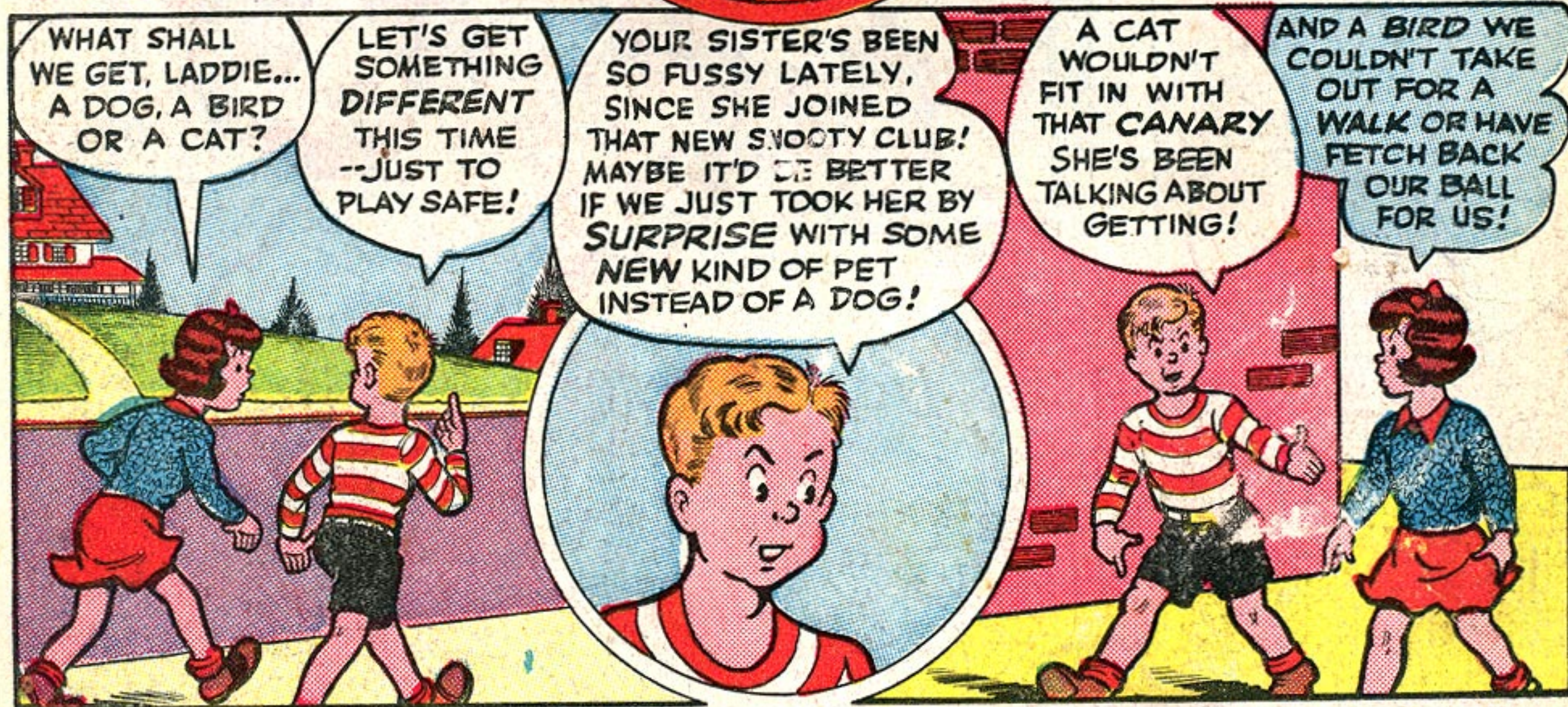
ADOPT A PET!

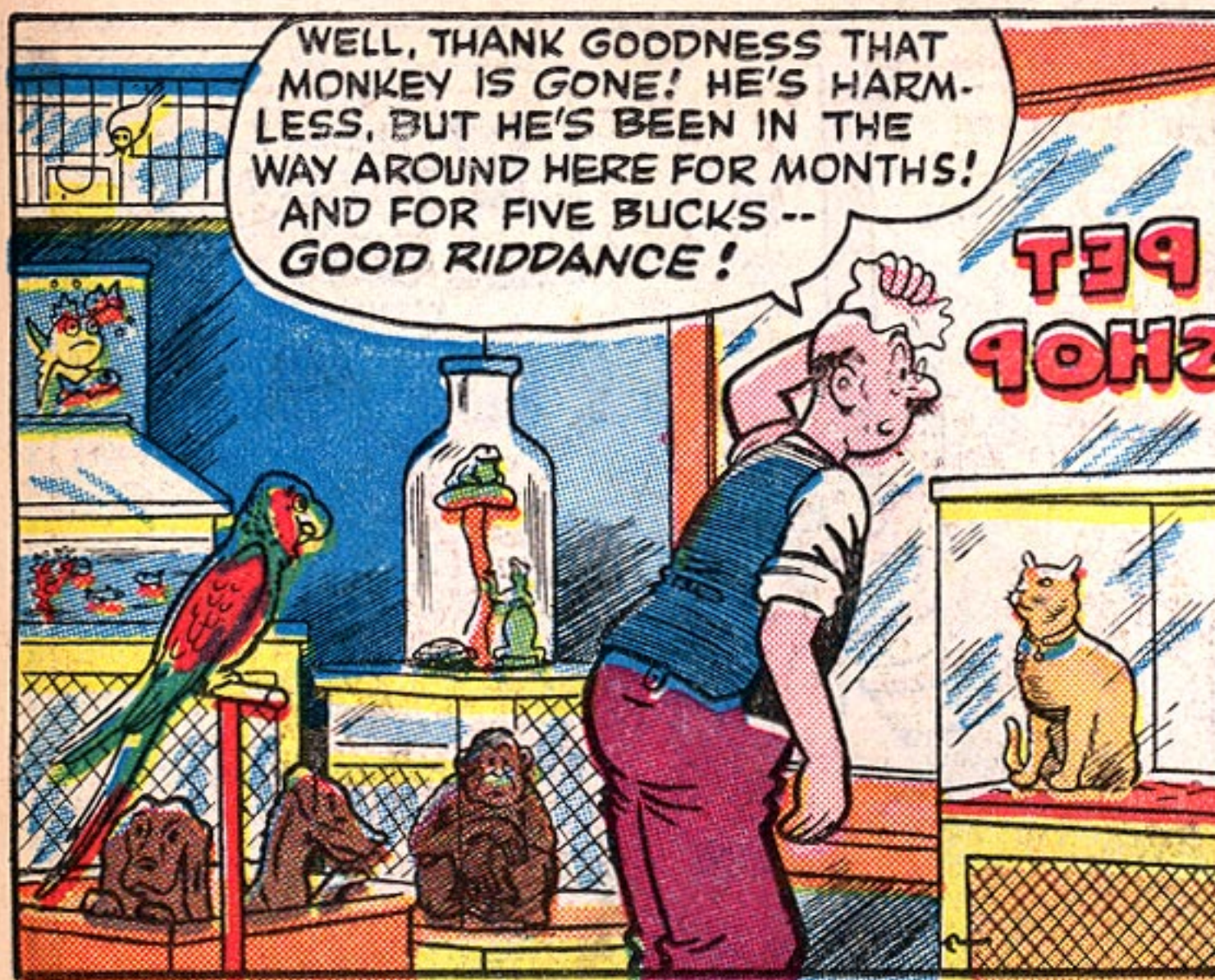
I WISH WE
HAD ANOTHER DOG
AT OUR HOUSE! ALL
WE GOT NOW IS ONE
DOG, TWO CANARIES,
A PARROT, SOME
GOLDFISH, TWO
TADPOLES, A
TURTLE, AND
SOME SNAILS!

WE
HAVEN'T A
SINGLE PET
RIGHT
NOW!

AND I THINK
IT'S UNPATRIOTIC...
THAT'S WHAT!
IT JUST DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE
WE'RE DOIN'
OUR DUTY!

BESIDES
PETS ARE
SUCH NICE
PEOPLE...
LIKE THOSE THREE
IN THE PICTURE!





WELL, THANK GOODNESS THAT MONKEY IS GONE! HE'S HARMLESS, BUT HE'S BEEN IN THE WAY AROUND HERE FOR MONTHS! AND FOR FIVE BUCKS -- GOOD RIDDANCE!

PET SHOP



I THINK WE'D BETTER GO IN THE BACK WAY THIS FIRST TIME, DON'T YOU?

YEAH! IT SEEMS MORE POLITE, DOING THINGS SORT OF GRADUALLY!



ROBERTA MUST'VE GONE TO THE STORE OR SOMETHING! I DON'T SEE HER AROUND!

OOPS! HERE SHE COMES NOW -- FROM NEXT DOOR!



QUICK! UPSTAIRS 'TIL I CAN THINK WHAT I WANT TO SAY!

YEAH, JUST HOW YOU'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE HIM!

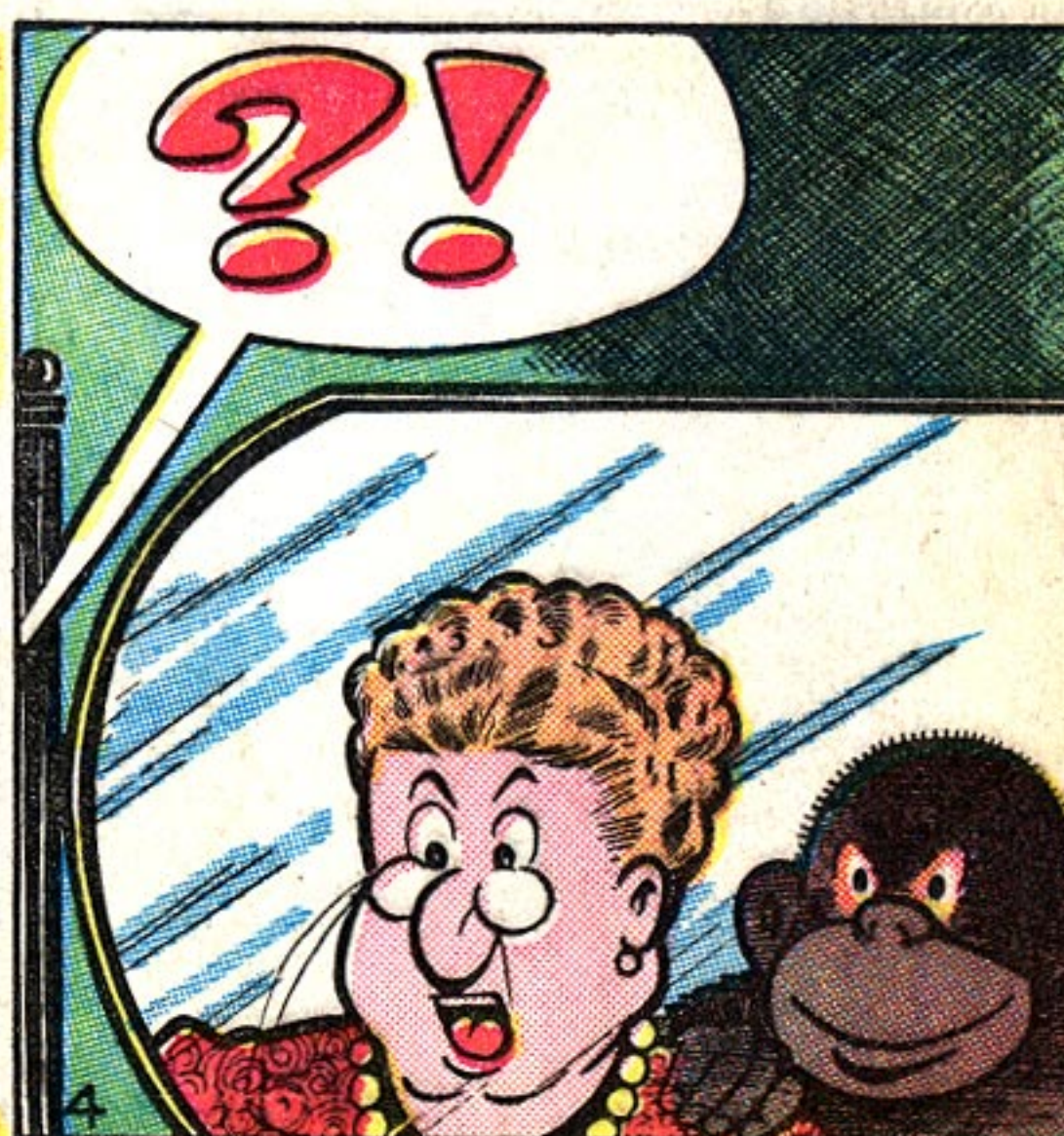
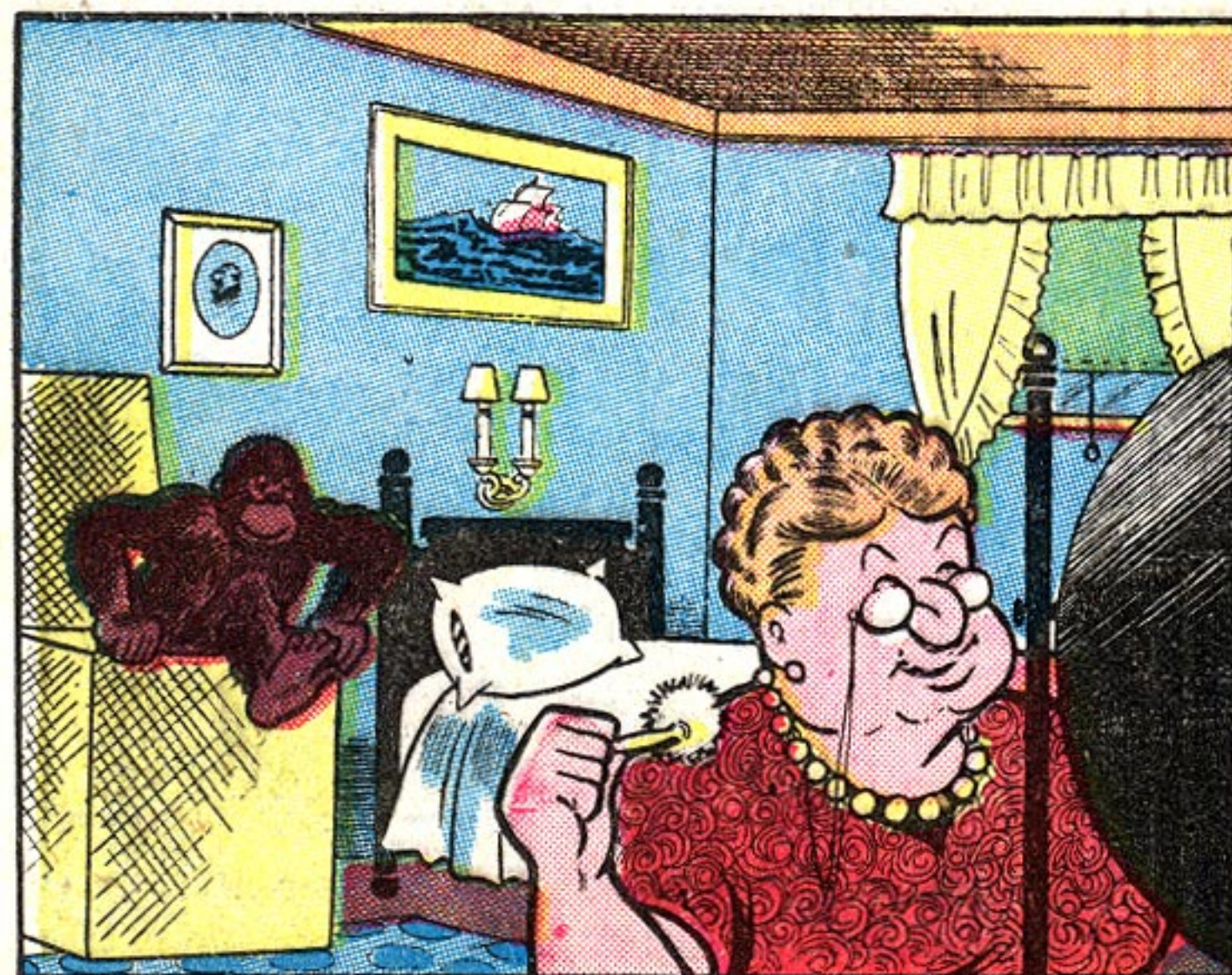
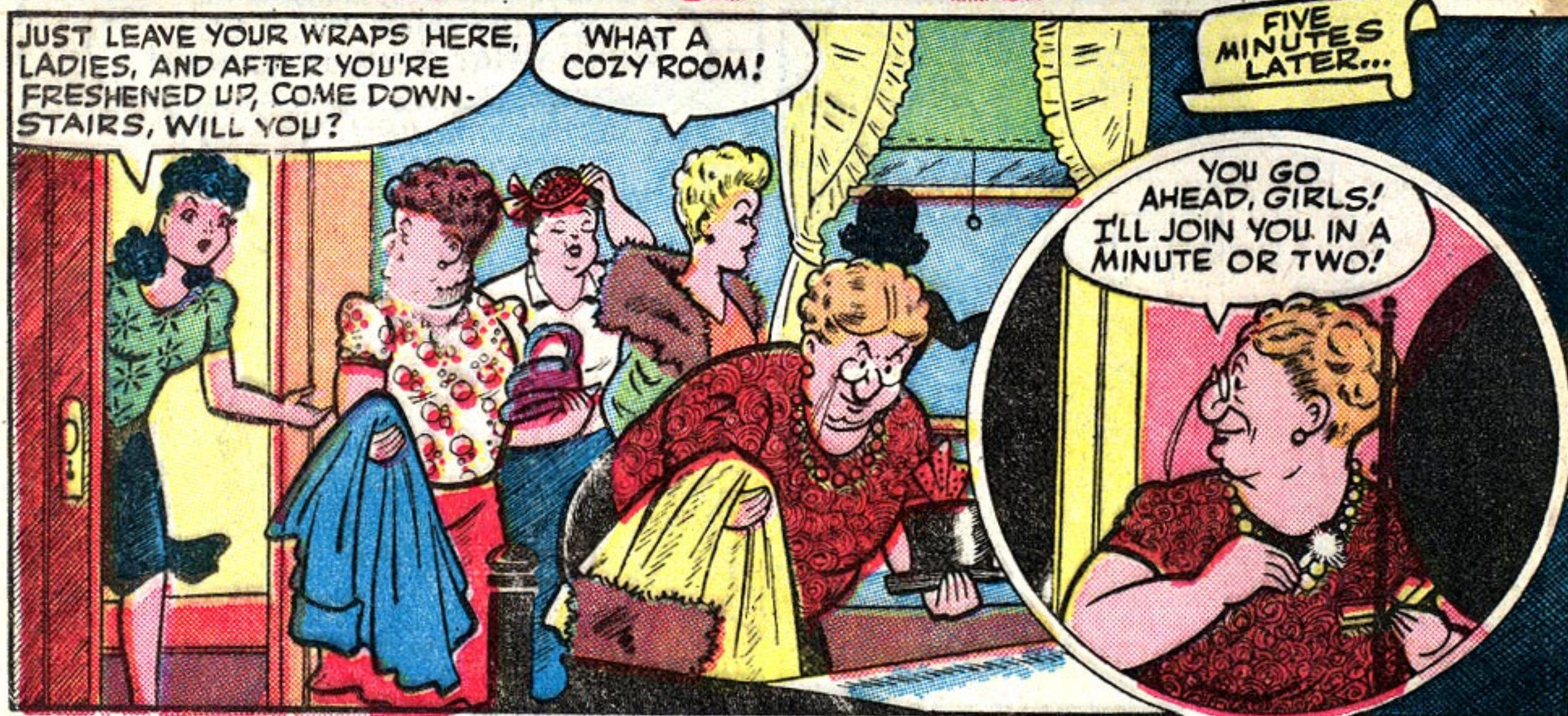
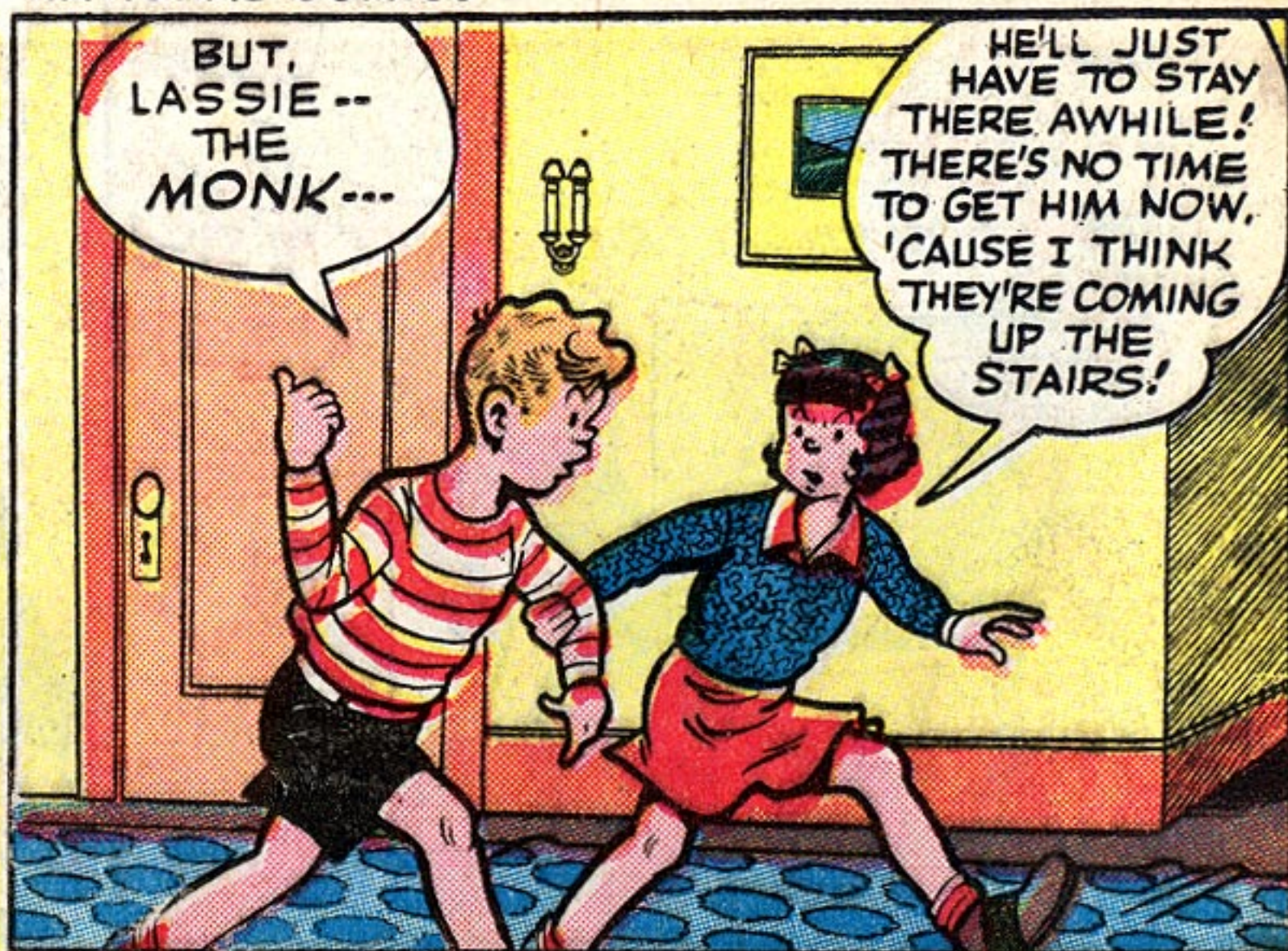


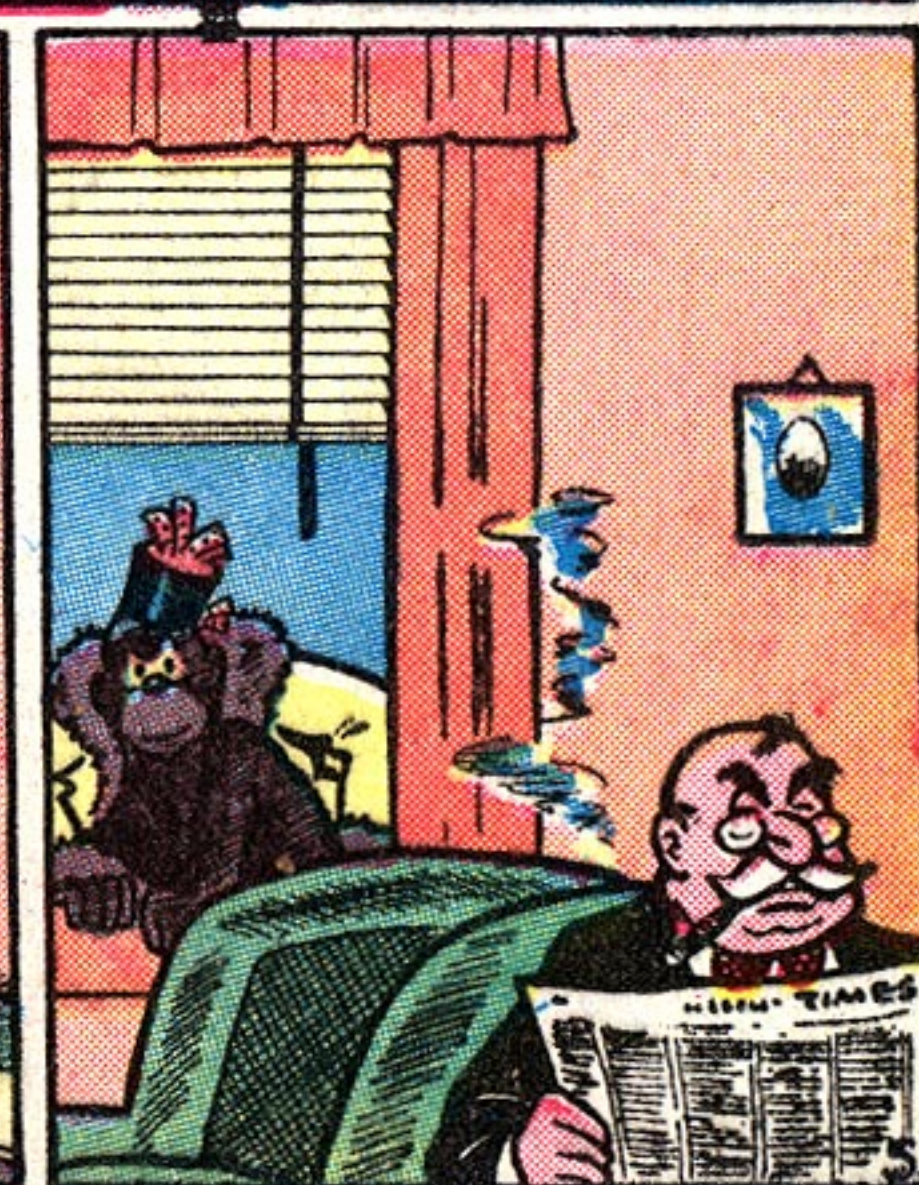
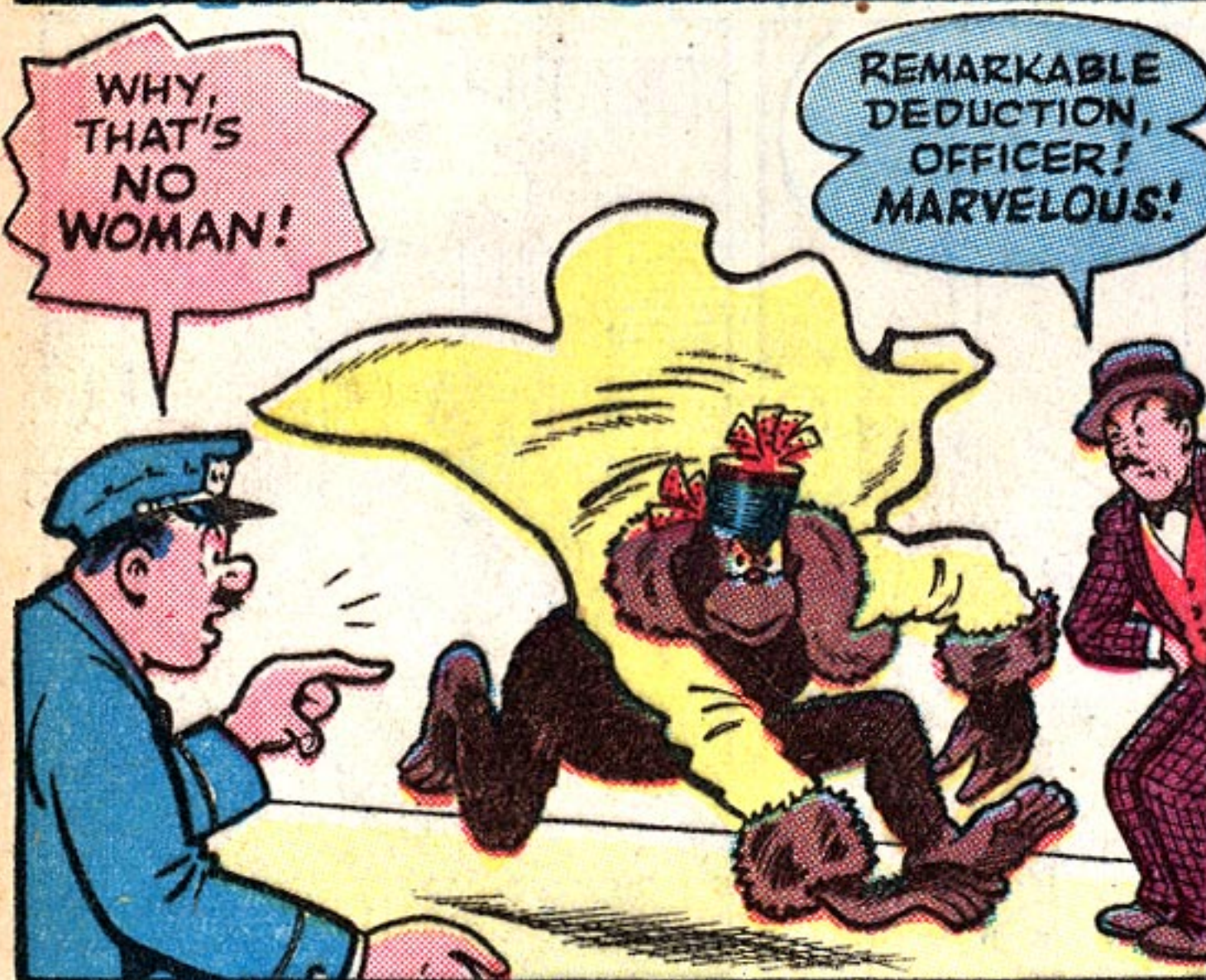
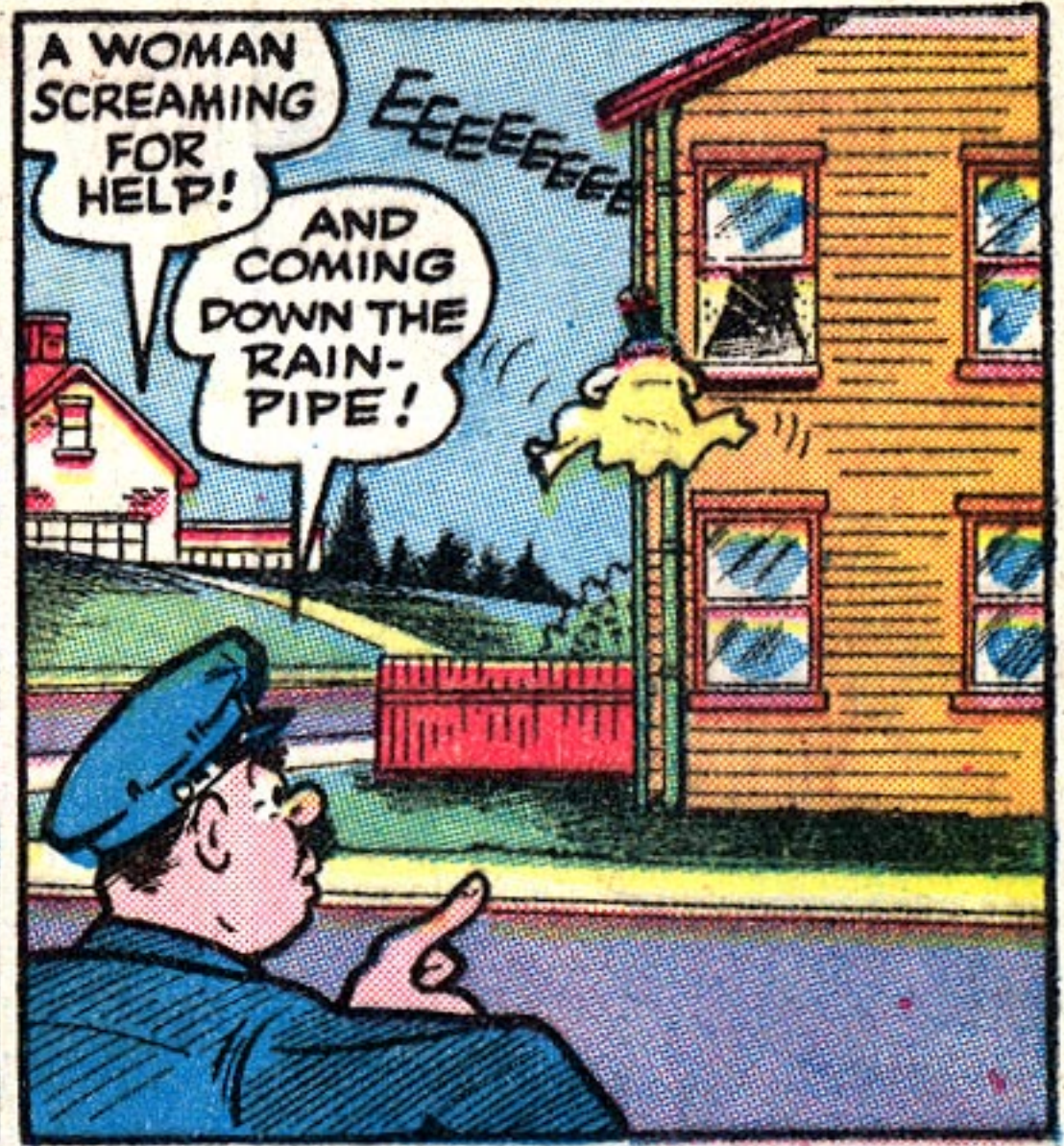
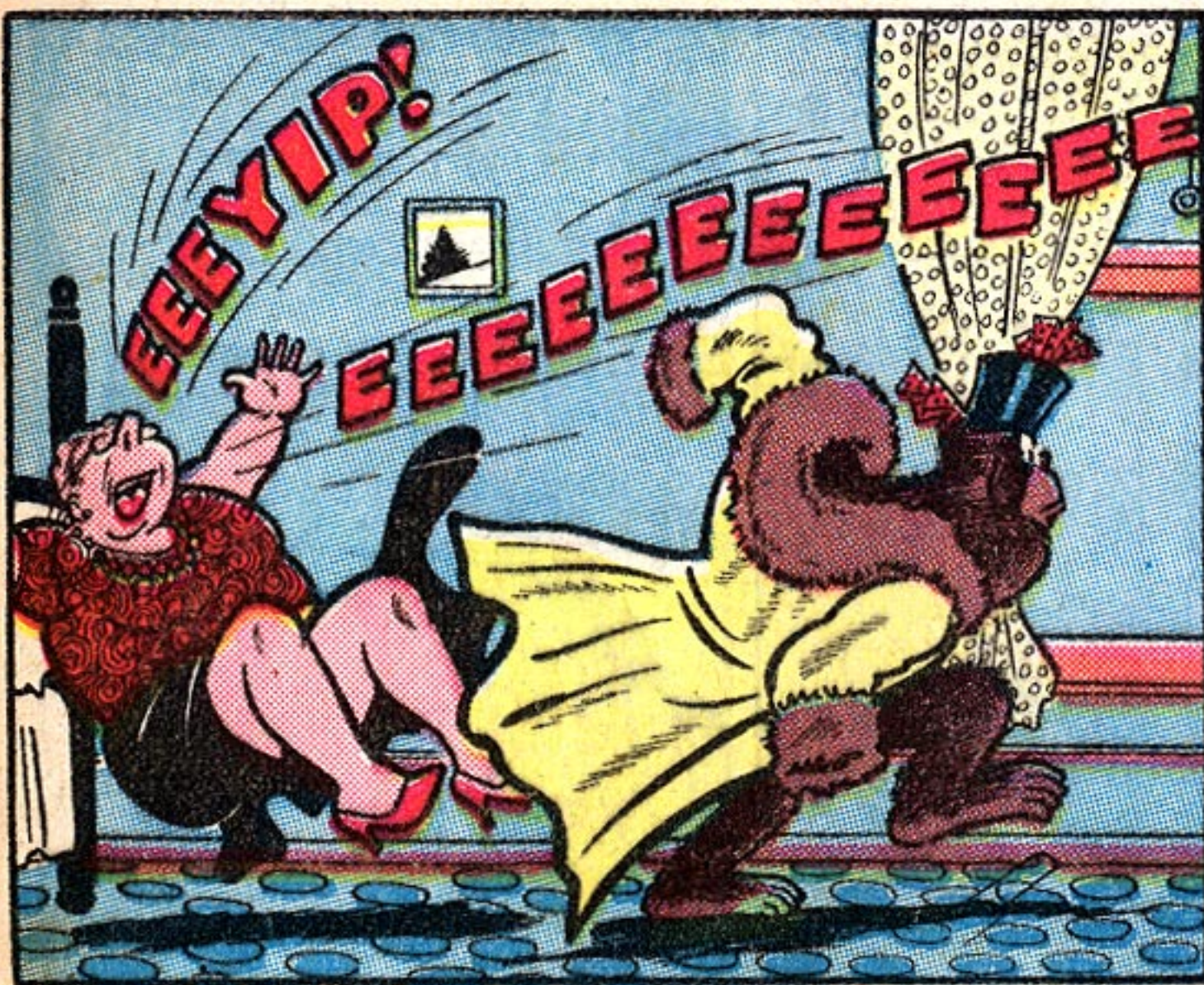
IN THE GUEST ROOM HERE! IT'S SELDOM EVER USED!

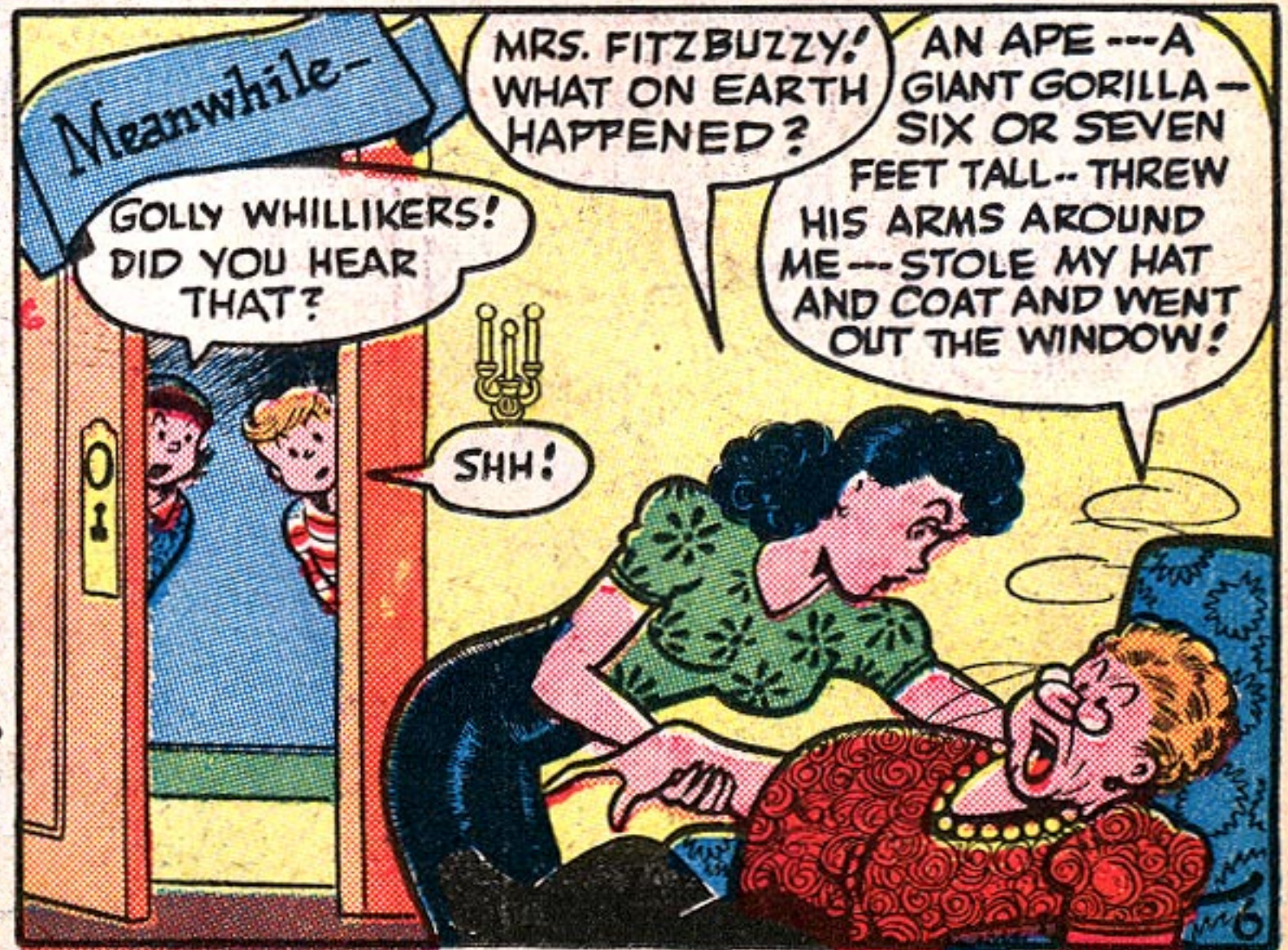
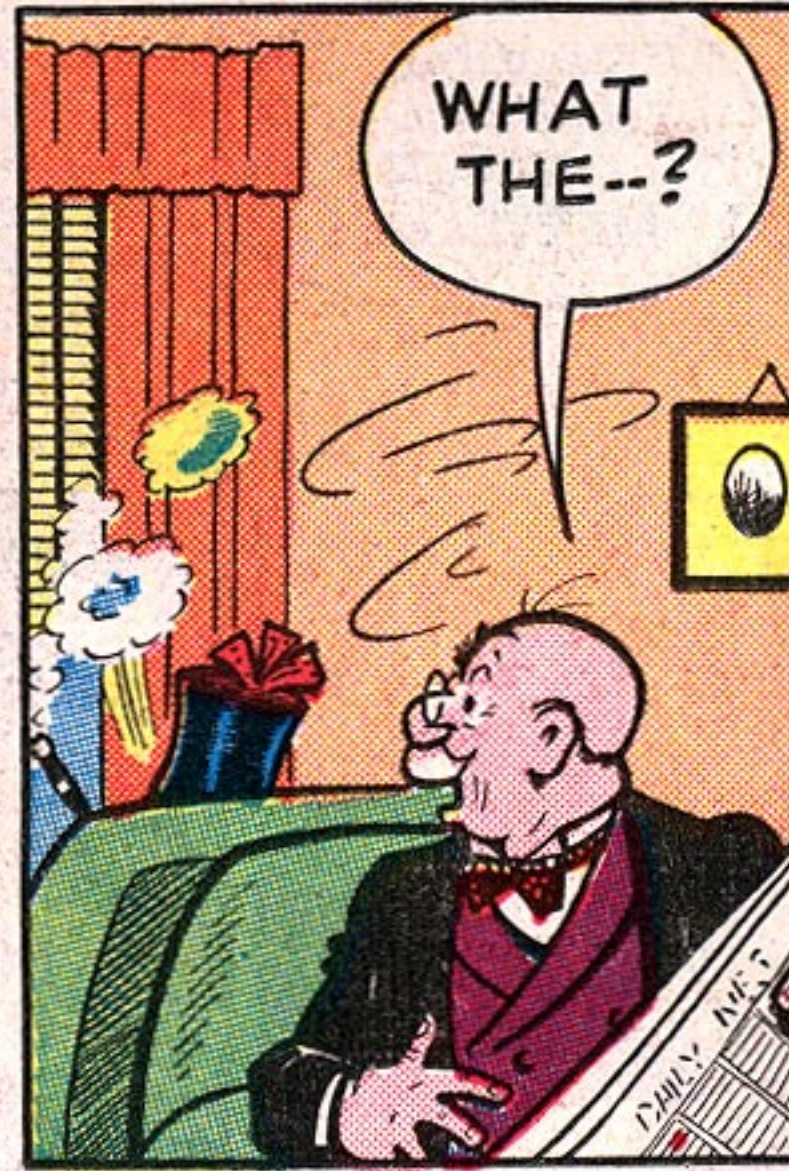


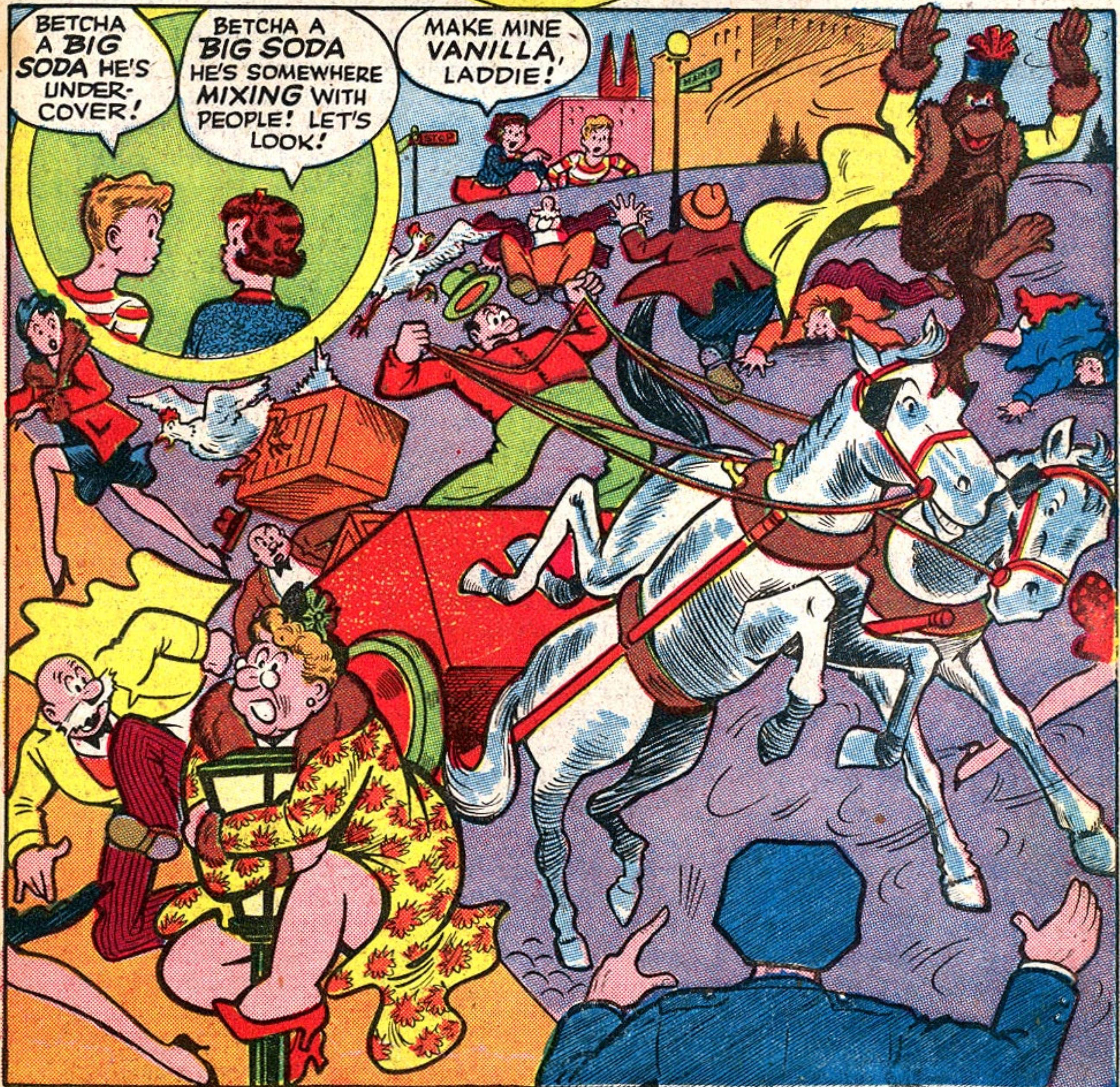
HEY! ROBERTA'S HAVING COMPANY! A WHOLE BUNCH OF LADIES ARE PILING IN!

MY GOODNESS! I'D BETTER PUT HIM IN THE CLOTHES HAMPER 'TIL I CAN FIGURE WHAT TO DO NEXT! MAYBE HE'LL TAKE A NAP -- I HOPE!









THE AGRILISTAS

PEDRO RUIZ reined up his big black Arabian and pushed back the great sombrero which covered his head. He well knew that he faced death down there in the valley. Old Don Ricardo was not one to be trifled with.

But then Pedro was not one to worry about what might lurk in the future. He shoved his sombrero back and broke into a lilting Mexican love song. His horse, Negro, shook his small Arab head in distaste and pawed the ground with a dainty forefoot.

Pedro chuckled and slapped the sleek neck. "Ah, Negrito, old fellow, it is not the love song you want, yes? It is the fiery battle song with the mucho fighting in it, no?"

Then the gay young rider broke into an old battle song of the early vaqueros, and Negro stood quietly.

"It is better so, that song, eh, old romanticista?" queried Pedro softly.

From behind him came a soft chorus of male voices, and pretty soon a score of horsemen rode into view, each of them astride milk-white mounts. Pedro sang again and the twenty horsemen carried on with him—the trail song of the Agrilistas.

When it was finished, Pedro swept his sombrero off and addressed his men:

"Now, caballeros, we have work to do. It is near the time of moonlight and we would ride into yon valley and talk to the great old fire-eater, Don Ricar-

do. Come, shall we ride?"

They galloped off, still singing the old trail song.

In the great hacienda of one Jaimie Guillermo, a young lady sat at her studies. Suddenly she closed her book with a snap and cocked her dark head. Then she hastened to the huge window and threw it open. From afar came the soft singing of the Agrilistas. She leaned on the casement, reveling in the joy of the moment.

An old man sitting near the fireplace in the big room cleared his throat. "Carmen!" he snapped. "Come and get on with your lessons. Close that window!"

"But papa," cried the girl, "it is the Agrilistas. They sing as they ride through the night. It is most beautiful—"

"Enough, daughter," growled the old voice. "Do as I say."

Carmen reluctantly closed the window and strode to the table where her unworked lessons lay. "I don't see why—" she began.

"Hm," said the old man. "The Agrilistas! The next thing you know they'll be riding up on us demanding that I turn over the rancho to those lazy peons."

Carmen looked up quickly. "And why not, papa?" she demanded with a little heat. "What are we doing with our land? The other great rancheros are letting the poor peons till their land. Ours only goes to waste, Padre!"

A quizzical look came into the old man's eyes. "Perhaps

you are right, daughter," he said. "This devilish Spanish pride of mine! All right, Carmen, maybe they are right. If they come, I'll give them everything south of the river. Will that please you, my daughter?"

Carmen ran and embraced the old man. "Oh, Padre! That is wonderful! Our teacher says——"

"I know, I know." The old don patted the girl's dark hair. "And she's right, and I'm a stiff old man. But you win this time. Let them come!"

The softly singing Agrilistas rode past the rancho and their song died in the night.

* * *

Perhaps at this point we'd better explain about the Agrilistas. They were born with the regime of Cardenas and are today a government-sponsored project throughout Mexico. When a Don or other large landowner is known to have many acres lying idle, the Agrilistas "move in" as it were, and throw the land open to the people for agriculture and grazing purposes, allowing the farmers to work the soil on a percentage basis—similar to the sharecropper plan here in the States.

Only occasionally does a proud old Don resent these depredations on his privacy, and then it is up to the diplomacy of the Agrilistas' leader to convince him of the necessity of the move.

That was what faced Pedro Ruiz, leader of the newly-form-

NATIONAL COMICS

ed Agrilistas.

Don Ricardo owned one of the largest ranchos in all Mexico. It contained so many acres of land that the good Don had no idea how many. Much of it was a huge Spanish grant of olden days, handed down by the Ricardos. The Don didn't farm more than a third of his vast holdings. But that didn't mean that he was in any mood to turn over any portion of it to the Agrilistas. Ah no!

"Those lazy peons!" he stormed. "None of my land will they desecrate, of a surety! The Agrilistas—bah!"

Now it so happened during the days of the war that many of the Don's workers of the land had forsaken the soil for better-paying jobs in the cities. Defense jobs they are called in the States, and that's exactly what they were in Mexico. Only the workmen did not receive so much for their labors down there. . . .

Don Ricardo's foremen—they were numerous—came to him one day with a complaint. Many of the field hands had quit that week; each week saw more and more of them leaving for the towns where "mucho dinero" was obtainable.

"Offer them more," yelled the Don. "Not much more, but a little. Keep them here to harvest the crops. Are we to lose every crop on the rancho?"

The foremen were sympathetic. They offered the workers more money, and this kept some of them a bit longer; but still too many were leaving. The crops were dying. The fruits were rotting on the trees. The cattle and horses were going without water and feed.

Don Ricardo stormed and

raved and threatened. And still the men left in droves. . . .

Fiesta! The Plaza in the little town of San Ramon was a gay spectacle. Festooned with bright ribbons and streamers. Bedecked with multi-colored flowers from the hills and plains. Indians and Mexicans lolled about everywhere. There was music, singing, greetings called back and forth. Dark-eyed señoritas arched brows at swash-buckling caballeros.

It was the Cinco de Mayo celebration, when the animals from miles about were brought to the Plaza to be blessed by the padre. Even chickens were brought in coops to receive the beneficent blessing of the old padre.

To the ears of Pedro Ruiz came the sad plight of Don Ricardo. He talked over the situation with his Agrilistas and they came to a decision. Frequently, an issue is not won by force; diplomacy does the trick.

It was a notable fact that very few animals from Don Ricardo's rancho were present at the celebration. The Don himself was there, moody and silent, because the annual festival almost required his presence. Most of his men were there too. The Don had one plaint to all: his crops were burning up from lack of care; his harvests were going to waste.

Pedro Ruiz and his Agrilistas rode forth from the fiesta that day and visited several ranchos in the region. From each they enlisted many men. At about noon, gathered in one large body, they set off down the great valley. . . .

Don Ricardo rode toward his rancho just after sunset. His men were quiet, which was un-

like them, usually happy and loquacious. When they were still a mile from the ranch fences, they could hear sounds. They spurred their horses forward. Darkness falls quickly in the south. Soon they could see countless torches waving above the great Ricardo fields.

"What is this?" cried the Don angrily. "What manner of prank——"

Galloping through the big gates, Don Ricardo and his men leaped off their horses and stood in amazement. The foreman cried, "Madre de Dios, a great thing has been done here! Look!"

The Don looked. Everywhere there were men working in his fields, tending the wilting crops, watering, cutting the ripened grain, caring for the horses in the remuda.

"Hm!" said he gruffly. "I don't understand."

Pedro Ruiz rode up and jumped out of the saddle. He swept off his black sombrero and bowed to the Don.

"We heard of your plight, Don Ricardo," he said. "We must save all the crops! That's why these things are being done for you—since most of your men have gone off to work in the war plants."

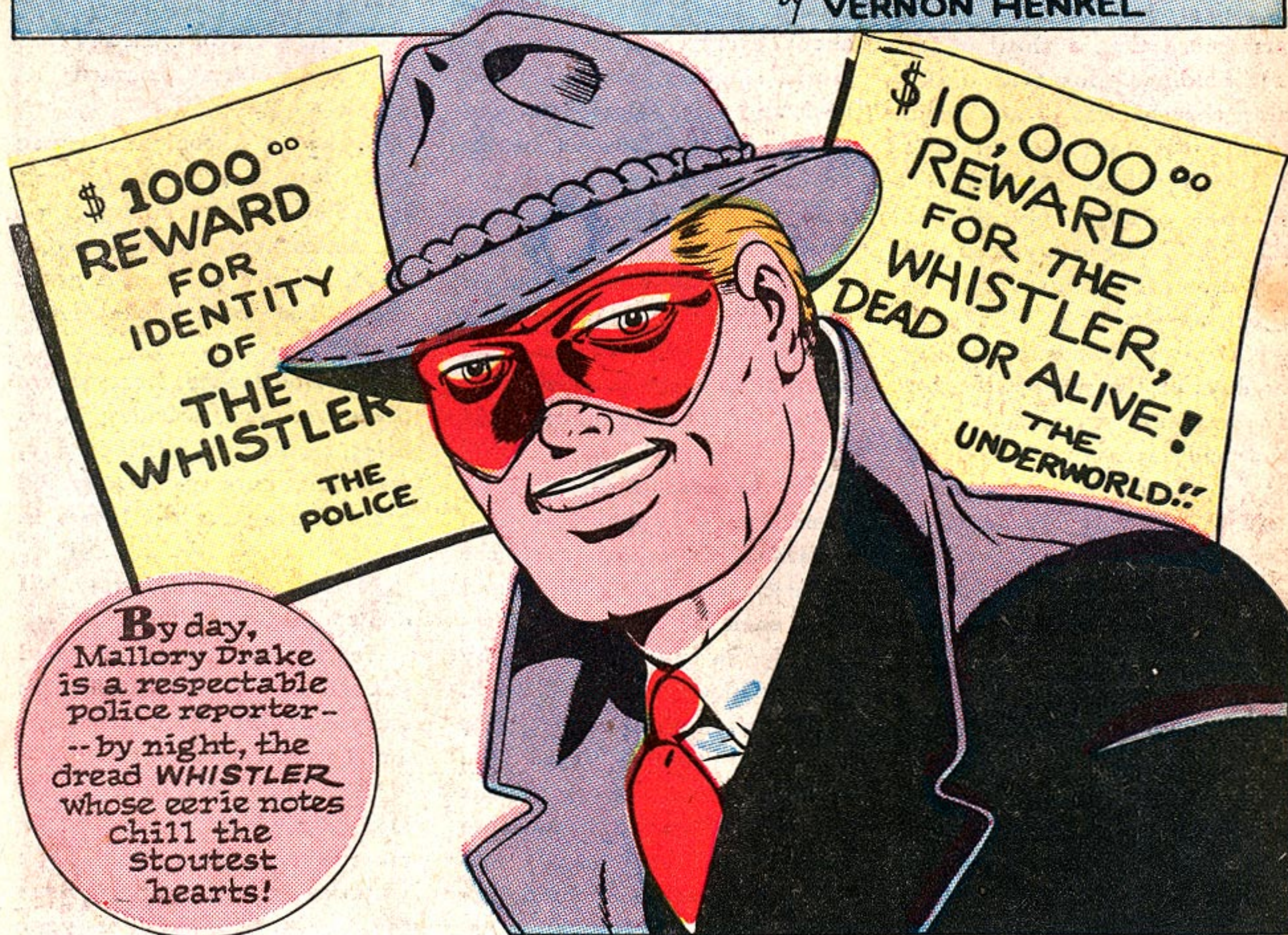
The old Don slowly stuck out his hand. "Heaven be praised," he said softly. "What I couldn't do with threats and promises, you and your great followers have done for nothing. Humbly I thank you, Pedro Ruiz!"

"There is only one thing I ask in return, Don Ricardo," said Pedro quietly.

"I know," replied the Don. "You have only to command. All the land they want is theirs, without pay!"

THE WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL



By day, Mallory Drake is a respectable police reporter-- by night, the dread **WHISTLER** whose eerie notes chill the stoutest hearts!



COME ON, DRAKE! THIS IS THE BREAK OF A LIFETIME! AT LAST WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!...

HUH? WHA--??

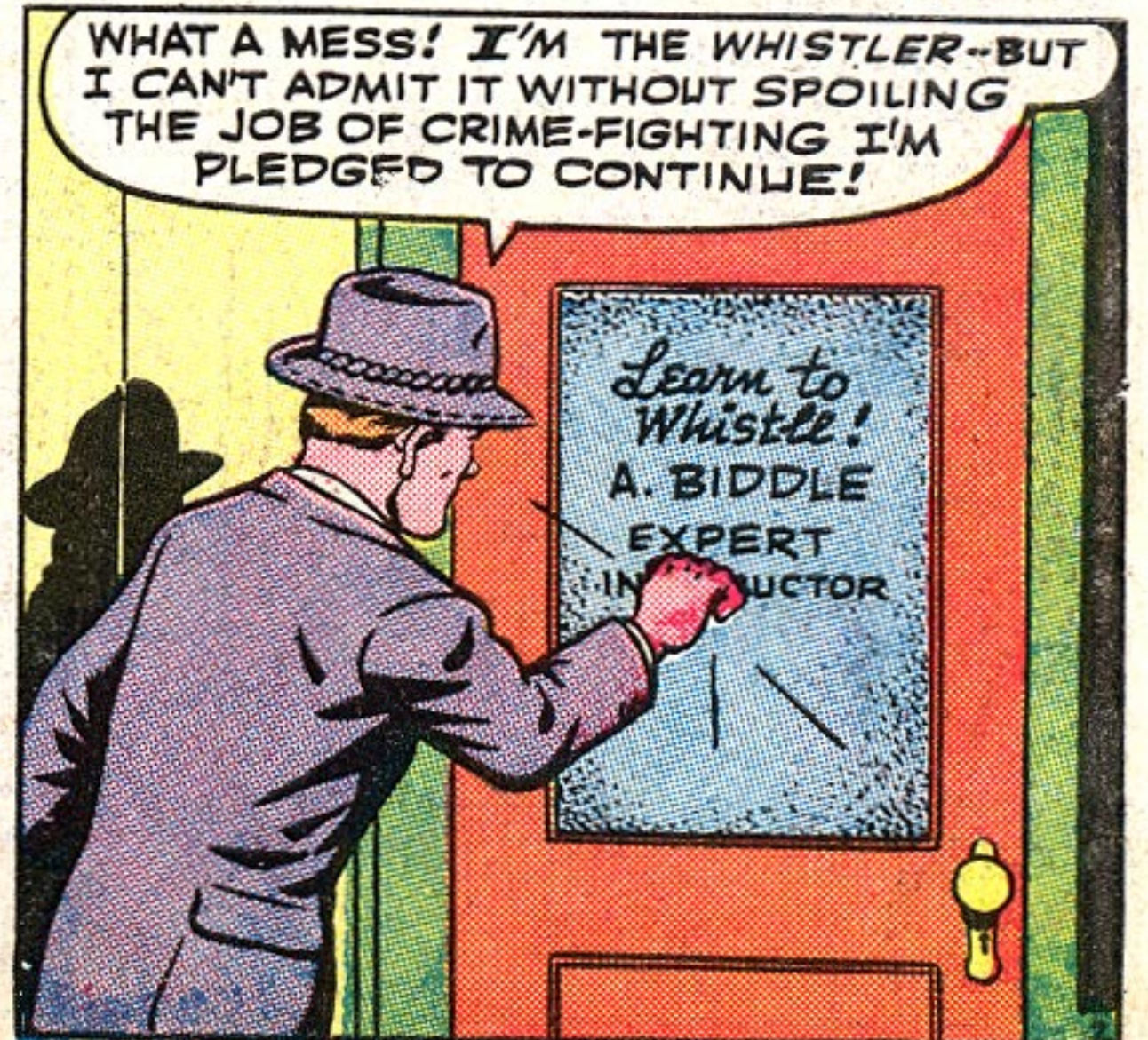


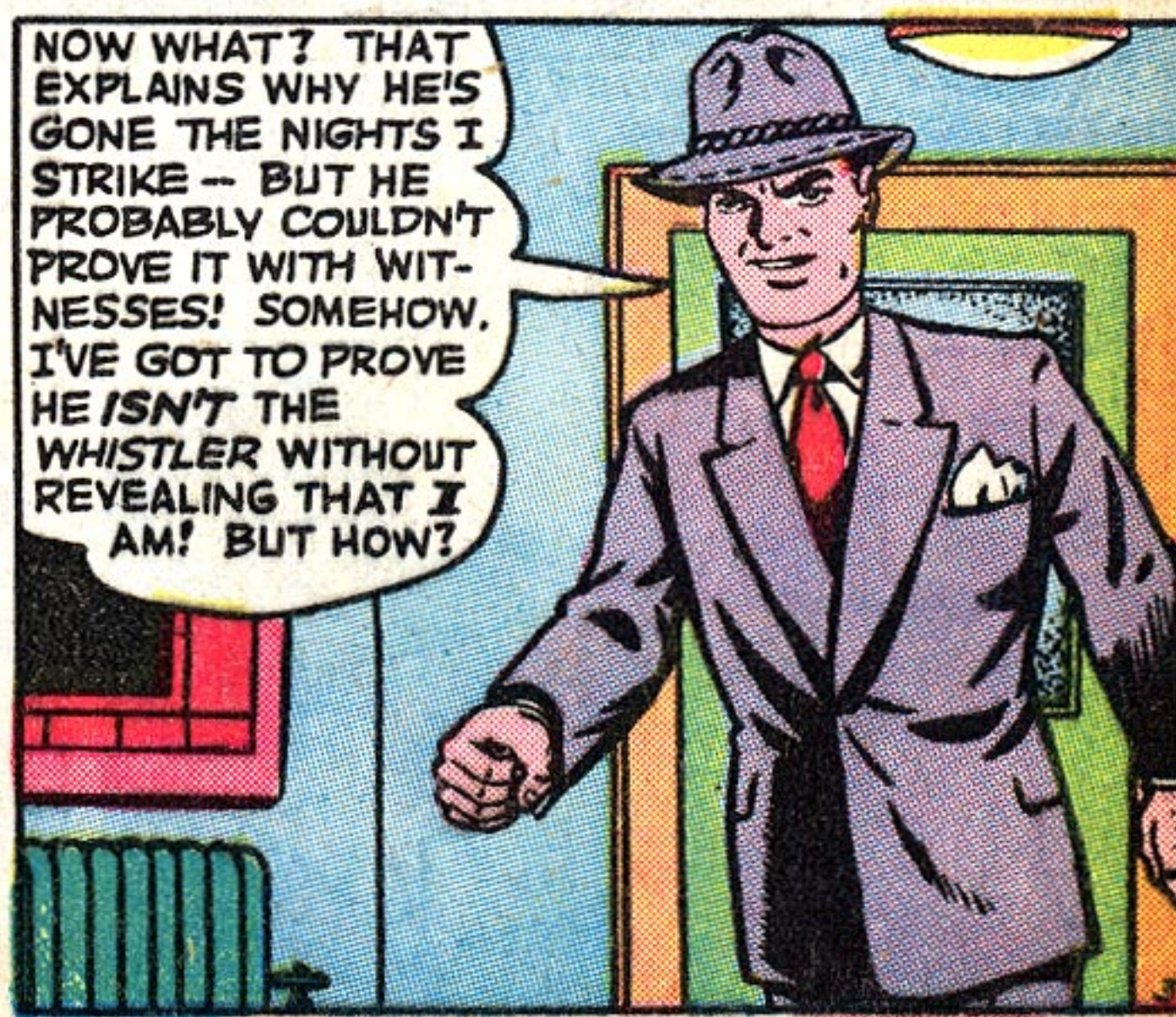
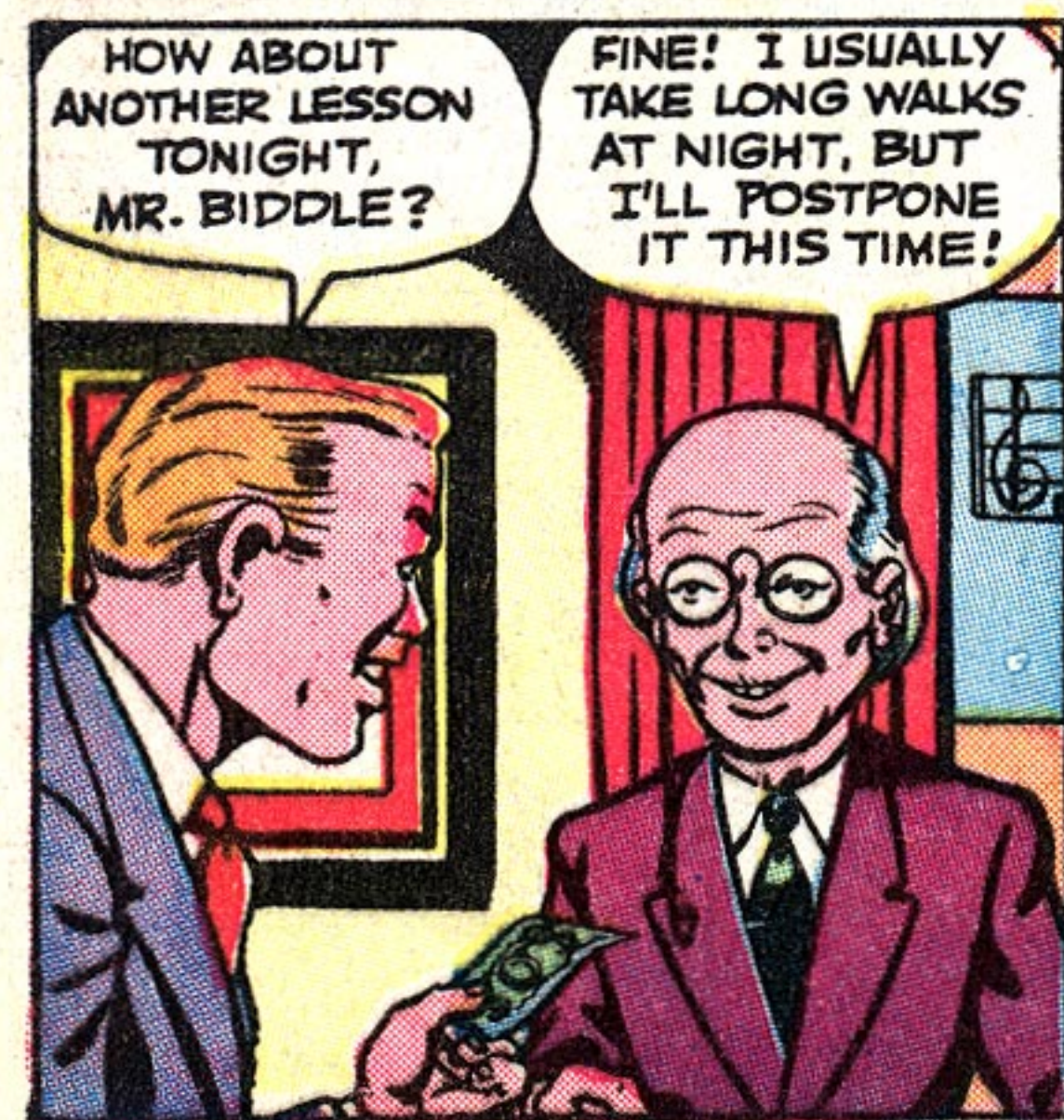
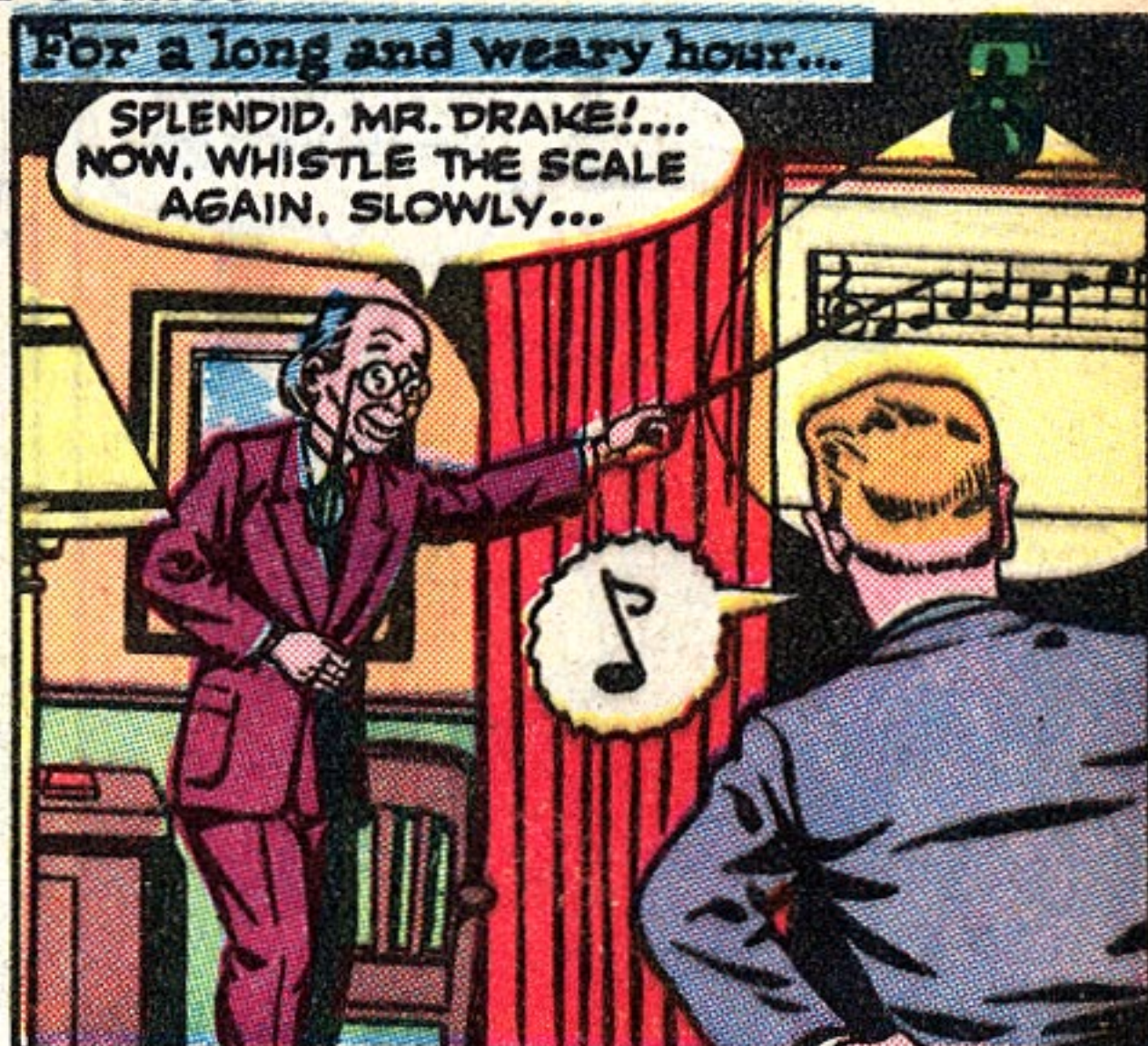
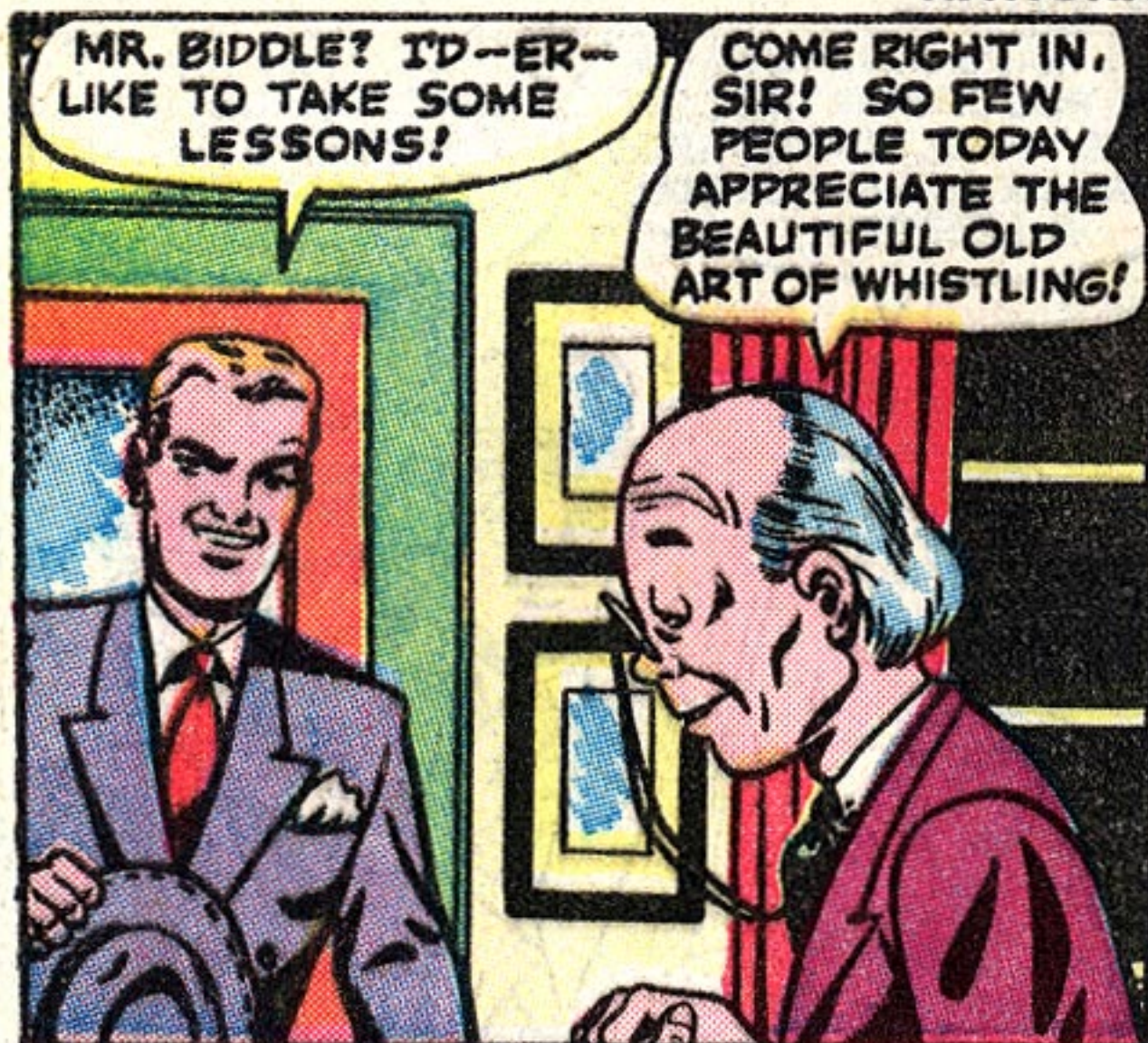
THE WHISTLER, YOU CHUMP! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO LEARN HIS IDENTITY AND AT LAST WE GET A BREAK! THE POLICE JUST NOW CALLED ---

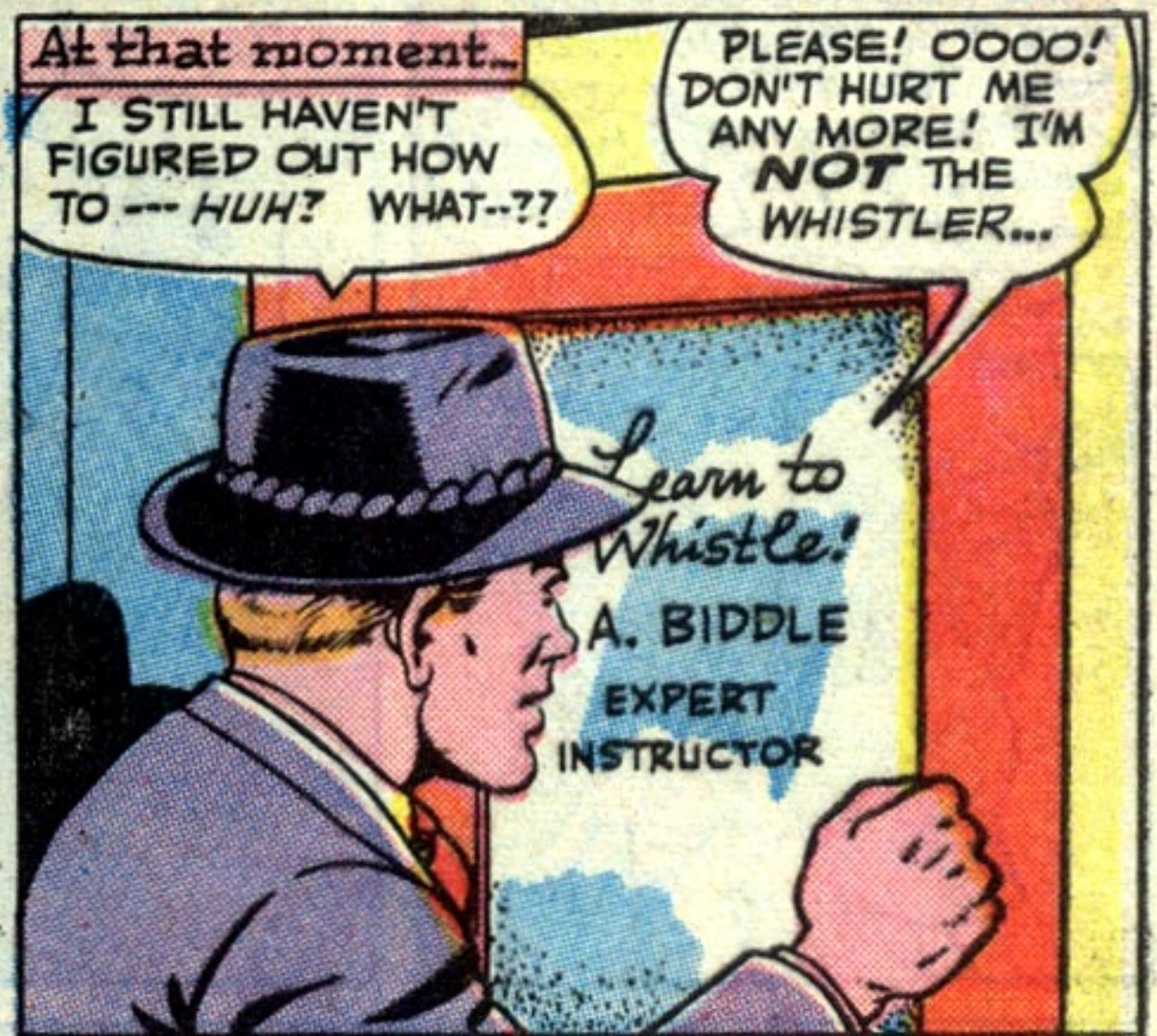
ULP! OH-UH... THE WHISTLER...



HOLY SMOKE! WHAT AM I GETTING INTO? HAVE THEY DISCOVERED I'M THE WHISTLER?







At that moment, downstairs...

SEND A SQUAD QUICK, CAP! DRAKE WENT UP AND THEN I HEARD THE WHISTLER'S TRADEMARK, PLAIN AS DAY! MAYBE HE GOT DRAKE

WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MURPHY!



I WOULDN'T TRADE THIS PLEASURE FOR ALL THE GOLD IN FORT KNOX! RATS WHO WOULD TORTURE A HELPLESS OLD MAN...

DO SOMETHING, YOU DOPES! KILL HIM!



I'M AFRAID THE BOYS JUST AREN'T IN A KILLING MOOD TONIGHT!

OWOOO!

OOOOF! ARGHHH!



NOW I'M ---- WHA...??

WE GOT HIM THIS TIME! GRAB EVERYBODY! DON'T LET A SOUL ESCAPE!



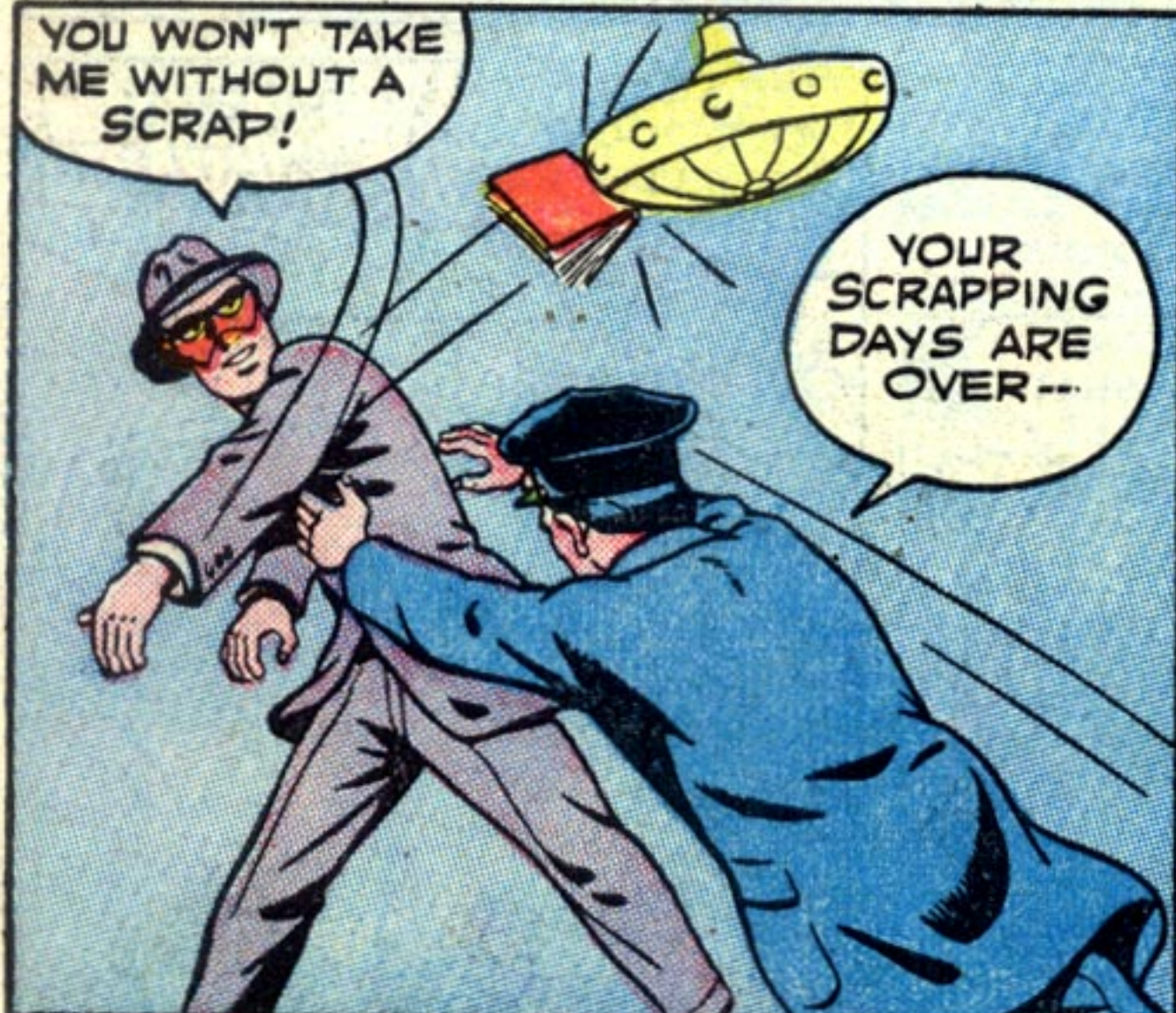
SO OLD BIDDLE WASN'T THE WHISTLER-- BUT YOU ARE AND YOU'RE TRAPPED! SURRENDER--

WHEW! NO DOORS OR WINDOWS HANDY--AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS! MAYBE THIS IS MY FINISH!



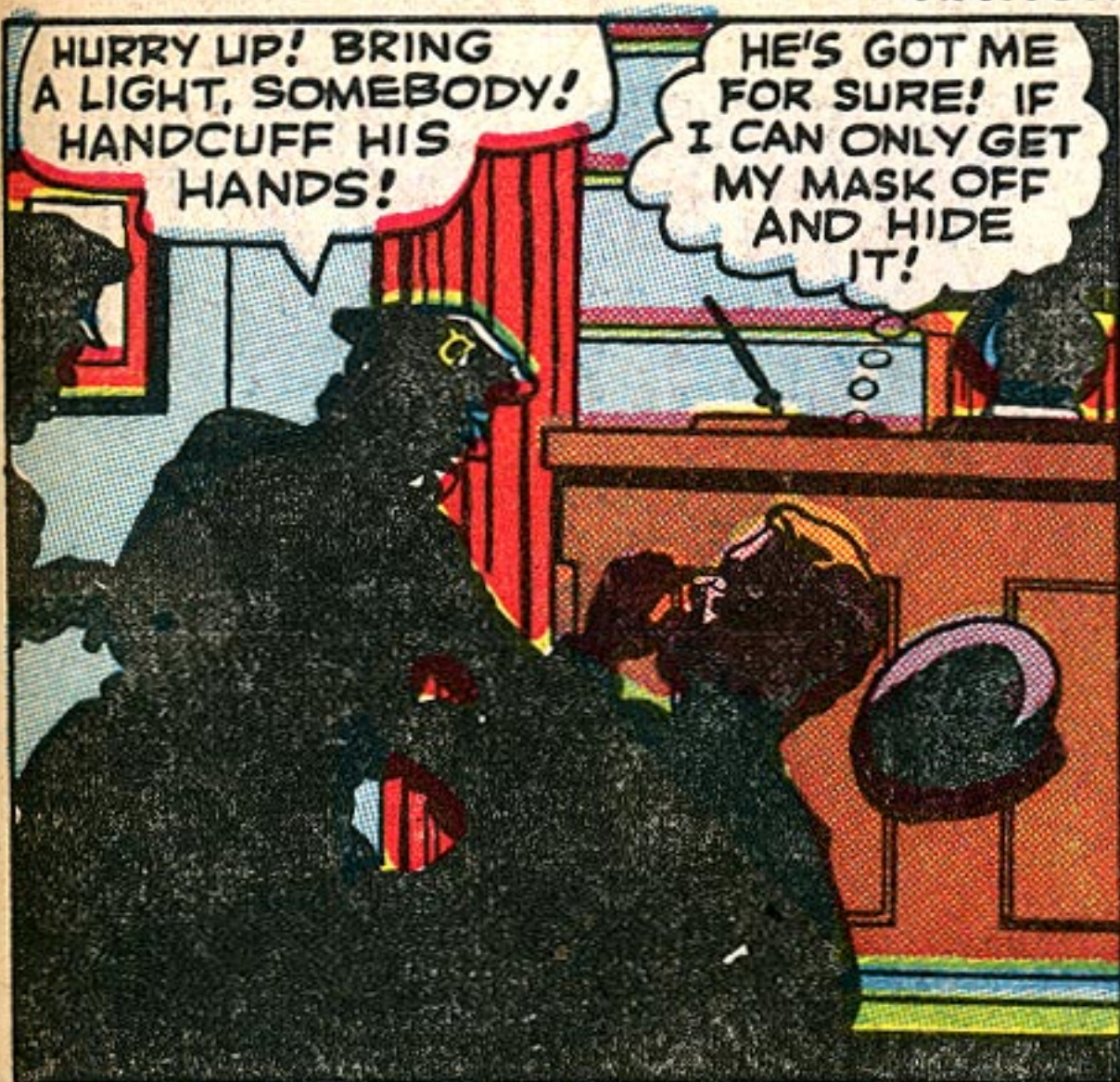
YOU WON'T TAKE ME WITHOUT A SCRAP!

YOUR SCRAPPING DAYS ARE OVER--



I GOT HIM!... I GOT THE WHISTLER BY BOTH LEGS! HURRY UP AND HELP HOLD HIM, YOU IDIOTS!





HURRY UP! BRING A LIGHT, SOMEBODY! HANDCUFF HIS HANDS!

HE'S GOT ME FOR SURE! IF I CAN ONLY GET MY MASK OFF AND HIDE IT!



HERE'S A LIGHT! HOORAY, CAP! YOU REALLY GOT HIM!

YOU BET! GET ON YOUR FEET, WISE GUY! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR UGLY FACE!



Y-YY-YOU! MALLORY DRAKE-- THE WHISTLER!

DON'T BE A CHUMP, CAP! I WAS HIDING BEHIND THOSE CURTAINS AND DIVED FOR THE WHISTLER THE SAME TIME YOU DID! YOU GOT ME!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT BALONEY! I NAILED THE WHISTLER--AND I GOT YOU! NOBODY ELSE ESCAPED FROM THIS ROOM!

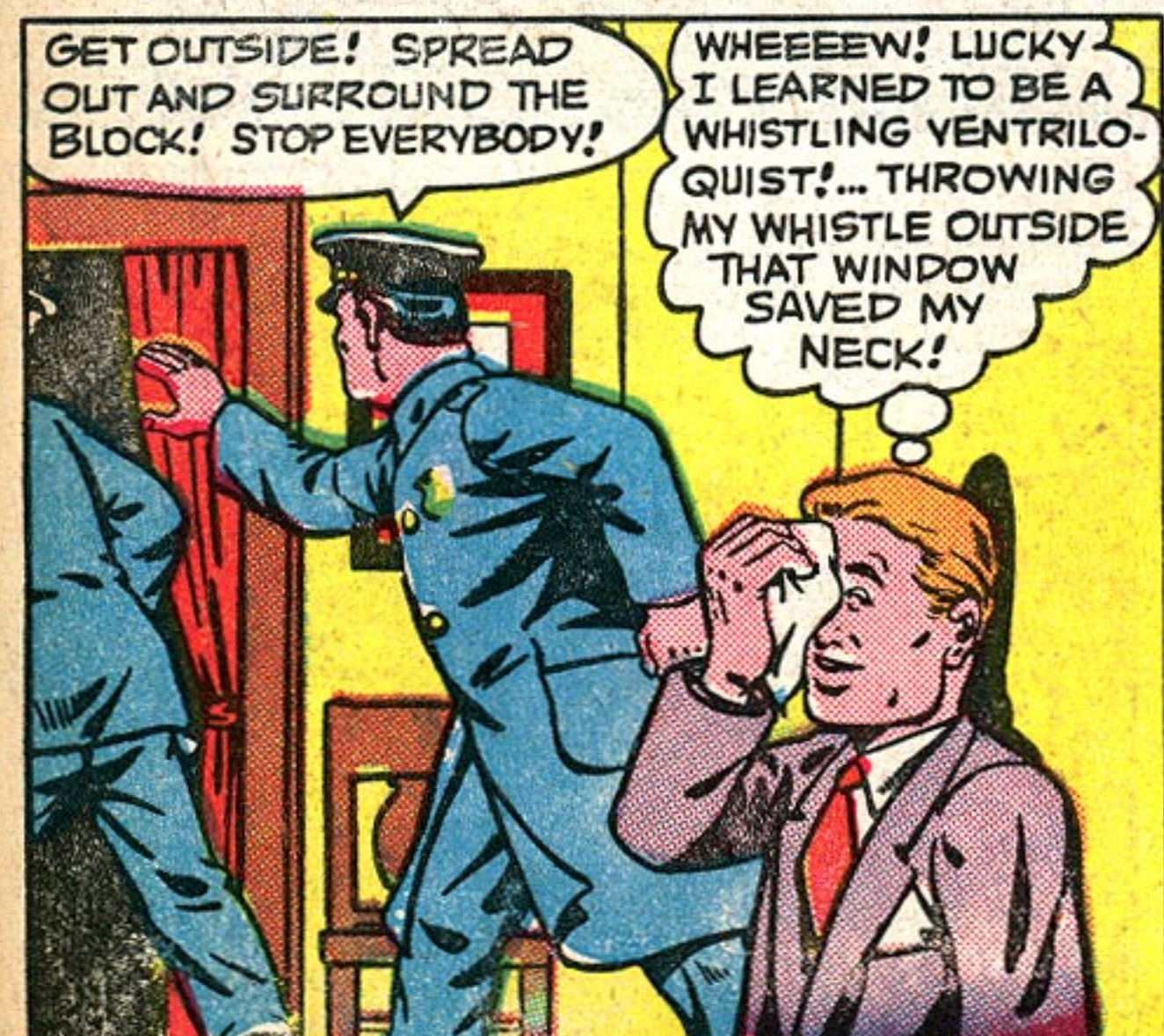
HAVE IT YOUR WAY-- BUT YOU'RE LETTING THE REAL WHISTLER ESCAPE WHILE YOU HOLD ME!



Suddenly, from the darkness outside...

WHA ---??? ARGHH! TH-THE WHISTLER'S TRADEMARK...

COMIN' FROM OUTDOORS!... THEN DRAKE WAS RIGHT! HE DID ESCAPE!



GET OUTSIDE! SPREAD OUT AND SURROUND THE BLOCK! STOP EVERYBODY!

WHEEEEW! LUCKY I LEARNED TO BE A WHISTLING VENTRILOQUIST!... THROWING MY WHISTLE OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW SAVED MY NECK!



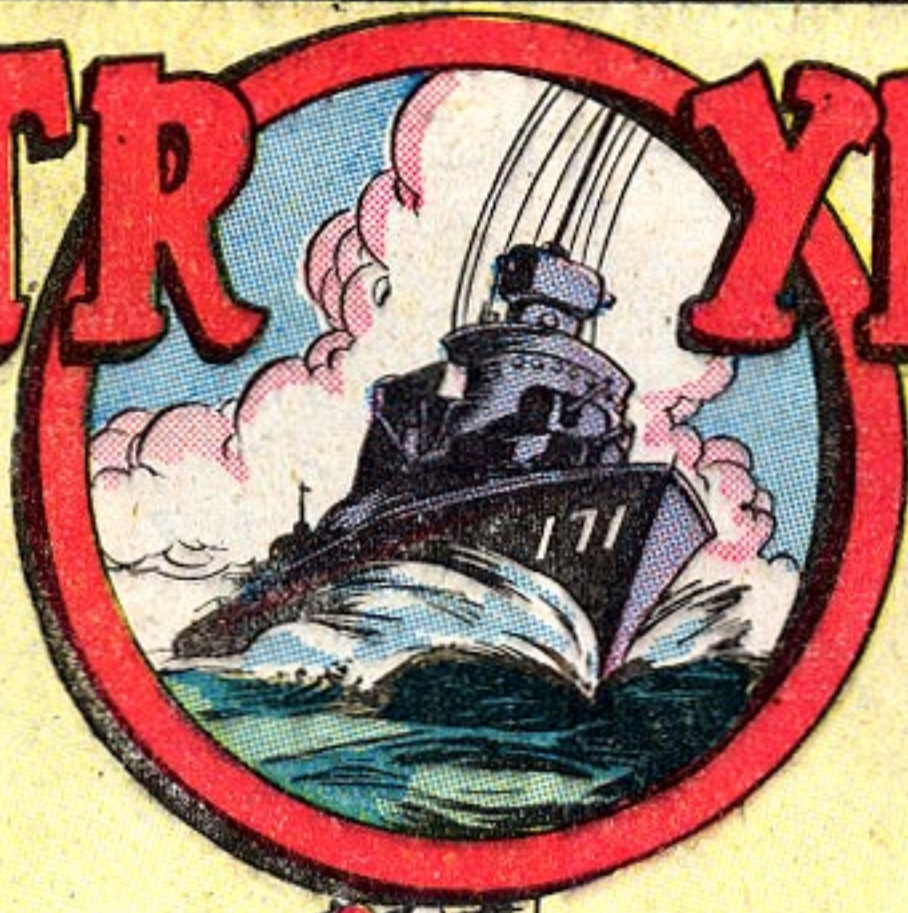
L-LOOK, DRAKE! SUPPOSE YOU --ER--FORGET THIS WHOLE THING AND DON'T WRITE UP ANY STORY-- JUST YET!

OKAY --IF YOU SAY SO, CAP!

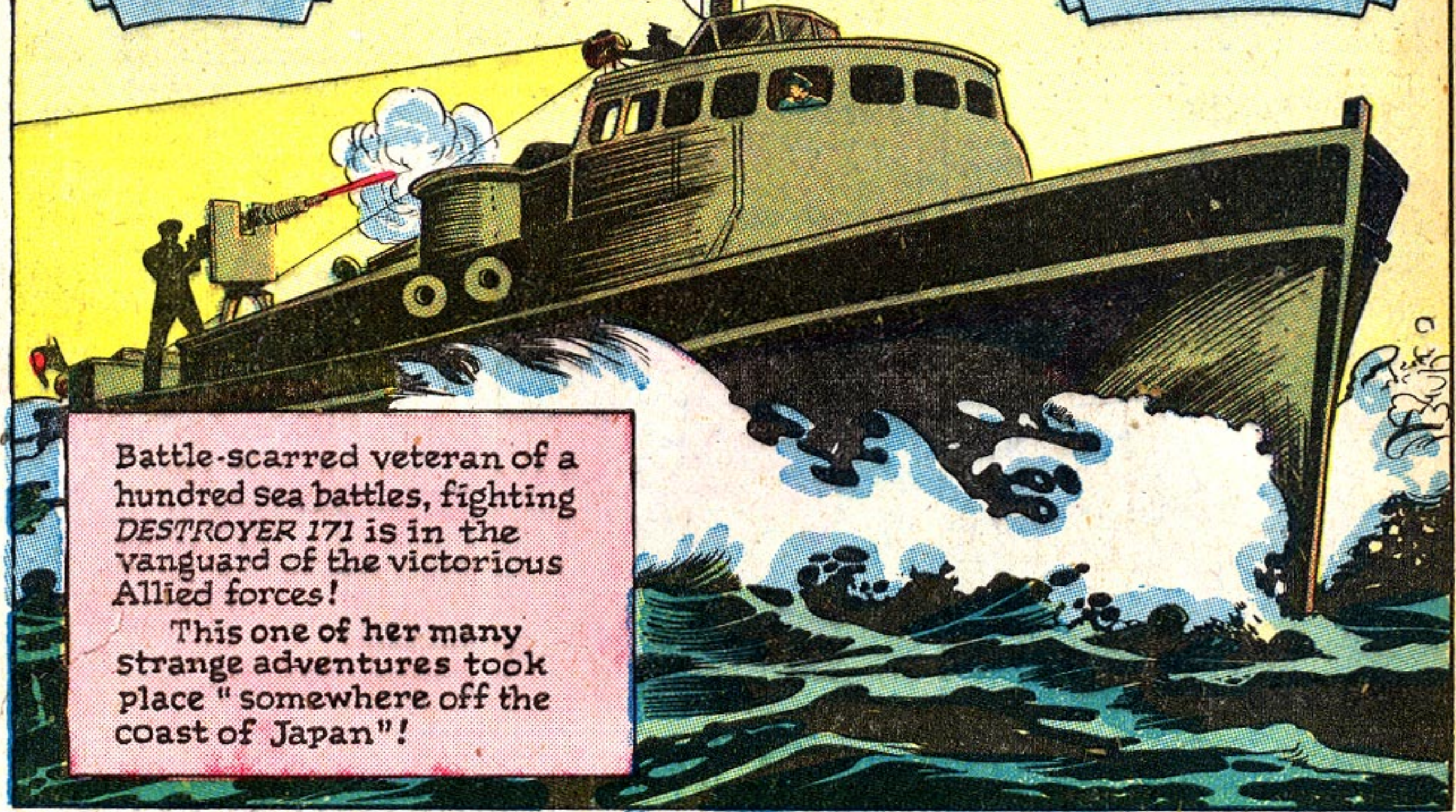
DESTROYER 171



Commander
BLAKE



Executive Officer
CONROY

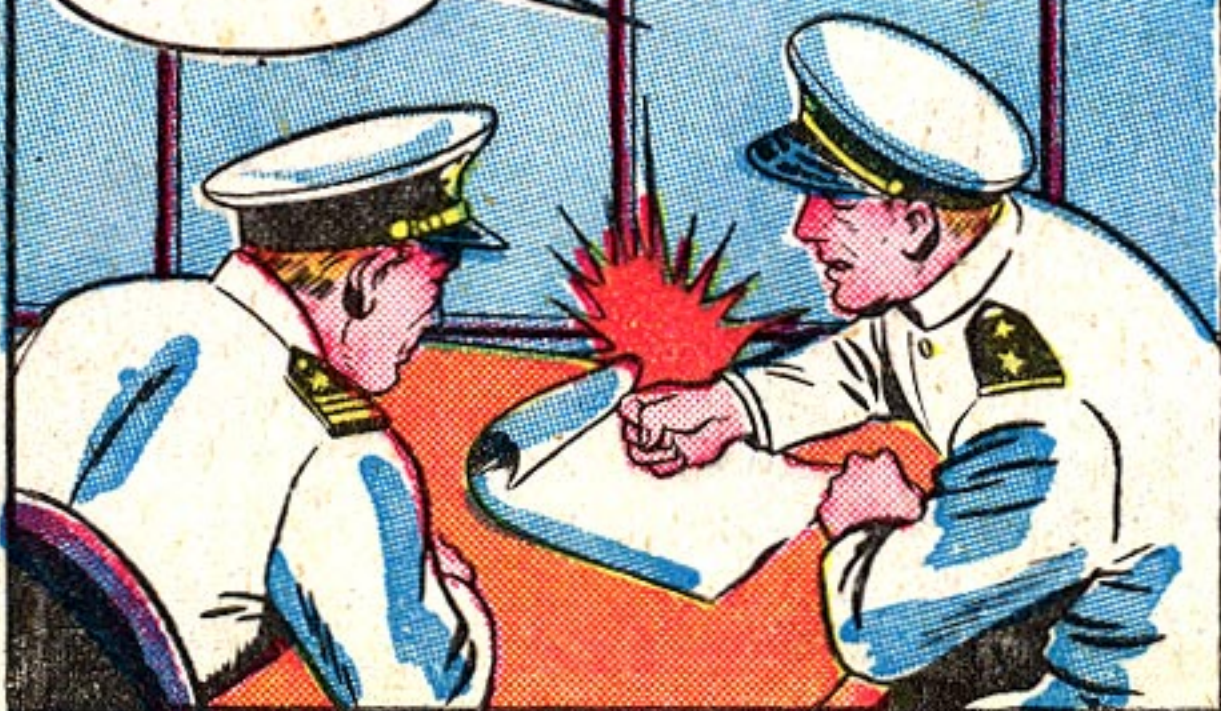


Battle-scarred veteran of a hundred sea battles, fighting DESTROYER 171 is in the vanguard of the victorious Allied forces!

This one of her many strange adventures took place "somewhere off the coast of Japan"!

At headquarters of the Allied Naval Command...

BY THUNDER!
THIS IS
IMPOSSIBLE!



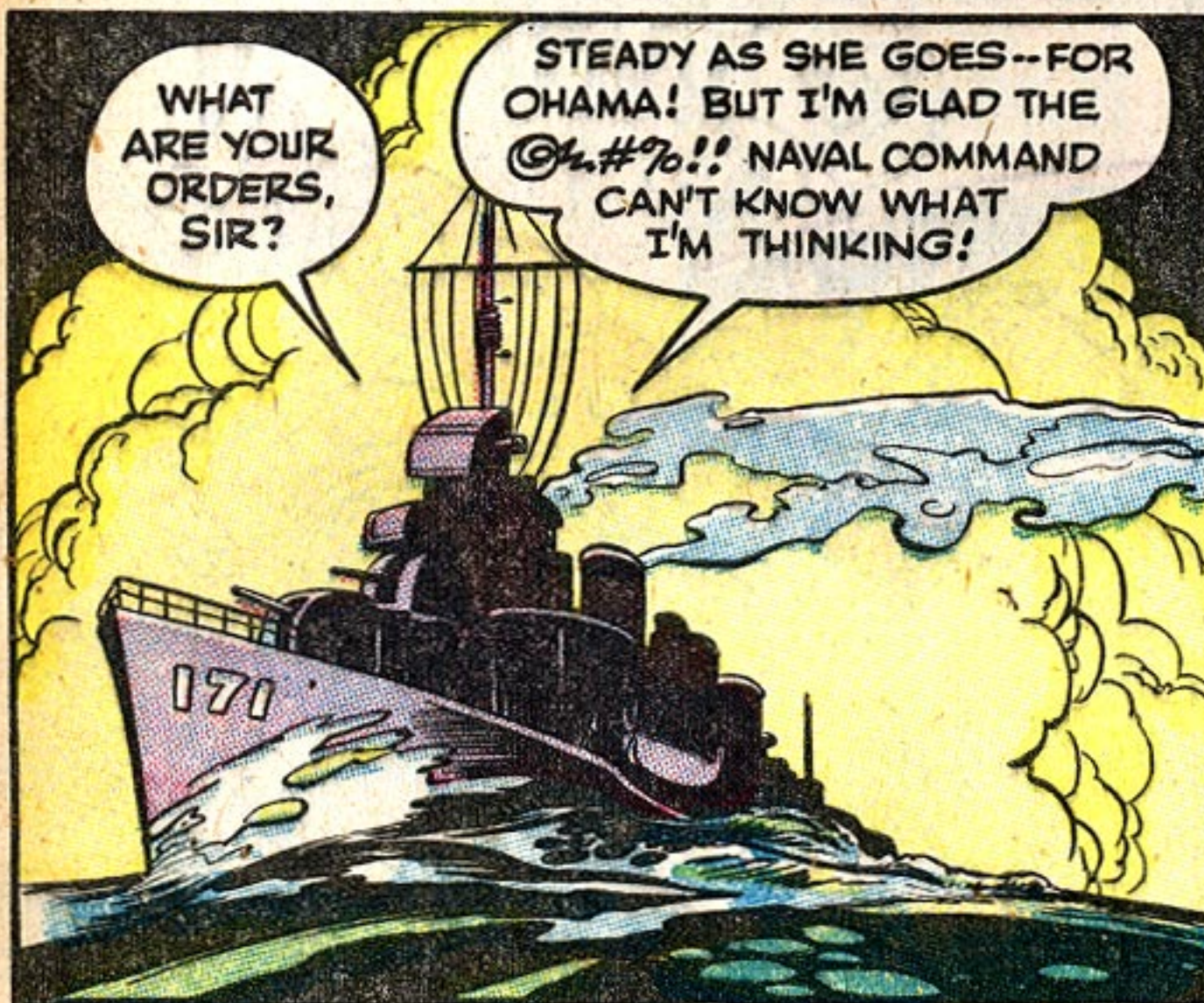
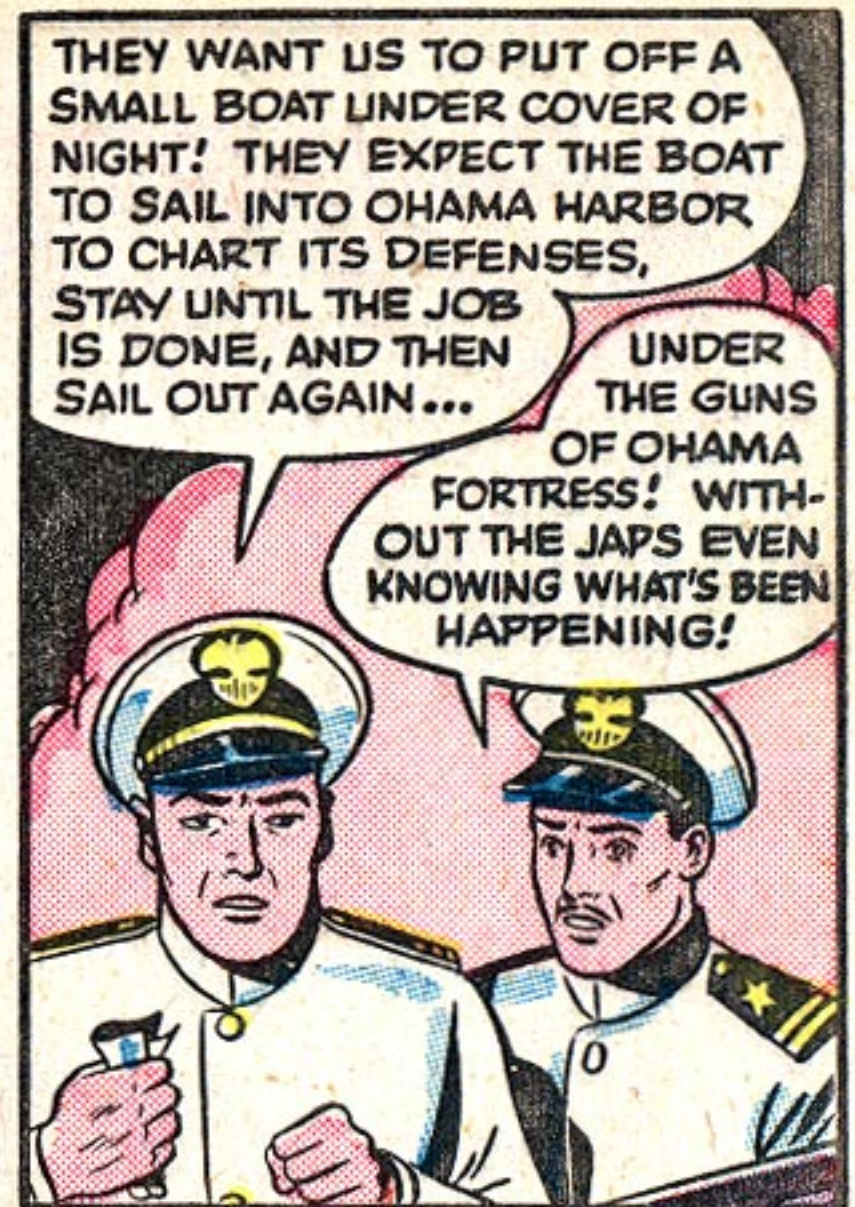
I ASKED HIM TO SUBMIT A REPORT ON OHAMA'S HARBOR DEFENSES! ... AND HE SENDS A DOCUMENT SIGNED BY THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF WAR! HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

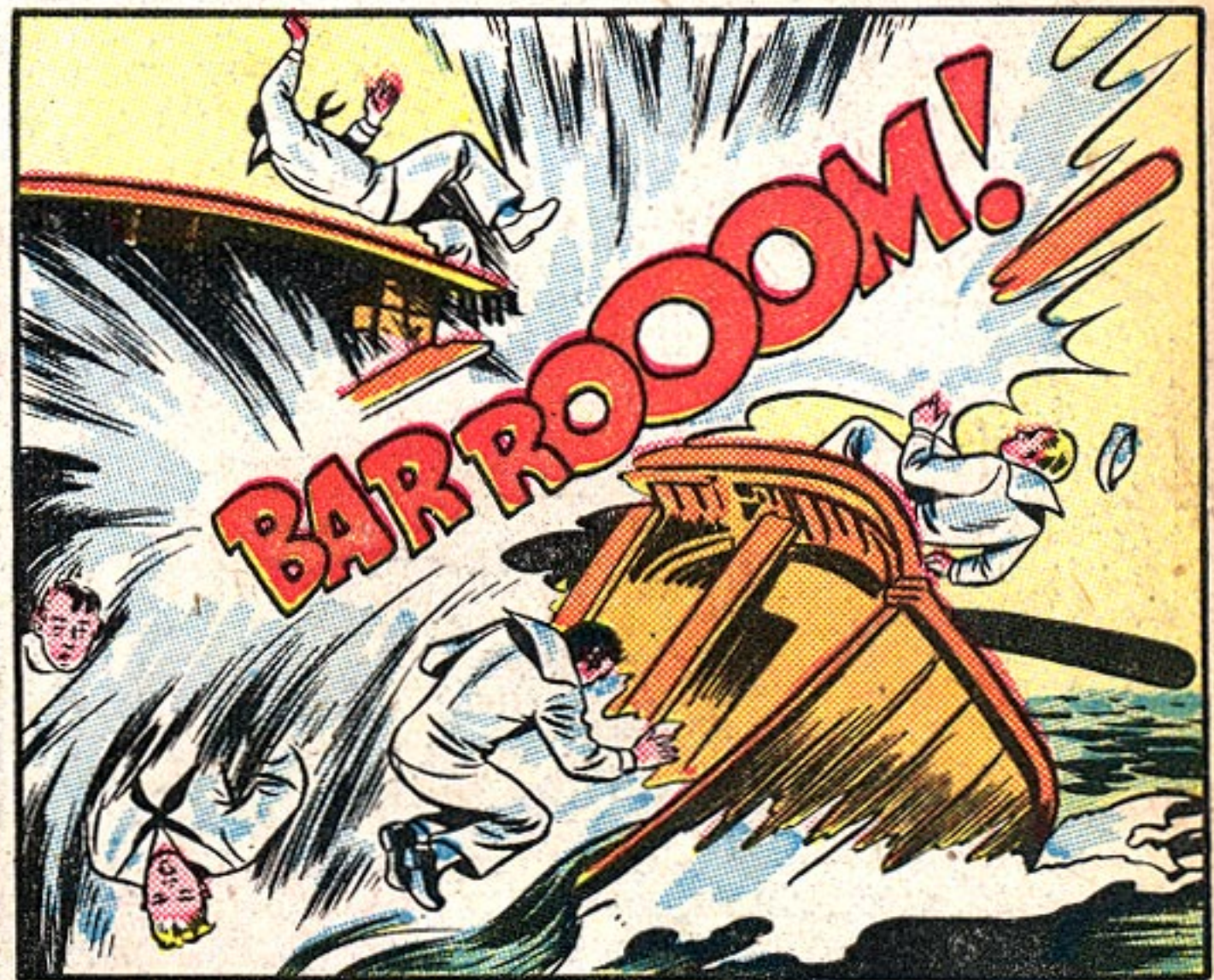
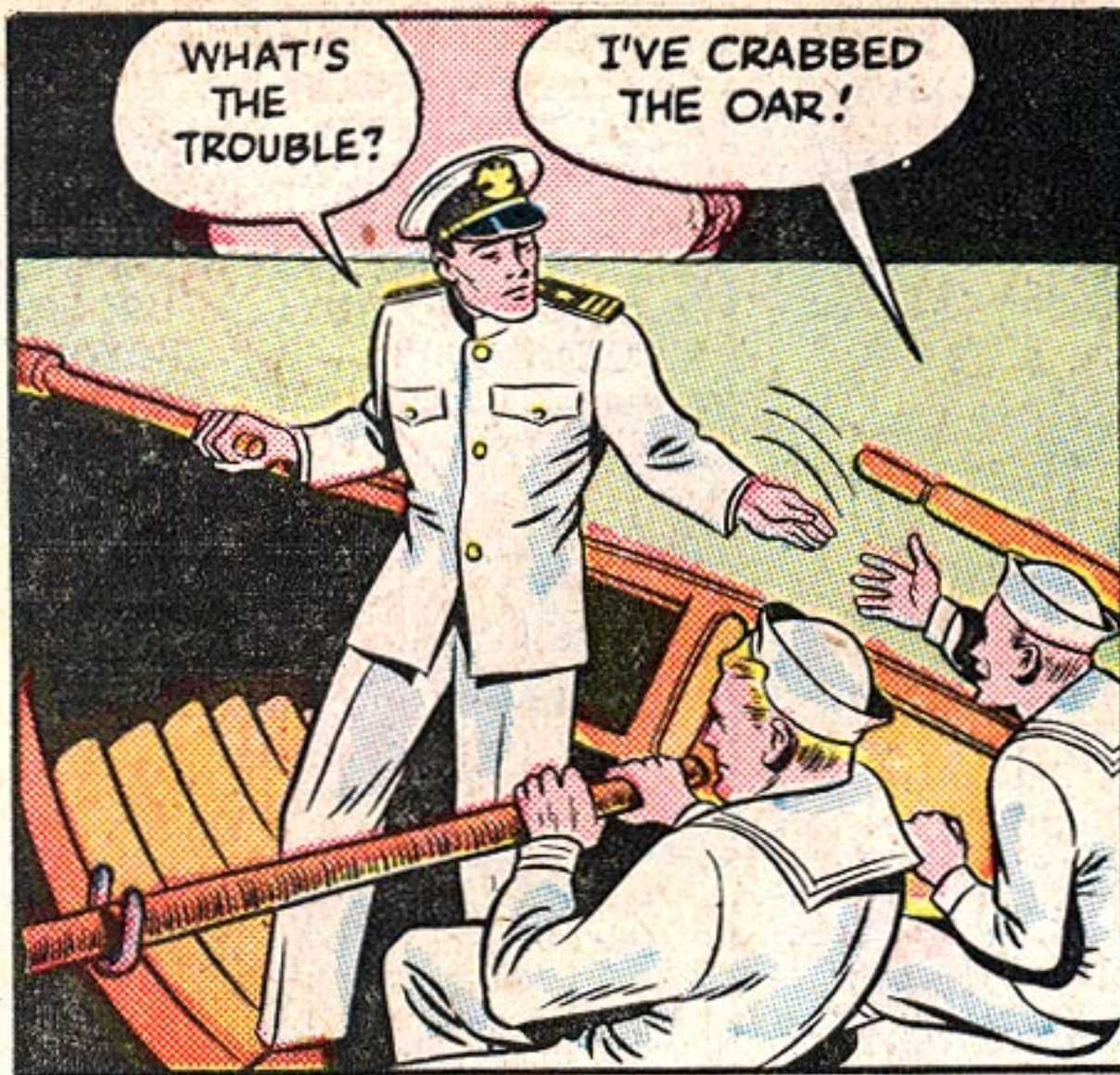
I'LL CHECK WITH COMMANDER BLAKE, SIR! YOU'LL HAVE HIS EXPLANATION OR HIS APOLOGY BY MORNING...!



A strange sort of practical joke from the sober commander of Destroyer 171, you'll agree...

But for the full explanation we must return to the destroyer's bridge, a few days earlier...





THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF AN ENEMY ATTACK! I, SHIGEOMO, AM A CAREFUL MAN! I WISH TO INSPECT THE DEFENSES!

I WILL SHOW YOU THE CHARTS, SIRE!



ENEMY BOAT ENTERED HARBOR! OUR GUNS DESTROYED IT!

SO?



MOST CARELESS TO LET BOAT APPROACH SO NEAR! ON SECOND THOUGHT, I WILL PERSONALLY LOOK AT DEFENSES IN HARBOR! I WILL SEE IF ALL IS IN READINESS TO REPEL THE ENEMY!



A swift motor launch sets out from the Quay...

NOTE CONCEALMENT OF RADAR STATIONS AND SHORE GUNS, SIRE!



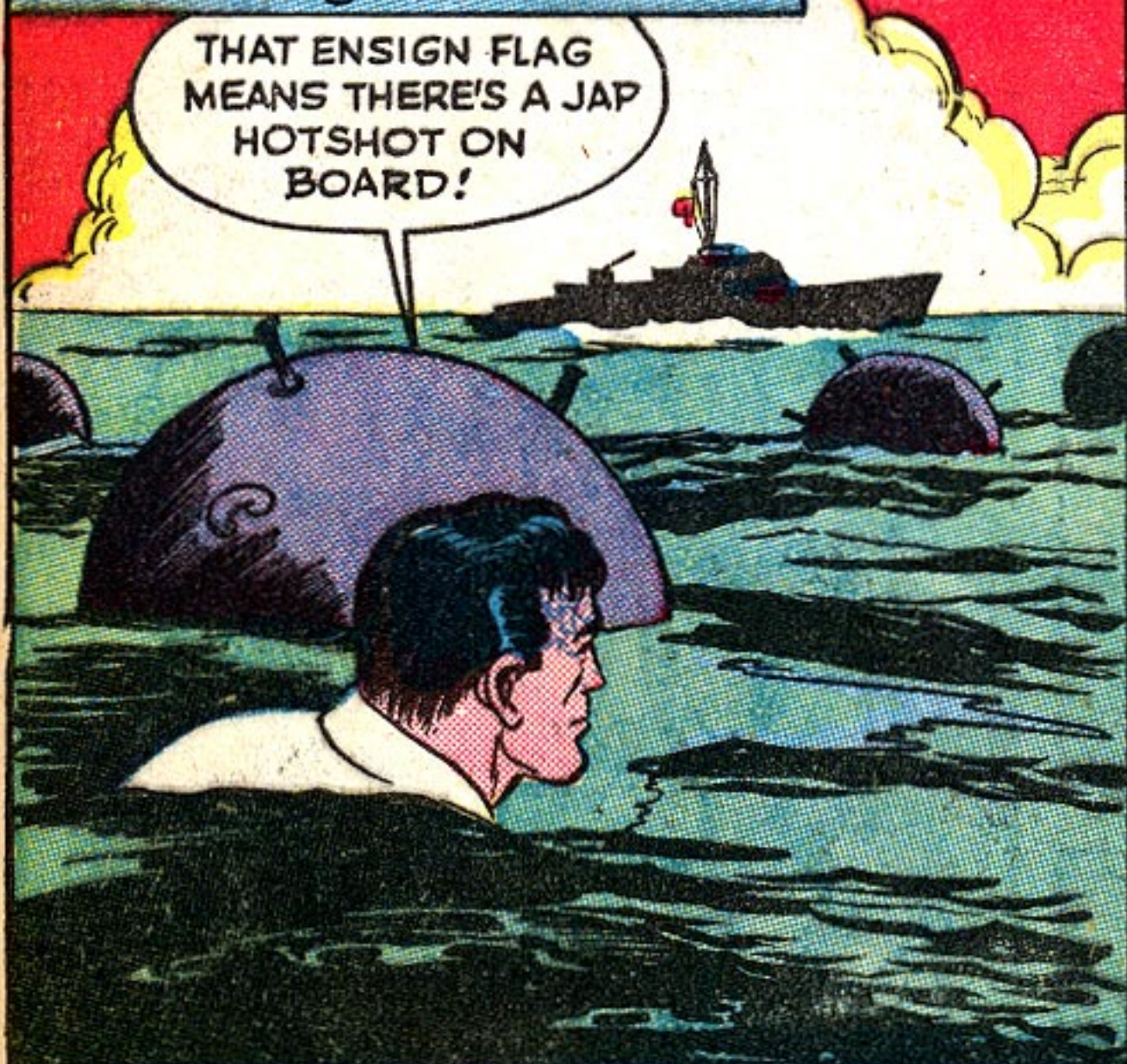
THESE MINE FIELDS CAN BE SET OFF ELECTRICALLY WHEN ENEMY SHIP COMES!

EXCELLENT! ALL IS EXACTLY AS SHOWN ON CHARTS!



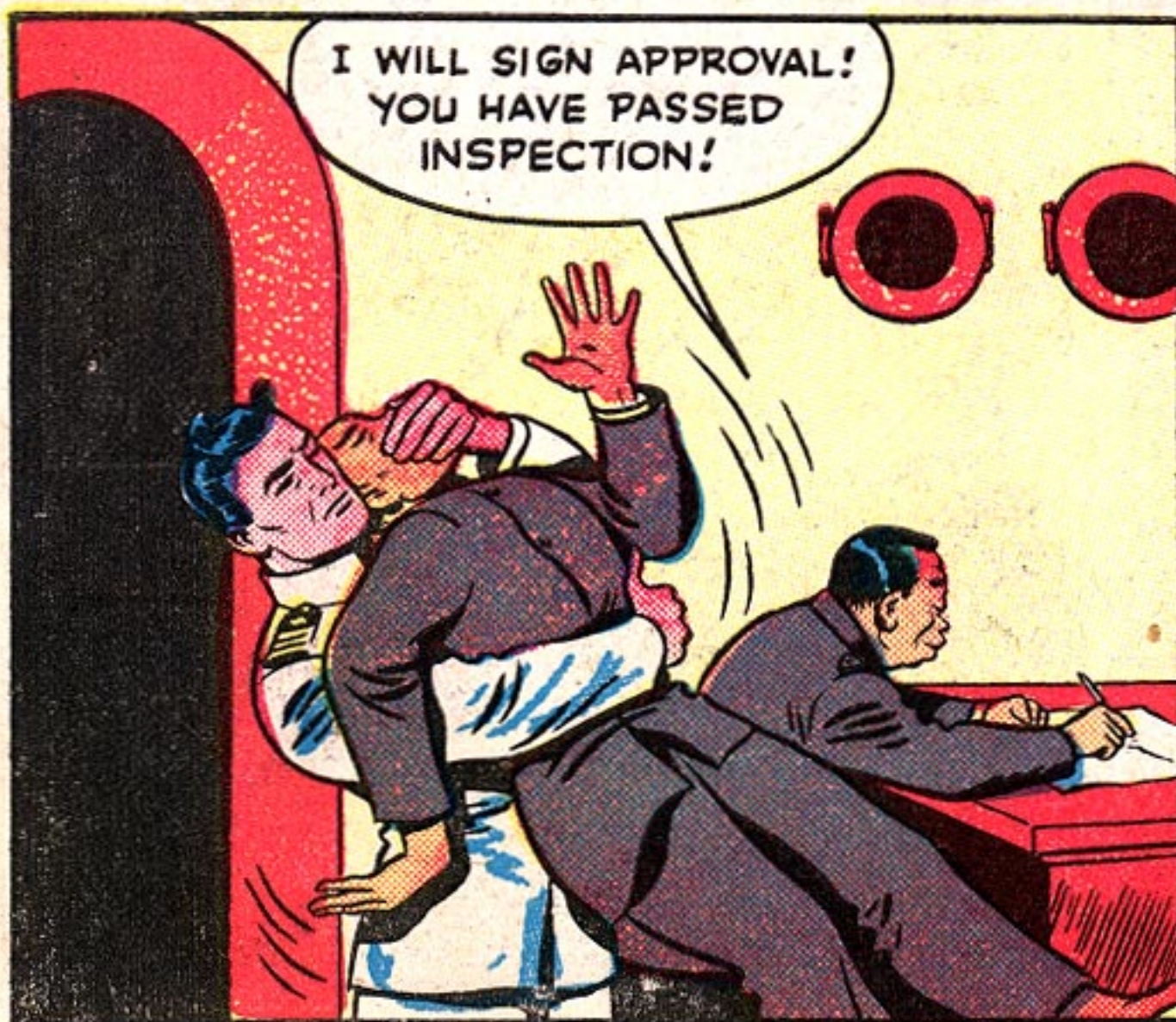
Commander Blake has found a new hiding place...

THAT ENSIGN FLAG MEANS THERE'S A JAP HOTSHOT ON BOARD!

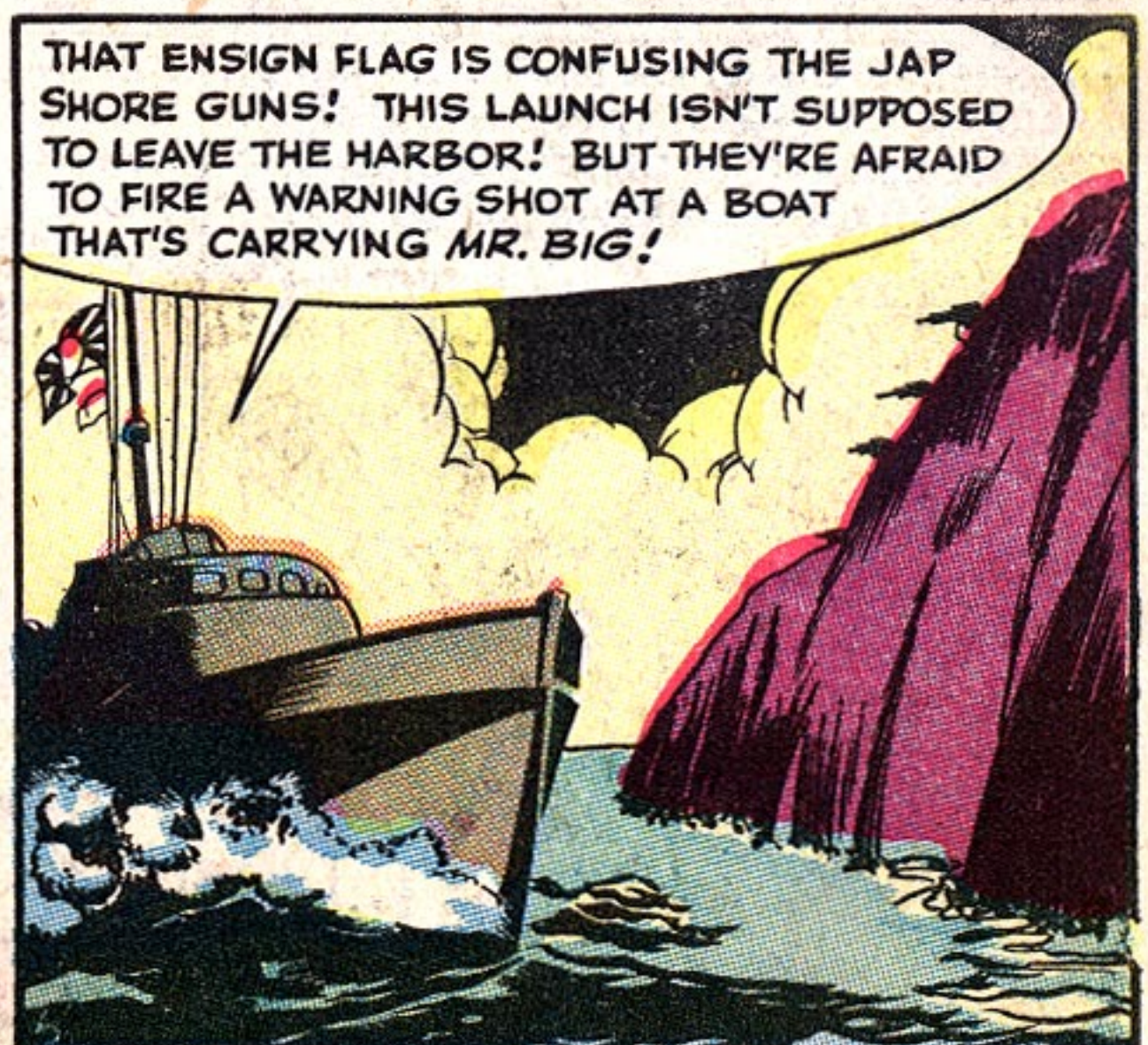
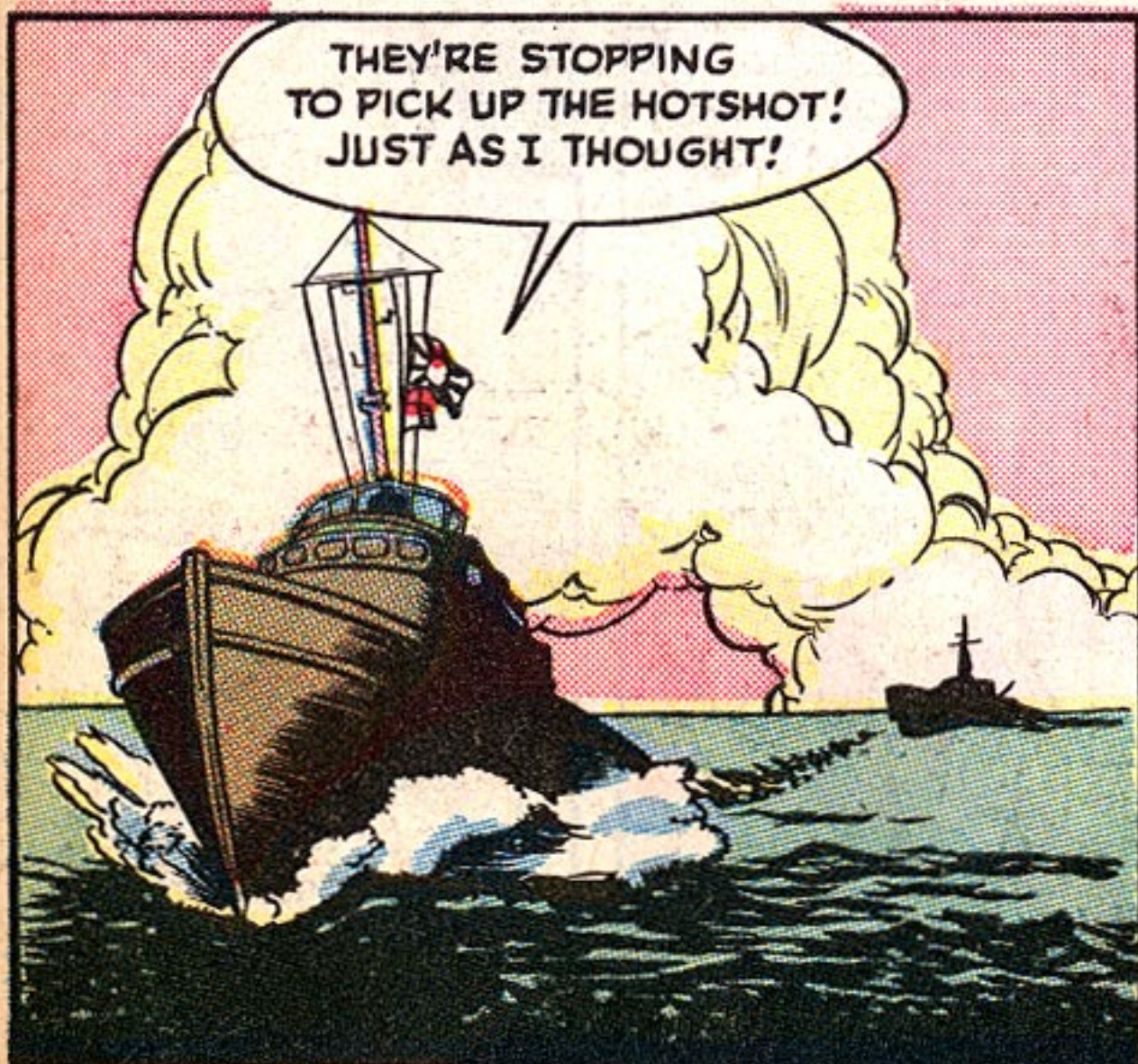
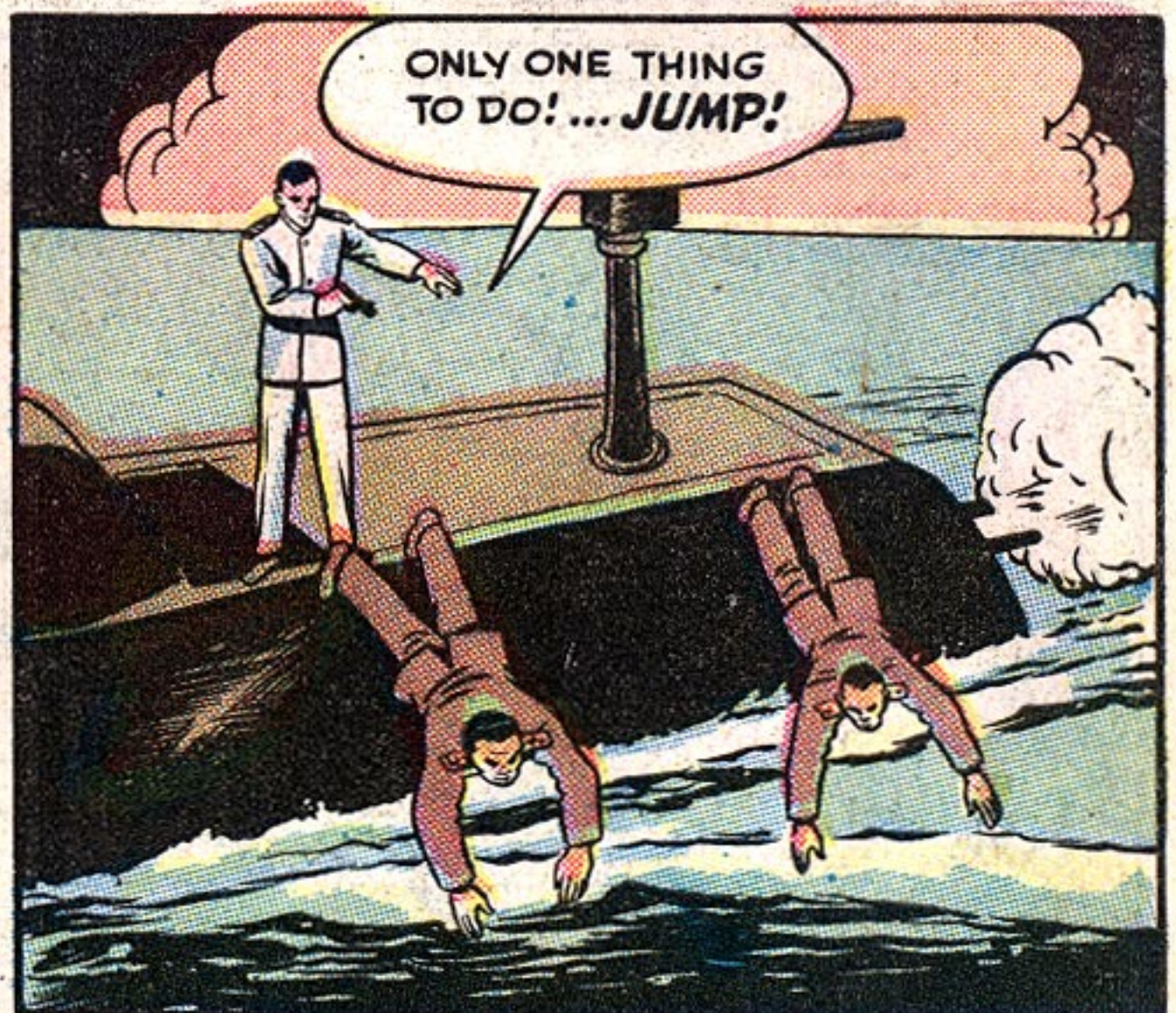
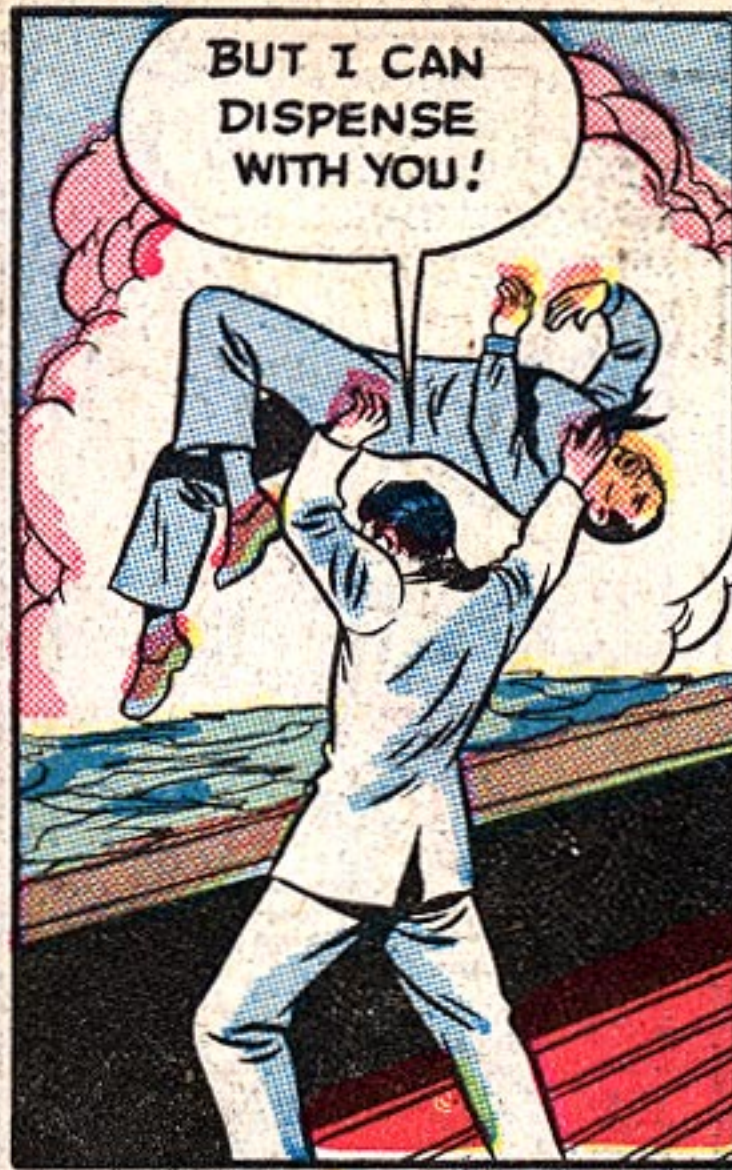


THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THE LAUNCH WILL COME THIS WAY AGAIN!...





AIEEE!



TWO ENEMY BOATS APPROACHING! LOOKS AS IF THE TORPEDO BOAT'S PLAYING TAG WITH A LAUNCH!



THUNDERATION! BLAKE'S IN THAT JAP LAUNCH! OPEN FIRE ON THE TORPEDO BOAT!



WE ARE ATTACKED! PREPARE TORPEDO!



But before the torpedo boat can release its deadly missile...



I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, SIR!

I'LL GUARANTEE YOU THIS, CONROY! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!



HERE'S THE CHART ON OHAMA'S HARBOR DEFENSES! IT SHOULD BE ACCURATE! IT'S BEEN SIGNED BY SHIGEOMO...

THE MINISTER OF WAR! I'D LIKE TO BE THERE WHEN THE ALLIED NAVAL COMMAND SEES THIS!



I'VE CHECKED THE REPORT FROM COMMANDER BLAKE, SIR! IT'S AUTHENTIC!

SEND COMMANDER BLAKE MY CONGRATULATIONS ...ASK HIM TO REPORT TO ME AT ONCE WHEN HE MAKES PORT AGAIN ...I WANT TO KNOW HOW THE G%#! HE DID IT!



...So ends another amazing adventure of the fabulous fighting ship, *Destroyer 171*... another episode in the epic saga of her battle against America's enemies!



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



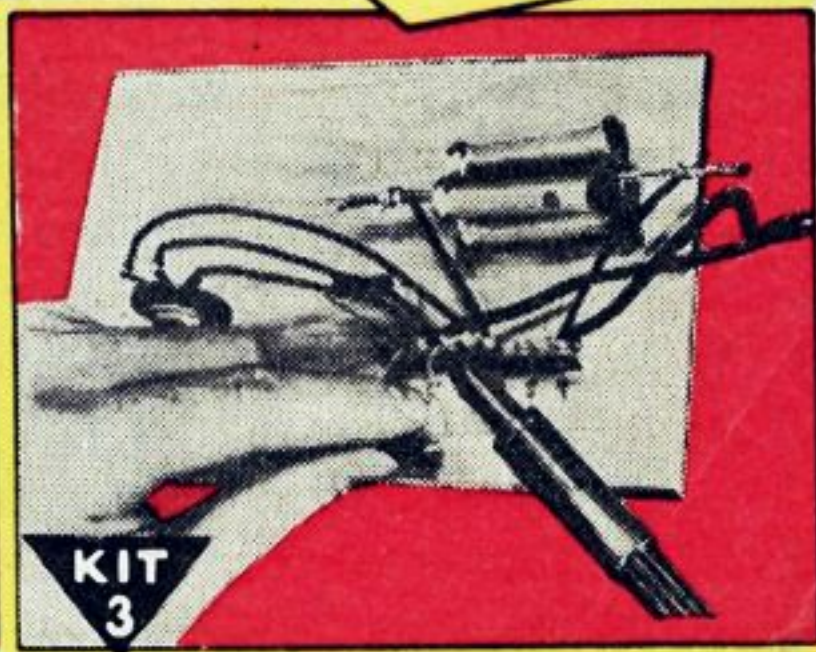
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



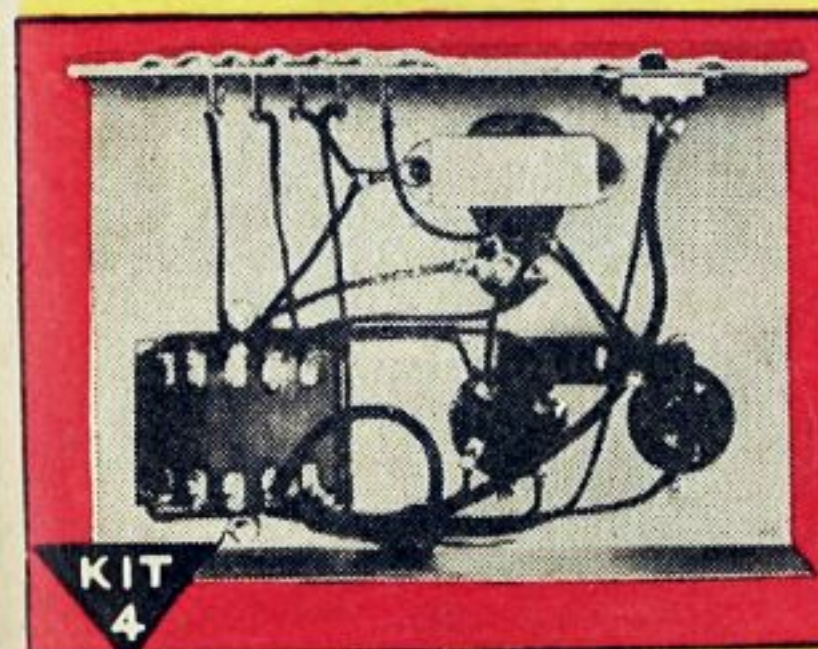
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



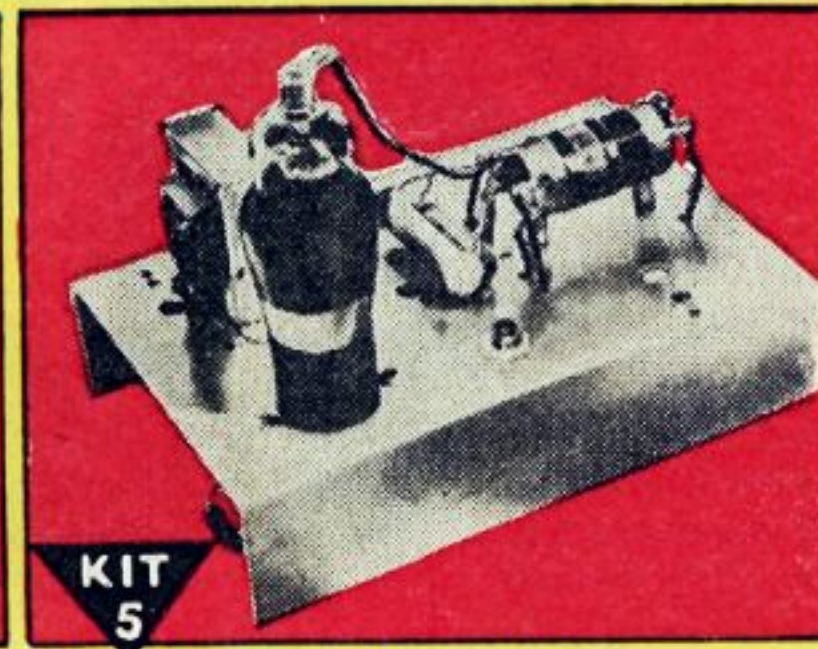
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success

I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... 4FR

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICING



**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**

"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.